NOVEMBER, 1901.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

"Ten Years of the English 'Bookman.'"

It is with great pleasure that we call attention to the completion of the tenth year of the English *Bookman,* and to the article to be found elsewhere in this number, which the occasion has called forth from the pen of its editor, Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll. Dr. Nicoll is in many respects one of the most striking figures in English literature to-day. His scholarship, his versatility, his profound knowledge of the literature of the past and his extensive reading among contemporary books have enabled him to accomplish an amount of work that is little short of astounding. The article on "Ten Years of the English *Bookman*" will speak for itself. We present portraits of Dr. Nicoll and of Mr. J. E. Hodder-Williams, the assistant editor.

DR. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

One more literary landmark is being wiped off the map of London. This time it is the house in Gerrard Street, Soho, in which Dryden died. Even now the pickaxe is at work, and presently there will be no other memorials of the building than some such drawing as the one which we reproduce. The street itself, from which this monument is vanishing, has historical associations. One house, now used as a telephone exchange, had Edmund Burke as a tenant. Lord Mohun, the duellist, who played so unsa-

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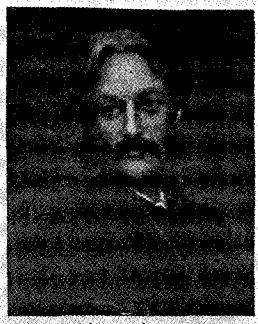
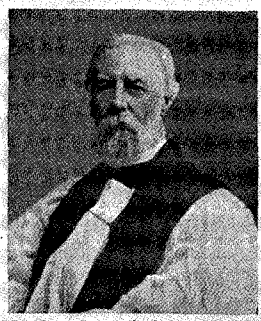


ANDREW LANG.
Photo by Fredk. Hollyer.



THE RIGHT REV. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D.,
BISHOP OF DERRY AND RAPHOE.
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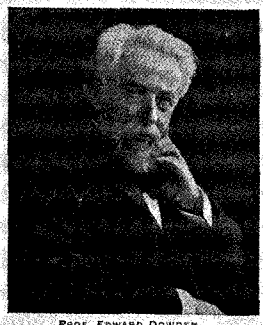

PROF. EDWARD DOWDEN.
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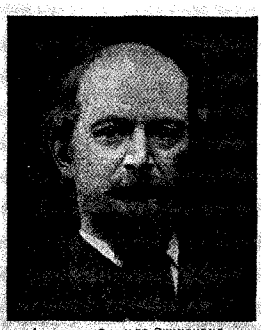
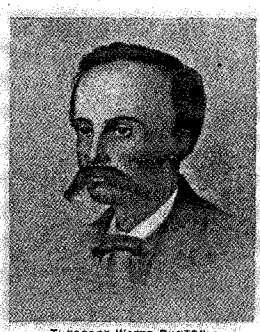
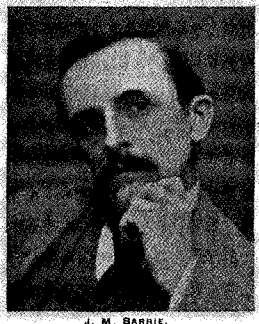


ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.
Photo by Beals.

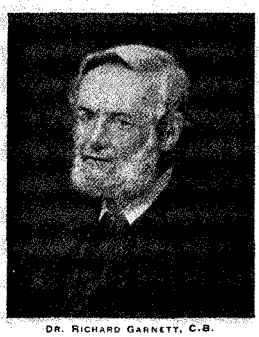


THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.
From the Drawing by D. G. Rossetti.

W. B. YEATS.
Photo by Russell & Sons.



J. M. BARRIE.
Photo by Fredk. Hollyer.



DR. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B.
From a Painting.

SOME CONTRIBUTORS DURING TEN YEARS OF THE ENGLISH "BOOKMAN."

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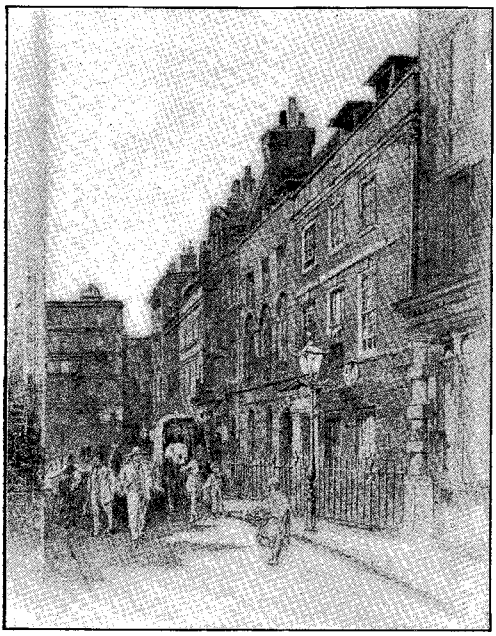
voury a part in Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*, and Lord Lyttleton lived in Macclesfield House, the residence of Lord Gerrard, afterward Earl of Macclesfield. At the "Turk's Head," too, the famous Literary Club used to hold its meetings, frequented by Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke and other great figures. In a little while, however, Gerrard Street will be like any other London thoroughfare—a thoroughfare and nothing more.

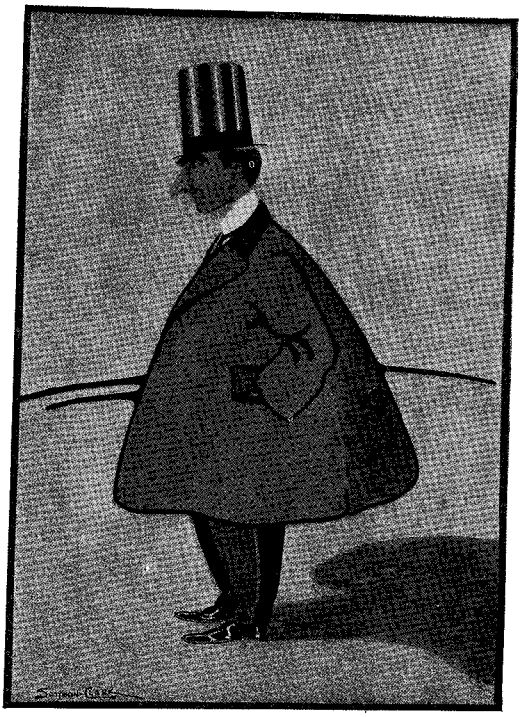


THE HOUSE WHERE DRYDEN DIED.

A new translation of the memoirs of Casanova—the original of Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon*—is announced by an English firm of publishers. It is to be the first of a series of works illustrative of the social life and manners of the eighteenth century.

The episode of buried valuables, which forms a part of Mrs. Burton Harrison's new story, *Winwood's Luck*, is said to be a true one. During the War of Secession, two members of Mrs. Harrison's family, aided by a negro servant, buried two chests of old English silver in a place which was immediately after occupied by the Union troops. Years later, the treasure was dug up, blackened but safe, by other members of the family.

J. E. HODDER-WILLIAMS.



MR. PINERO AS HE IS NOT.
(From *The London Sketch.*)

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"PIPPA PASSES." R. A. 1901. A. M. SHRIMPTON.

(Literary Pictures of the Year.)

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"THE GOOSE GIRL."

(Literary Pictures of the Year.)

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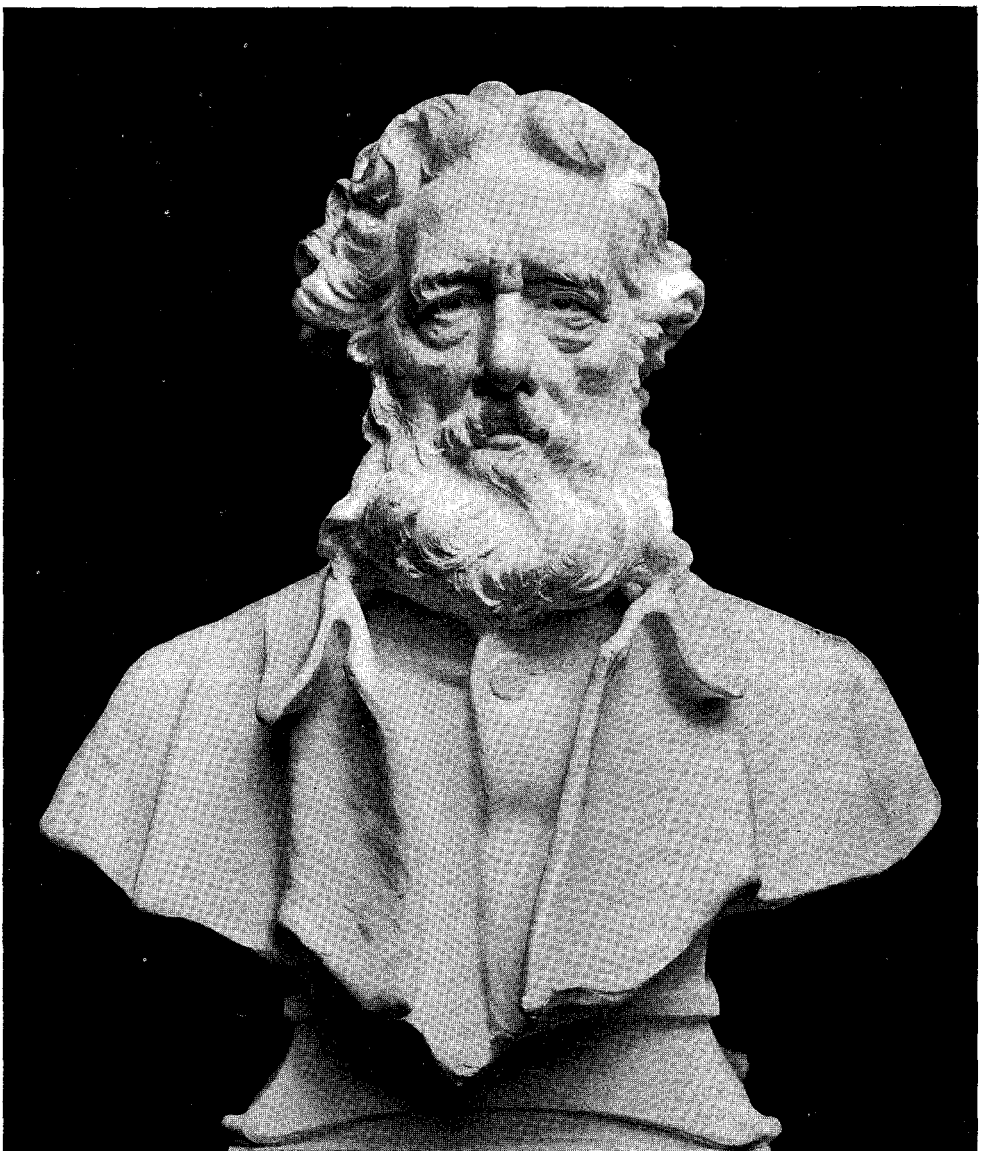
"Sir Richard Calmady."

We do not think that we are disposed often to err on the side of over-enthusiasm in our estimates of books of the present day. In the first place, whenever a novel is noisily acclaimed as a marvel, there unconsciously comes up the memory of the books of the past, and we are inclined to make impolite comparisons. Then, too, we are frankly exasperated at that widespread spirit of outrageous eulogy in which the casual reviewer takes up the third-rate machine-made novel and applies to it a vocabulary which would be justified only by a *Middlemarch* or a *Vanity Fair*. It is very easy



PLASTER BUST. MR. PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. BY ALFRED TOFT.

(Literary Pictures of the Year.)

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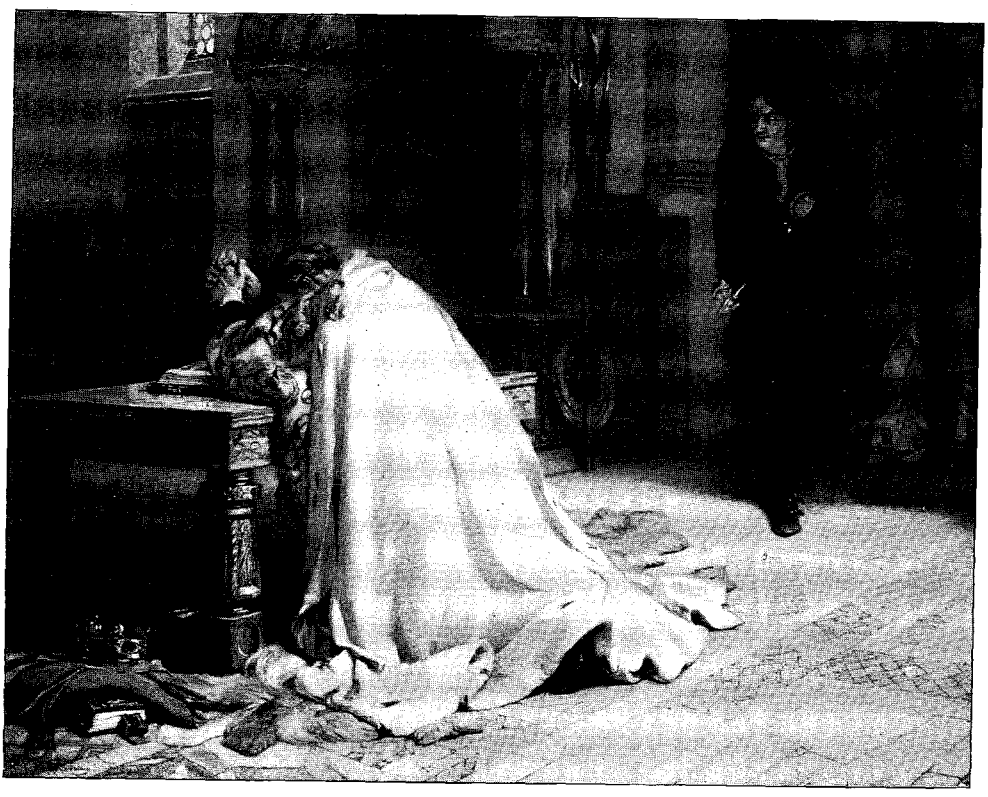
"PROSPERO AND MIRANDA." BY HARRY WATSON.
(Literary Pictures of the Year.)



"HAMLET AND THE KING." FRANK O. SALISBURY.
(Literary Pictures of the Year.)

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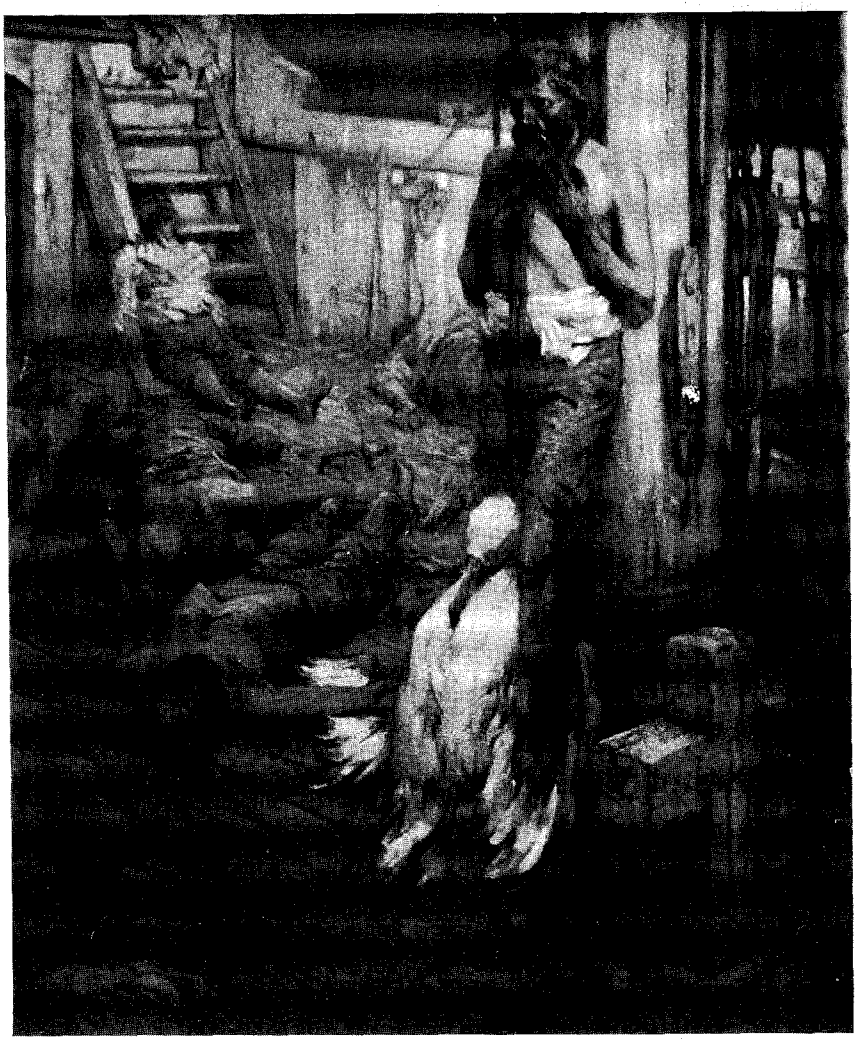

"THE ANCIENT MARINER."

". . . the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet."

—*Perry W. Gibbs.*

(Literary Pictures of the Year.)

to talk about "masterpieces" and *tours de force* and *coups de maitre,* and undoubtedly it tends to make a reviewer "solid." Only after a time it becomes just a little monotonous. There is one book of the day, however, to which we take great pleasure in calling the attention of the readers of THE BOOKMAN. It may not be a great novel, but very many unbiassed and discriminating critics agree that it is a book of some extraordinary qualities. It is Lucas Malet's *The History of Sir Richard Calmady.*

From time to time we have had occasion to refer to some of the books in the Highways and Byways Series which has been so well written and so felicitously illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell. To the latest volume of the series, and in connection with the accompanying illustrations, we owe the following, which gives an insight into Wordsworth's peculiar character:

The egotism and self-complacency which in a higher form were so invaluable to Words-

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worth during the years of neglect which his work suffered at the hands of the public, took on at times an irritating turn in the small affairs of life. To quote De Quincey, who was an enthusiastic admirer of his friend as a poet, he had traits which seemed almost to forbid complete and perfect friendship. Southey, as we know, till late in life liked the poems much better than their author. One grievance under which Wordsworth's friends smarted is not without humour, yet surely should procure them our unbounded sympathy; for it seems that the great man would tolerate no opinion favourable or otherwise of a landscape in his presence except from members of his immediate household, who, by some mysterious process, were supposed to have assimilated his magic power of vision. He treated all such expressions, De Quincey tells us, with pointed and contemptuous silence, sometimes going even so far as to turn his back on the speaker as if to emphasise his presumption. One can very well understand that to the author of the *Ancent Mariner* and to the greatest stylist of his day, both of whom, though essentially book men, found for years their whole relaxation in Lakeland scenery, such an attitude on the part of a friend whom they held in high regard must have been extremely galling. This same one-sidedness prevented Wordsworth, no doubt, from doing even in a small degree for northwest England what Scott did for his native country. It would be unreasonable to expect so peculiar a genius as his to have travelled out of its groove except for the fact that his personal connection with his own region was so long and so unbroken, his opportunities so very great.

College English.

A contributor to the *Dial* not long ago discussed the question as to whether the standard of English composition at American colleges is as high now as it was twenty years ago. "Can the college man of to-day write as respectable English as the college man of yesterday wrote?" The author of the communication had put this question to representatives of the leading American colleges and had received in reply opinions which on the whole were optimistic. Some eighty per cent. of these college instructors said that college English has improved; twelve per cent. answered that there has been very little improvement, if any; and about eight per cent. declared that college English has actually

THE MILL AT AMBLESIDE.

RYDAL CHURCH.

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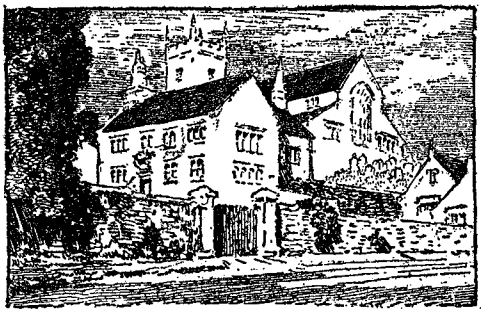
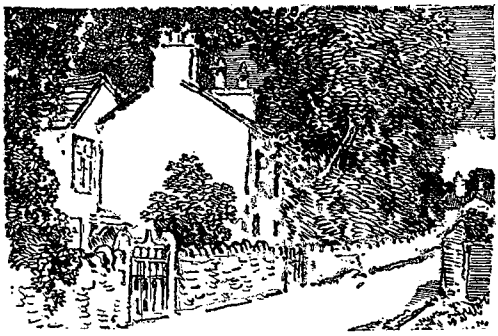


THE SCHOOLHOUSE, HAWKSHEAD.



DOVE COTTAGE.

fallen off in the past two decades. One of the gentlemen invited to express their views upon this subject was Dr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education. Dr. Harris expressed himself in the following words:

> In my opinion, the college man of to-day writes much better English than did the college man of twenty or twenty-five years ago, or than the college man of my time, which was forty-three years ago. There is less bombast in the college writing of to-day and less sophomoric attempt at fine writing; and the attempt to adorn one's pages with quotations from classic authors has almost entirely disappeared, whereas in the time of Edward Everett it was considered to be the proper thing. There is a much richer style used now, because there is reflected in the style of the man a much broader view of the world and a wider gleaning from literary sources.

Our own opinion is that there has been substantially no change whatever, and that there never will be. Dr. Harris does not seem to us to have gone down far enough into the theoretical side of the question. He says, what is quite true, that in the time of Edward Everett, classical allusions and an artificial style marked the writing of college men; and that to-day the college man writes English of a very different character. The gist of the matter is, however, that practically all writing done by undergraduates is mimetic, imitative, unoriginal. Therefore, it follows very closely the prevailing taste, whatever that may be. If there prevails an admiration for Websterian periods, the college student will model his own productions according to that standard. If, on the contrary, as is now the case, the literary world is given up to a simplicity bordering upon colloquialism, then the college student will endeavour to be simple and colloquial. Fifty years ago he was trying to write like Edward Everett. Twenty-five years ago he was trying to write like Donald G. Mitchell. To-day he is trying to write like Kipling. Of course, the imitation is always perfectly obvious to the experienced observer, and it is necessarily a feeble, thin, ineffective imitation. This is no discredit to the college student, and in the case of many of them it represents simply one stage of literary development—the infantile and imitative. A child must copy the actions of his elders in order to be able to do anything at all. Later on, after time and knowledge and practice and observation have done their work, and when the child has become a man, he can do things in his own way and develop in his style of writing, as in many other things, a distinct individuality. But just because in his college days, which are also his salad days, he is either consciously or unconsciously imitating somebody else, his writing will always have just about the same degree of abstract merit, for there will always be just about the same amount of cleverness in any group of human beings.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler.

When the Trustees of Columbia University designated Professor Nicholas Murray Butler to act as the head of that institution until a permanent successor should be appointed in place of President Low, their action was everywhere received with the satisfaction which comes to every one who sees the right thing done at the right time. Professor Butler is, indeed, the logical

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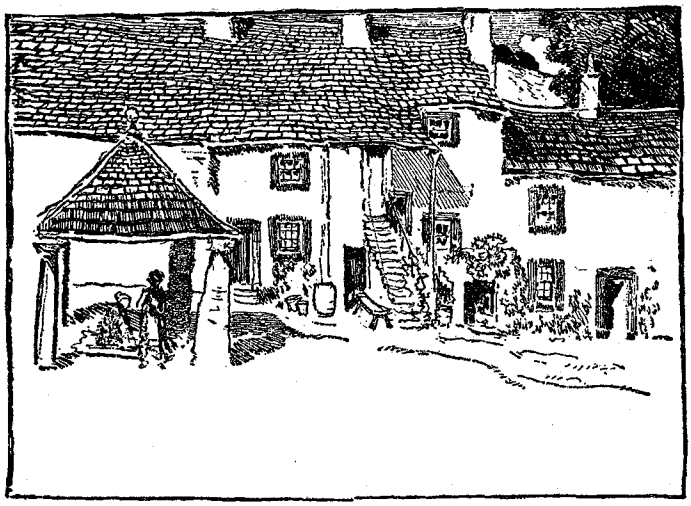

HESKET NEWMARKET, NEAR CALABECK.

successor of President Low, with whom he has untiringly and effectively worked for the transformation of the old Columbia *into the new—a transformation* which is startling to look back upon, but which was brought about so harmoniously as to avoid any break in the Columbia tradition or any friction between the representatives of conflicting interests, which at one time seemed irreconcilable. It would be superfluous to speak of Dr. Butler's eminence as an educator, and it is almost equally superfluous to dwell upon his really brilliant gifts as an administrator. He represents an unusual combination of scholarship practical experience and tact, with a sense of humour which is rarely found in college presidents, but the possession of which goes with a sense of perspective and of true *proportion. Professor Butler, who is* himself a graduate of Columbia, and who recognises the true value of humanistic studies in any scheme of university education, is certain to demonstrate his exceptional fitness for the office which at the present time he is filling temporarily. That this demonstration will lead to his permanent appointment would be wholly in accordance with the best interests of the University, because it would ensure the successful development of that institution upon the lines which have already been laid down.

❧

For the following delicious imitation of one of Mr. Kipling's earlier and best-known poems we are indebted to the London *Outlook:*

ANOTHER BETROTHED.

(*With the usual apologies.*)

Bring me my bag of golf clubs, driver and brassey and cleek . . .
For I'm in the direst trouble; things have been bad for a week.

We quarrelled about the best course . . . o'er the King of Games we fought . . .
And I know she speaks in ignorance, and she says that she does not.

Draw out my supple golf clubs . . . let me consider a space,
In the salt "sweet" air of the club links, musing on Jenny's face.

For Jenny has written a letter to say I must choose between
The wee little whimpering Love and the Game that's played on the green.

Jenny is sturdy to look at; Jenny can drive like a man;
But she says she won't, and that's how the trouble at first began.

There's life in the well-judged putt-shot; there's strength in the full-swing drive;
But the best of games is finished . . . finished, but heart alive! . . .

At once another is started, as perfect and full of fun . . .

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But Jenny says if I wed her, my golfing days are done.

And I have been servant of Love for barely a year of my life,
But for twelve years I have been Priest of St. Andrews (a town in Fife).

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked with the cheery thought
Of games that I played when sober, and games that I played when . . . not.

Bring me my bag of golf clubs . . . let me consider anew . . .
My putter! . . . and who is Jenny that I should abandon *you?*

There are millions of pretty Jennys . . . all of them much the same,
And a woman is only a woman, but a game of golf *is* a game.

Fetch me another driver, give me a pure white ball;
If Jenny will have no rival . . . I sha'n't have Jenny at all.

❧

"Who's Who in America."

Who's Who in America for 1902 has appeared. It is a well printed, well-bound volume, containing over thirteen hundred pages, in which are noted brief biographies of eleven thousand five hundred and fifty-one people of more or less importance. Seriously, it is a book of considerable interest and undoubted value, and if at times we have reason to doubt its accuracy in certain details, the fault is not due to its editors and publishers. In the compilation of a book of this kind it is inevitable that each individual subject should be his or her own biographer, and as a result the volume contains some rare specimens of unconscious humour. One lady, for instance, makes a note of the fact that "she was reared in luxury;" another coquettishly informs the readers of the volume that she began writing stories "at the early age of eight," and that she was "selected on account of distinguished appearance for life-sized portraits for exhibition." In the preface of the book the editors tell us that in the information blank sent to those requested to furnish biographical data, the line which was oftenest overlooked was that of "date of birth." Not only did many women ignore it, but some men also. One woman wrote in: "I am not young enough to be careless nor old enough to be reckless." Several wrote in the line such comments as "not necessary" or "leave out." One lady, to whom the printed sketch from the former edition of the work was sent for revision, wrote underneath it: "Please substitute the enclosed typewritten sketch, which is much better." Examination showed that the typewritten matter differed from the printed slip only in that it omitted the date of birth. One "authoress," we regret to see, has moved her natal day two years forward since the publication of the 1899 *Who's Who in America.* Possibly there are many more similar peculiarities, but they have escaped our attention. This one, however, does not seem to have been noticed by the editors of the work.

❧

According to the preface, the task of preparing a work of this kind, though arduous, was not unrelieved by amusing incidents and grotesque side views of various idiosyncrasies, and of humorous phases of thought and character. "Many of these revealed themselves in revisions of sketches which appeared in the first edition. To one man, recorded in that edition as 'married,' without further particulars, a proof was sent for revision, with the note: 'Please give the maiden name of your wife.' With the return of the corrected proof came the following: 'I am sorry I cannot comply with your request to give you my wife's maiden name, as she is now travelling in Europe.'" On another sketch there was written the comment, "This is correct, and is, it seems to me, just what such a note should be: careful, accurate, no bouquets, no bricks." From a leading Western poet and critic there came the following: "I take pleasure in revising the sketch of myself in the game of 'Literary Tag,' or 'Who's It.' Several wished to substitute long eulogistic sketches for the submitted copy. Several actors wished to have favourable press notices appended, and two or three of that profession thought that the notices would look better with the portrait, and sent their photographs for reproduction. One man who has had a somewhat meteoric newspaper career made extensive additions and concluded with the comment; "This will do, if you can't do better

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—but I would like about a stick full more space. This is a good thing." It was also inevitable that many and strenuous efforts to procure admission should have been made by persons whose applications had to be declined. Many went so far as to try to buy their way in.

American theatregoers are not subjected to the imposition which obliges Europeans to pay for the programme of a play; but the pamphlet which is given to them gratuitously has practically nothing to recommend it except those pages which set forth the characters and the acts. It seems strange that theatrical managers should persist in inflicting upon the patrons of their houses such a literary atrocity as the conventional programme. In its present form it is not only an annoyance to the playgoer, but we fail utterly to see its use as an advertising medium. The alleged jokes, which are inserted probably with the idea of relieving a little the monotony of the whole, are absolutely, without exception, the most ghastly and preposterous of their kind. The following, which we clip from one of the current playbills of one of the most prominent New York theatres, are a very fair sample:

Why do people have best clothes? They always look better in their every-day ones.

Mrs. Prim—"George, I discovered that detestable pup of yours trying to get my roast on top of the refrigerator." Mr. Prim—"Smart dog that; playing for high steak, he was."

More Lives Than a Cat.—"Yes, sir, old Plutarch himself was a vegetarian." "What of it?" "What of it? See the number of 'lives' he had!"

"Mamma," queried four-year-old Nettie, "where do people go when they die?" "I can't tell just where, my dear," answered her mother. "But don't you know, mamma?" asked the little miss. "Of course not, Nettie," she replied; "how should I know?" "Why, mamma," asked the small interrogator, "didn't you never study geography?"

Johnny in the Garden—"Father, father, look out of the window." Father, putting out his head—"What a nuisance you children are. What do you want now?" Johnny, with a triumphant glance at his playfellow.—"Tommy Brooks wouldn't believe you'd got no hair on the top of your head."

The inhabitants of northern China are nearly all vegetarians, the chief articles of food being millet, rice, maize, potatoes and turnips.

We don't quite understand the last, but it is undoubtedly humour of a high order.

Under the management of Mrs. Fiske, the Manhattan Theatre seems to have taken a step in the matter of the playbill which should eventually lead to a decided change. It is only experimental, and if one is to judge critically, it is in many respects unsatisfactory, but none the less it is a step in the right direction. In addition to the bill of the play and the usual advertisement, there are scattered here and there little bits of original reading matter—Notes of the Foreign Stage, three or four poems, a short article on Playbills, Old and New, another on The Passing of the Gallery Gods, and several entertaining sketches.

The Late Rev. John Wade.

The Rev. John Wade, who succeeded Patrick Brontë in the incumbency of Haworth, and ministered there for thirty-seven years, has passed away. He incurred very great odium on account of the demolition of the church associated with the Brontës and the erection of a new church on the same site. It was contended that the new church should have been built on another site and the old one left as a Brontë shrine. We believe that the blame, however, was not with Mr. Wade, but with the Bishop of Ripon, to whom, probably, the Brontës were people of no significance. The agitation deeply wounded Mr. Wade; indeed, he never got over the bitterness of the conflict. This led him to stand aside from the recent movements in commemoration of the Brontës, and when the Brontë museum was opened he did not attend. He had, however, a strong regard for the Brontë family. When he came to Haworth he kept a note-book embodying the fresh traditions of his predecessors in this parsonage, and it is matter for deep regret that he ultimately committed these notes to the flames, and could not be induced in any way to write on the subject. He had

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strong views of his own, however, on all the points that are in controversy, though very reticent in expressing them. Mr. Wade was obliged to close his house to the throng of tourists, and had many quaint stories about the persistence of American visitors. To those properly introduced, however, he was most gracious, and though he added some rooms to the parsonage, he retained the Brontë rooms much as they were, although improving them greatly in comfort. He had woful stories to tell of the inclement condition of the parsonage when he came to it, and was of opinion that their comfortless surroundings did much to hasten the death of the Brontë sisters.

The Late Edith Jemima Simcox.

There died recently in England Miss Edith Jemima Simcox, well known a generation ago as one of the best-equipped literary critics of the time. It is significant of the short term given to a modest literary fame that practically no notice has been taken of Miss Simcox's departure. She was not quite fortunate in any of her books. None of them represents her at her strongest. But when Mr. John Murray started the London *Academy* as a monthly journal under the editorship of Dr. Appleton, she was one of the first and ablest contributors, and that at a time when the *Academy* had the help of such writers as Matthew Arnold and T. H. Huxley. Born in a devout household, she fell early in life under the influence of George Eliot, to whom, indeed, she stood in a relation not merely of a disciple but of an adorer. One of her first remarkable contributions to the *Academy* was a very elaborate review of *Middlemarch,* and when George Eliot died she wrote in the *Nineteenth Century* one of the best tributes to her memory, a tribute which might not compare with that of Lord Acton in the same periodical or the critical analysis which appeared in the *Home and Foreign Review,* but which need not fear comparison with any other estimate of George Eliot's life and work.

Miss Simcox wrote at first under the signature "H. Lawrenny," and she was a contributor to the literary department of the *Fortnightly Review* in its best days, under John Morley. Her writings, notwithstanding their great ability, had obvious faults. They were obscure and elusive to the last degree, and in spite of her scholarly instincts Miss Simcox, especially in her last large book, made the great mistake of writing on subjects which she could not study at first hand. She suffered during most of her life from the drawback of weak health. The volume which shows most of her is that entitled *Episodes in the Lives of Men, Women, and Lovers.* It is well worth reading, but makes no popular appeal. Miss Simcox, we believe, was at one period much interested in philanthropic work, but the business of her life was study. Notwithstanding her strong agnostic views, she was scrupulously fair and just to those on the other side. She died at the age of fifty-seven, after a long illness. Her brothers, Mr. George Augustus Simcox and the late Rev. W. H. Simcox, were among the most distinguished students of their time at Oxford, and their contributions to literature are well known.

Men of Letters in Fiction.

Now that we have turned into the twentieth century, is it not about time that fiction began to deal with some of the great literary personages of the nineteenth? There is hardly an eighteenth-century man of letters of any prominence who has not figured in half a dozen different novels, and often in as many different lights. Dr. Johnson, Swift, Steele, Gay, Prior, Henry Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Moore, Voltaire, Rousseau, Beaumarchais—all have played their little parts in the scheme of some fictitious tale of love and adventure. Somehow, the men of letters in fiction seem ever so much more human and likeable than the soldiers and the statesmen. It may seem strange that the ragged soldier of fortune of a romantic novel dealing with the Paris of the seventeenth century should hobnob with kings and queens and cardinals and courtiers; but what is more natural than that his mode of life should bring him the acquaintance and friendship of some playwright or poet whose fame has endured and shall endure when the glory of Marli and of Versailles shall have grown dim? The swashbuckling hero finds his way into a tailor's shop

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and scrapes acquaintance with a sad-faced, bright-eyed stranger, who is watching quietly but closely the entrance of great ladies and gallants, and from time to time jotting down an idea or a fragment of conversation. "Who is our friend?" asks Sir Swashbuckler of the tailor. Whereupon the tailor replies that it is "one M. Jean Baptiste Poquelin de Molière, who is gathering material for a new comedy to be presented by his troupe of players before the Court at Fontainebleau." And why *not*? It is all very probable.

The poet, the playwright, the novelist in fiction, may very casually make use in casual conversation of some particularly characteristic phrase or some fine or striking epigram which, originating with him, has become a part of literature. For instance, if the great Dean Swift is to play a part in a story, it is inevitable that at some time or other he should make some biting allusion to poor parsons with large families, or to his famous idea about the serving up of children of tender years roasted or in a *ragout*. Of course when he was arguing theology with little Henry Esmond, Dick Steele made use of his famous "It isn't the dying for a faith that's hard. Many men of many creeds and countries have done that. It's the living up to it," and in after years, when Colonel Esmond was helping Addison with his great poem, "The Campaign," and meeting the former Trooper Steele at the tables of peers, there was forever in the mouths of Addison and of Steele some phrase which has come down to us from the pages of the *Spectator* or of the *Tatler*. The men of the first half of the nineteenth century are almost as far away from us to-day as the men of the latter half of the eighteenth century were from Thackeray. And yet with perhaps a few unimportant exceptions we do not remember that their personalities have been made use of in fiction. How is it that nobody sees fit in writing a novel of the London of 1840 to introduce Bulwer and Dickens and Thackeray and their haunts? There would seem to be in a subject like this a certain fascination, because allusion might be made to a great many interesting facts which biographers and literary historians seem sedulously to ignore.

Mr. Frankfort Moore's *A Nest of Linnets* is far from being the first novel in which Richard Brinsley Sheridan is introduced. Mr. Moore is more or less of an authority on certain interesting eighteenth-century personages, and has already dealt in fiction with Oliver Goldsmith (in *The Jessamy Bride*) and the lovely sisters Gunning (in *The Fatal Gift*). The present book treats of the love story of Sheridan and Miss Linley. Portraits of Miss Linley were painted by Gainsborough and Reynolds. Sir Joshua said that his picture of her as St. Cecilia was the best he had ever painted. Lovely though many of his sitters were, none of them could approach Elizabeth Linley in that charm which a great bishop (his accuracy is not to be impugned because he was an Irishman) said was more than half divine. And the "St. Cecilia" of Reynolds is not more familiar than Gainsborough's picture, "Miss Linley and her Brother," now at Stowe. "Every record that remains of the girl," said Mr. Moore in a recent interview with a writer for the London *Sketch*, "from her childhood down to the moment when she wrote her last pathetic letter to her husband, only a few hours before her death, shows that her nature was the loveliest that ever made a woman, to quote the Irish bishop again, more than half divine. She remained perfectly unspoiled by the admiration she excited all her life from persons of such various tastes as the Duchess of Devonshire, Edmund Burke, and David Garrick. And, by-the-bye, it was Burke who styled the Linley household *A Nest of Linnets*, and you may be sure I was not slow to accept the suggestion of what seems to me a perfect title for an eighteenth-century romance."

"At the very height of her fame as a singer and as a beauty Miss Linley became engaged to a certain Mr. Walter Long, a wealthy squire of Wiltshire, who was sixty years of age, and it is on the eve of this engagement that the story begins. The engagement was an act of self-sacrifice on the girl's part, and, as may be supposed, her other suitors, who were many, heard of it with indignation; among them, according to my novel, though not without ample historical jus-

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tification, was Sheridan's elder brother, Charles. For a time, Mr. Long was the most unpopular person at Bath. He was satirised by Foote in his comedy, *The Maid of Bath,* and on that account solely some of Sheridan's biographers have pronounced him to be almost as contemptible a character as the girl's father, who was said to have made a bargain with Mr. Long for her—to have sold her. I treat Mr. Long more generously. Indeed, for some chapters you might think Long, and not Sheridan, the hero of the book. An accident revealed to the elderly squire the fact that the girl was in love with young Sheridan, and thenceforward all his exertions are directed to the advancement of the young man's suit. The last chapter of the novel is devoted to Mr. Long's reflections after visiting the young couple in the cottage to which they retired after their union, mention being made of the circumstance that Sheridan is writing a comedy, one of the characters in which is a lady whom he has called Lydia Languish. Long doubts if the public will ever hear much more of her."

"No romance could be written of Sheridan and Miss Linley without introducing the 'villain of the piece,' as you suggest; and he was, of course, the Captain Mathews with whom Sheridan fought the two famous duels. Mathews plays an important part in *A Nest of Linnets*—the part of the hawk, in fact; but it did not quite suit the scheme of my book to give the squalid details of these two encounters. My story is made to end with the mysterious elopement of the young lovers, and that was an event which preceded the duels. I could not have brought the duels in without setting at naught an established fact in history, you must see."

"Do you mind saying," Mr. Moore was asked, "if you find it more difficult and trying to write a story, the scene of which is laid in the past—like this new book, for instance—than a modern story, one of to-day? The question is suggested by your saying that you could not sin against history by bringing the duels into this Sheridan-Linley novel."

"A great deal more difficult. It is far harder to write a novel of the past than of the present."

Apropos of Mr. Frankfort Moore's novel and its subject, we note that Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who, besides being a great-great-grandson of the author of *The School for Scandal,* was a grandson of J. Lothrop Motley, the American statesman and historian, has just been killed in South Africa. He will be remembered as having spent some time in this country both during the war with Spain, and again last year at the time of the trouble with China. Young Sheridan was only twenty-six years of age.

Wilhelm Raabe.

The festivities, private and public, and the number of magazine and newspaper articles with which the seventieth birthday of Wilhelm Raabe has been celebrated this autumn in Germany came somewhat in the nature of a surprise to many who believed themselves well acquainted with modern literature. Raabe is one of those writers who have become "classics" during their lives. The great mass of readers who crowd the bookshops and the circulating libraries in hurried eagerness for the latest novel, those who devour the popular successes of the day, know absolutely nothing of Raabe. But the thoroughness of the German public-school education limited their ignorance to a lack of knowledge of his work. His name at least was known, and he was put on the mental bookshelves in a line with Schiller, Goethe, Heine and others of whom we speak with reverence, but whom we do not always read. Yet this sort of platonic admiration is a cold and hungry fate for a writer. It is hardly possible to believe that in our present loud-voiced hurrying century a writer can live neglected and almost forgotten, and hardly earning a bare livelihood from his works, whom yet those in literary authority term one of the very greatest names in German literature of the past hundred years—indeed, of the whole history of German literature. Lovers of Raabe's works are indeed lovers with all their hearts. For the superficial reader his novels have no interest. But for those to whom a book is a friend to commune with in a quiet hour, a source of joy that grows with each return of companionship—for such readers German literature, or indeed any literature, has few

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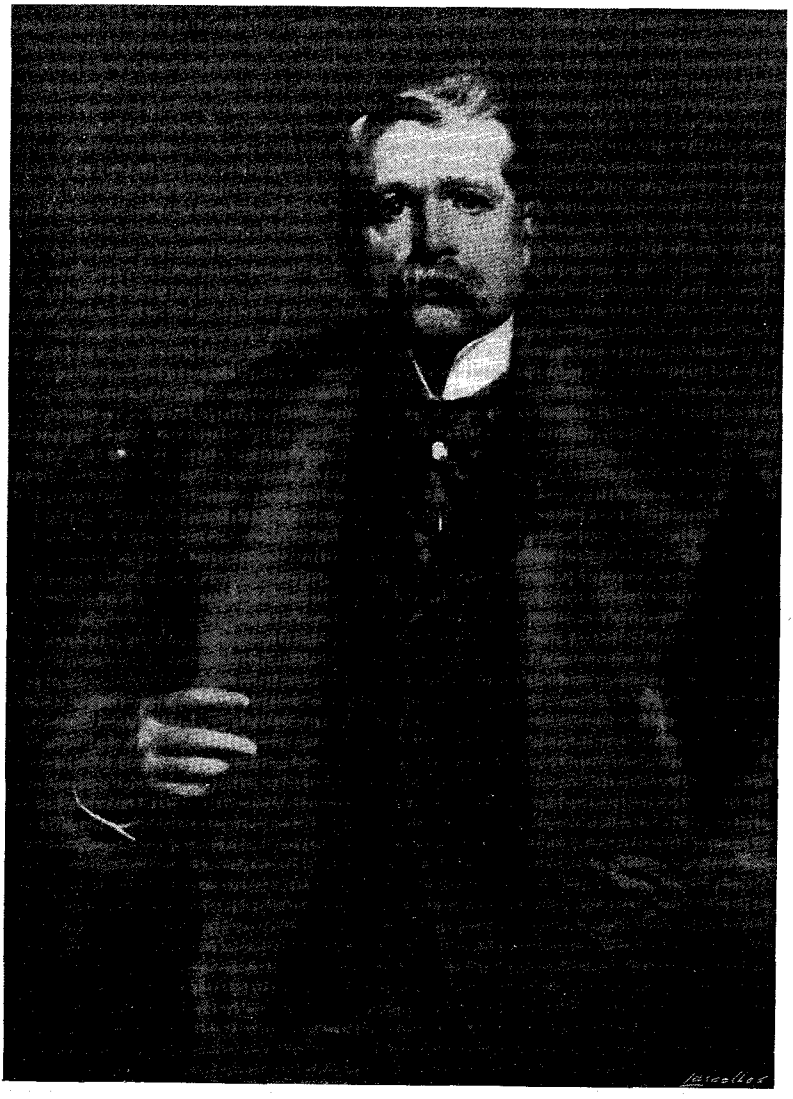
poets who come with so strong an appeal. His ripe maturity of thought, his exquisite humour, his tender keenness of observation and his easy, unhurried style, which does not feel the need of hastening on the action, but lingers to pluck a flower here, a leaf there, to enjoy a vista, or an outlook wherever they may offer—these are all mingled in an infinite charm, an impression of lasting sweetness and pleasure. Raabe's talent has stood apart from the highroad, and has created gardens of beauty in half-hidden corners, where it is a pleasure to linger.

All this and more was dealt out to Raabe in rich meed of praise on his seventieth birthday, but it could hardly deceive the aging poet as to the cold facts of his past forty years of patient, conscientious work, which was crowned with so little outer show of success. He had never condescended to write down to public taste, and public taste turned away uncomprehending from his works, so much so that few of his novels ran through more than two or three editions, and even those are scattered about among publishers in various German cities. But



MR. F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

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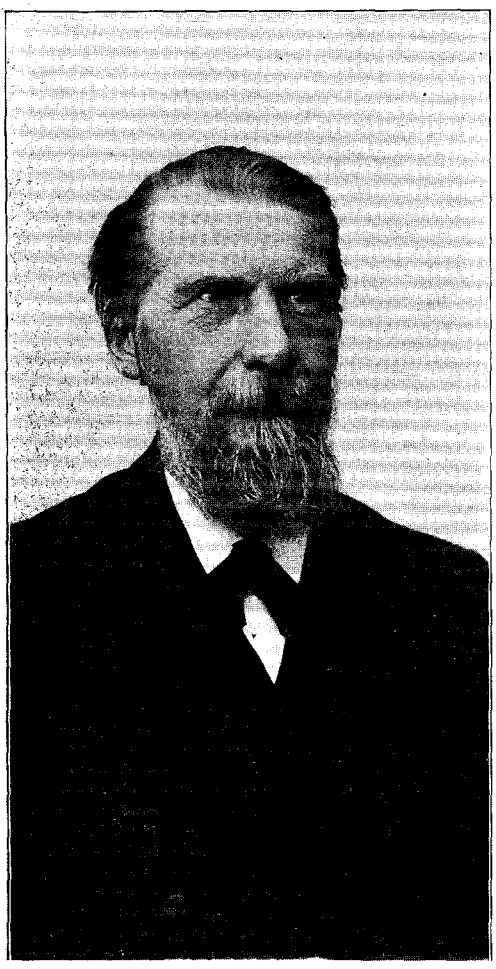

WILHELM RAABE.

the efforts of the small but faithful circle of his admirers have apparently been able to secure for Raabe a measure of popularity for the evening of his life, and the sudden interest manifested in his works has called forth a fund to have a complete edition brought out by one house. The Prussian Government has apportioned a considerable sum to have this edition given to all school libraries.

Raabe was a novelist mainly, but was also a master of the short story, and the four volumes of his tales contain gems which must charm even those to whom his somewhat too involved style in the longer narrative appears tiresome. His prose is poetry itself, and the few poems scattered throughout the novels and short stories attest his great poetic gift. The best known of Raabe's works are his first book, *The Chronicle of Sparrow Street* and the novels *The Hunger-pastor* and *Horacker,* both of them works of great charm and lasting value. If the suddenly awakened interest in Raabe puts his works on the market again it will be a boon for readers of more serious mind, for whom the average run of modern German novels offers very little of interest.

Florence Wilkinson.

A young woman who is more or less identified with the literary circles of New York is Miss Florence Wilkinson. A few years ago THE BOOKMAN had something to say

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM IN "A ROYAL RIVAL."
(See "Drama of the Month.")

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"THE SECOND IN COMMAND." ACT II.

(See "Drama of the Month.")

"MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY." ACT IV.

(See "Drama of the Month.")

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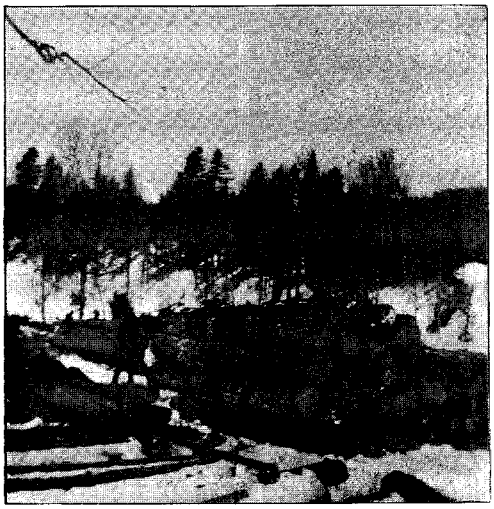
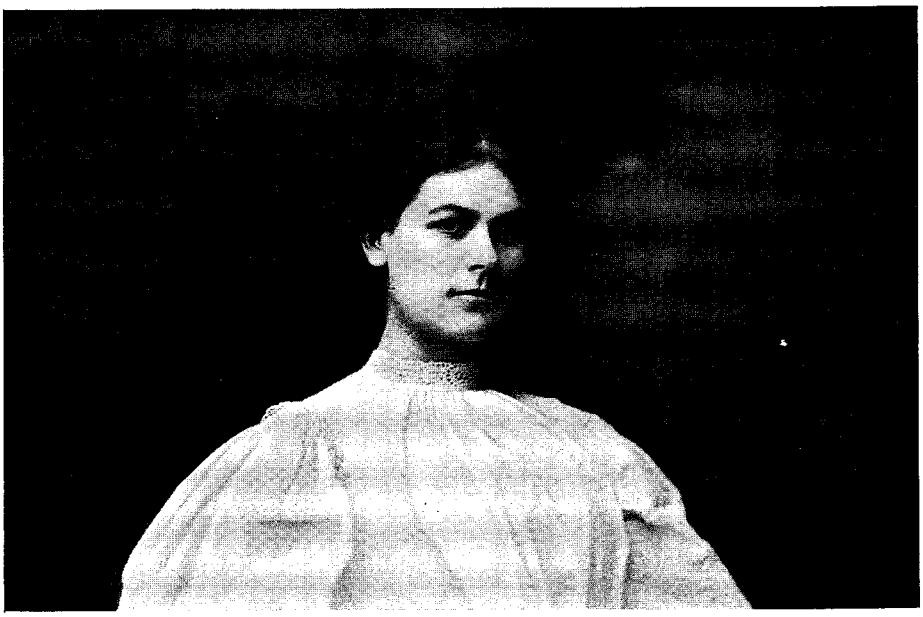


RACQUETTE RIVER. FLOATING THE LOGS.

A SLED OF LOGS FROM THE SKIDWAY.

about her first book, *The Lady of the Flag-Flowers,* and predicted for her a successful future. Since that time Miss Wilkinson has been hard at work, and as a result she has had a one-act Biblical play accepted by Mr. E. H. Sothern, and another one-act piece produced by the Sargent Dramatic School. Her novel, *The Strength of the Hills,* which is reviewed on another page, was published a few weeks ago. Miss Wilkinson is the daughter of Professor William C. Wilkinson of the University of Chicago. She was born in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, where she lived until about nine years ago. Since that time she has spent a few years in Chicago, a season in Paris. and another season on the stage with Miss Julia Marlowe. While writing *The Strength of the Hills* Miss Wilkinson spent some time in the Adirondacks, in order to absorb the local colour of the



FLORENCE WILKINSON.

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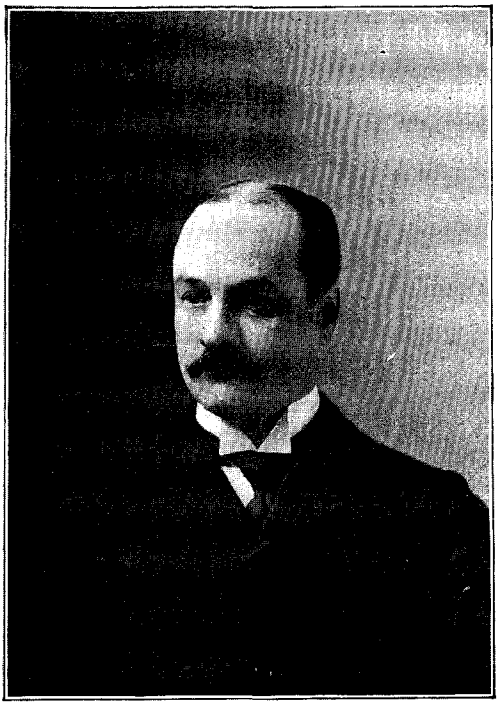
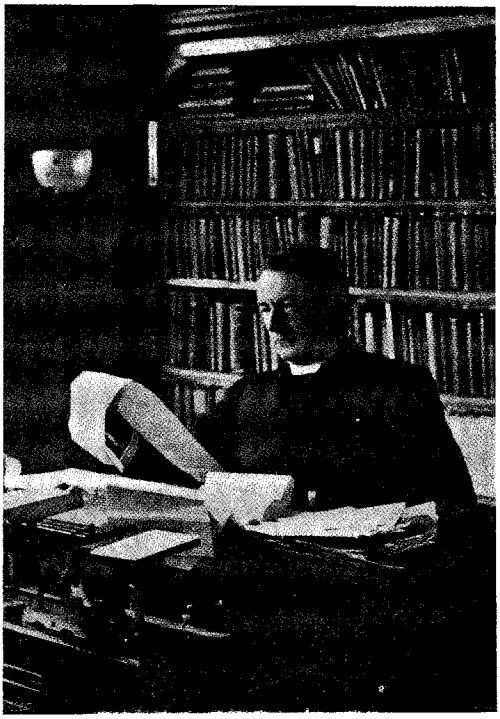


DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.



IAN MACLAREN IN HIS STUDY.

(*See "Drama of the Month."*)

DAVID WARFIELD AS "THE ONLY LEVI" IN THE AUCTIONEER.

(*See "Drama of the Month."*)

BERTHA GALLAND IN "THE FOREST LOVERS."

(*See "Drama of the Month."*)

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lumber region. We reproduce several photographs, showing some scenes in the story.

George Sand's Early Work.

It is not generally known, says a writer in the London *Morning Post,* that George Sand, the novelist, began life as an artist, of small account certainly, yet collectors nowadays

MRS. FISKE.

(*See "Drama of the Month."*)

give more for her trifles than for the laboured masterpieces of Meissonier. Her first essays were in decorating wooden snuff-boxes and cases, but, coming to Paris in 1831, she started painting flowers, birds and other lady-artist subjects. All this time she had been writing fiction, and she took a novel to Balzac, who, after reading it, counselled her to stick to her brush and paint. George was a woman of courage, however, and she showed her MS. to Delatouche, who liked the story so much that he gave her a post on the *Figaro,* where her literary efforts first appeared. *Rose et Blanche* was written in conjunction with Jules Sand. Later came *Indiana* from her own pen, appearing above the *nom de guerre* which was at one time so well known. French critics now ask whether George Sand is dead in the present day, and declare that she is remembered only for her love adventures with Chopin and De Musset. Be that as it may, a provincial academy has just placed a plaque to her memory in Gargilesse.

The following letter, which Miss Marie Corelli recently sent to the London *Chronicle,* will entertain those of our readers who are interested in Miss Corelli's work and peculiar personality. Miss Corelli, by the way, has just begun a suit for libel against the proprietors of a weekly newspaper called *The Topical Times.*

As your columns are open to the discussion of literary questions, I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will tell me of any means by which a person engaged in public work can be spared the "biography" and "interview." I am at present the recipient of daily insult from various quarters of journalism on account of a small "bijou biography" of me, which the publisher, Mr. Drane, has issued to companion similar volumes concerning John Burns, Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Kitchener, Lord Roberts, and last, not least, his Majesty the King. None of these distinguished gentlemen have been accused in the press of writing their "biographies" themselves, and issuing them with Mr. Drane for the purpose of "advertisement;" but this libellous accusation is being freely circulated with regard to myself. Will you permit me to say that, as a matter of fact, I made every effort to prevent this "biography" from being issued, and Mr. Drane, if asked, could entirely confirm this statement. Asking a solicitor's advice on the subject, I was told, "If the biography does not give publicity to anything false or libellous, you could not successfully take exception to it in any court of

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law." I shall be glad to learn if I can "successfully take exception in a court of law" to the "false and libellous" statements made in certain quarters of the press with regard to this matter, as such statements can certainly be proved both damaging and injurious. The other day I saw an interesting account of the career of my kindly and popular neighbour, Sir Arthur Hodgson, in a Birmingham paper. Am I to suppose he wrote it himself, and had it inserted as an advertisement? Has Lord Roberts found it necessary to take the name of

JAMES K. HACKETT IN "DON CÆSAR'S RETURN."

(*See "Drama of the Month."*)

E. H. SOTHERN AS RICHARD LOVELACE.

(*See "Drama of the Month."*)

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MARY E. WILKINS.

"Ernest Russell" and write his own biography for the benefit of Mr. Drane? Were I to accuse others as wrongfully as I am myself accused, I should be served, and deservedly so, with endless writs for libel. Personally I should like to be told how to avoid being known at all save by my books—for, as the *Court Circular* obligingly says of me, "It would be much better if she could sink her personality altogether and let the public judge of her simply and solely by her writings." This is precisely what I have always desired, but apparently this is not allowed. If I refuse to grant "interviews," they are straightway invented on hearsay; and though I decline to be photographed, "fancy" likenesses of me are constantly published. (I have a scrap-book containing various portraits of myself which, thank God, are not me.) If I travel ten miles distant I am reported as having "high times in Italy and on the Riviera," and quite recently I was accredited with the ownership of a house in Venice with a garden "covered with vines," where I wrote *The Master Christian*. If you, sir, will give me any talisman of protection against this wholly undesired, vulgar and objectionable notoriety, I shall forever be grateful. I cannot very well live altogether in one room and refuse to see any human creature, but as matters stand (owing, I suppose, to the "smart" journalist's greed for "copy") I can neither walk, drive, talk nor entertain friends without being made the subject of a paragraph, by which the paragraphist possibly may make half a crown. I do not grudge him (or her) the money, but I would pay more than a dozen half crowns to be let alone.

MARIE CORELLI.

Miss. Wilkins.

We present our readers on this page with a recent portrait of Miss Mary E. Wilkins, whose volume of short stories is reviewed elsewhere. This seems a good place to mention a little psychological problem that has been puzzling us for some time with regard to Miss Wilkins. When *Eben Holden* first appeared, the publishers of that book sent it to Miss Wilkins, who, in return, gave them her opinion of it. This opinion she expressed in the following words: *"Eben Holden* is simply adorable!" At any rate, this is the opinion which the publishers disseminated all over the country in their advertising columns. Now there is no

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reason on earth why Miss Wilkins should not have been very much pleased with *Eben Holden;* but somehow or other we can't quite imagine her expressing her pleasure in those particular words. They don't sound like Miss Wilkins as we have come to think of her from reading her books and from studying her portrait. We wonder whether she really said the thing in just that way.

In the opening paragraph of THE BOOKMAN for October we told the story of a speech made by a very widely known and successful author on the occasion of the presentation of the dramatised form of his novel in his native city. There were no names given, but probably every one who read these paragraphs decided that the writer we meant was Mr. Charles Major. As a matter of fact, we did.

Since the appearance of the October number we have received several letters from people who were present on the evening that *When Knighthood Was in Flower* was first played at English's Opera House, Indianapolis. The writers of these letters are unanimous in insisting that while the story was in the main correct, an error in the quotation of Mr. Major's remarks had the effect of utterly perverting the meaning. We have gone over the matter very carefully, and we believe that a frank apology is due to Mr. Major. We are very glad to be at liberty to print the following stenographic report of Mr. Major's speech on the evening in question:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is rather a difficult matter for me to know just exactly what to say to you, except to thank you very, very sincerely for your kind reception of this play and of my book. Less than one hundred yards from this spot, and I am glad to say less than one hundred years ago, I was born [laughter and applause], and I, therefore, feel for Indianapolis, your city, which is also my city, an affection which clings with tender pathos to the scenes of a happy childhood. My childhood in Indianapolis was a happy one. Here I underwent all the ills that childish flesh is heir to. [Laughter.] Here I had the whooping cough and the mumps and the stone bruise on my heel, sore toe, sore shins and sore head. I would that I could have them all again. [Laughter and applause.] To paraphrase one of the most beautiful lines in English poetry—you will know who wrote it when I say it—"The joys made out of ills like them are good enough for me." Here I learned to fight [laughter], and I hope I have not forgotten how. Here I learned to bear meekly the honours of infrequent victory, and here I learned to bear proudly the pains and ills of frequent and inglorious defeat. These are qualities which I believe are of infinite value *to one who has to stand in the great white light—a target—for the ever ready and ever watchful* critics. However, I have no fault to find with them. I have found them a goodly, kindly folk. They have been too kind to me. I thank them. As to this play, which you have received so kindly to-night, I feel that I can speak impersonally and without vanity when I say that I feel that it is all that I could expect. With the clever Paul Kester to dramatise it and the brilliant Julia Marlowe to play it [great applause], I think a dramatisation of the unabridged dictionary itself would be a success. [Renewed applause.] I really do not know what else to say to you, except to again thank you, and thank you, and thank you. I feel that I owe so much, not only for your reception of this play, but for the great kindness Indianapolis has shown me. I have had nothing but kindness from Indianapolis and Indiana—the greatest city and greatest State on earth. [Tremendous applause and cheering.] So I thank you again and again, and, although it is a little early yet, I wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. [Great applause.]

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A BALLADE OF AMBITION

Some aim to write scholastic lore
  In words aglow with learning's light;
While others would in verse outpour
  Their happy souls so clear and white.
Some would achieve Fame's glorious height
  By breezy screeds of babbling brooks;
But as for me, I'd fain indite
  One of the Six Best-selling Books.

With stirring tales of sea or shore
  Some would the Torch of Fame ignite;
Others Parnassus-ward would soar
  On Hymns and Odes of interest slight.
Some, commendation would invite
  By "Aids to Health" or "Hints to Cooks;"
But I would publish if I might
  One of the Six Best-selling Books.

'Tis easy. All one needs is Gore,
  A Shipwreck or a Frantic Fight;
Hints of fierce oaths the villain swore,
  Some saws and aphorisms trite.
Although these elements seem quite
  Enough for certain scribbling crooks,
I reach but in my fancy's flight
  One of the Six Best-selling Books.

ENVOI:

Oh, Fame, I ask not gilding bright,
  Nor brave *éditions de luxe;*
But grant that some day I may write
  One of the Six Best-selling Books.

Carolyn Wells.

AN INTERVIEW WITH NOBODY

A new star has arisen in the literary firmament in the person of Mr. Zero O. Nobody, whose recent book, *No Matter What* (being the Memoirs of Cypher Little, late major of His Majesty's Naughty-Ninth Nincompoops), has sold five hundred thousand copies before publication.

Mr. Nobody was born and erased in Nowhere, New Jersey, and is descended from a long and insignificant line of ancestors. On his mother's side he comes of the famous Anybodys of Eniol Place. He is now living at his villa home, "Nowheremuch," a charming house of only one short story, painted mediochre, with a windmill in the rear.

Mr. Nobody disclaims all the usual tricks by which authors attain success. "I have no methods, no style, no knowledge," he says. "I depend entirely upon Nothing for inspiration, and leave the rest to my publishers."

Mr. Nobody's study is characteristic of this rising young nonentity, filled with nameless knicknacks and adorned with old negatives. The walls are covered with books; but, in accordance with the prevailing literary fashion, they are not a mere conglomerate of different authors,

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but all copies of one book—his own. He does not collect first, but only thousandth editions. The ceiling is stencilled, and of a dull colour, the floor is flat, while the windows are obvious. In one corner of the room is an old cannon, seated astride which Mr. Nothing dictates hysterical romances. "The public likes a smooth-bore," he explained with a meaningless smile.

"I have no needs, no necessities. Every day I rise at ten, walk into the front yard to be photographed, look at the ticker tape that quotes sales by direct wire from my publishers. Then I take a nap and dictate masterpieces. I have not been well for some time, having caught a rather serious idea some months ago. Oh, yes, it was before I wrote *No Matter What.* By using many stenographers at once I am able to complete the whole novel before publication, though that, of course, is seldom necessary. The advertisements, reviews and posters are, of course, done long before I commence work."

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In answer to a request for his opinions of modern literature Mr. Nobody said: "The fact is, Modern Literature is decaying; it might even be called rotten, and the modern writer is a modern maggot bred by the carcase of Literature. Maggotry is, as you know, enormously upon the increase, though I should distinguish between mercenary maggotry and magazine maggotry. Magazine maggotry supplies the literary monthlies with pictures and poses. Maggots dictating romances, maggots at home, maggots brushing their teeth and maggots reading the Sonnets of Somebody are of this class.

"Mercenary maggots, on the other hand, have made the fortunes not only of themselves but of the booksellers, who now have to purchase the works of only the Six Best Selling Maggots instead of having to stock themselves with as many as forty-nine different authors, as they used to before we nonentities appeared. The true martyrs to maggotry are the women, who desire changes in the fashions, but are forced to read Hystery and Cologneal Romance. This has forced many women into writing Love-Letters of Ladies.

"Yes," continued Mr. Nobody, "I suppose I am the Head Maggot—of both sorts!"

But I hardly thought "head" was the proper term for him.

As I left he informed me that *No Matter What* was now in its five hundred and fifty-seventh thousand. "We are delaying its issue," Mr. Nobody informed me. "You see we sell so many more copies before than after publication."

Gelett Burgess.

THE AUTHOR OF "SIR RICHARD CALMADY"

It is my devout belief that *Sir Richard Calmady* is destined to give to its author something of the fame that she has long enjoyed in other English-speaking lands as one of the very flower of the exclusive aristocracy of English letters. That she was not long ago made known to the entire reading public of this country is due to various causes, not the least important of which is the circumstance that she has chosen to write under the name of "Lucas Malet," a pseudonym which reveals nothing as to her identity or sex, and which it is very easy to spell wrong.

For this reason the shallow-pated ones who do so much of the reading in this country do not, as a general thing, talk about her, even if they happen to have read some of her books, because they cannot remember whether they should say "him" or "her." In short, Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison's unfortunate choice of a *nom de plume* has cost her a vast amount of that sort of conversational advertising which droppeth as free as the gentle dew of heaven and is the very life of the literary trade in this country. But now I believe that *Sir Richard Calmady* is going to change all that by making her so much the fashion, that not even those persons of literary taste who have been recently illumined concerning George Sand and George Eliot will dare to leave her out of the conversation.

But Mrs. Harrison can at least feel that her success in letters has been honestly achieved on the strength of her work and not by virtue of the fact that she is a daughter of Charles Kingsley, who died a quarter of a century ago, but whose memory is still tenderly cherished throughout the English-speaking world as a clergyman of the church militant, a poet and story-teller, a fearless champion of what he believed to be right, and, more than all, as one who loved his fellow men. Such a name as his is apt to prove a dangerous heritage, and in disdaining to make use of it as a crutch, his daughter has displayed rare good judgment, as well as a commendable spirit of independence, although she may not have looked with a shrewd and calculating eye upon the American literary market.

During the past five years Mrs. Harrison has lived in London, occupying a charming apartment in Kensington, and devoting most of her working time to "Sir Richard," which was begun fully a dozen years ago in the quaint and pictu-

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resque old village of Clovelly on the North Devon coast, in the very heart of what is called the "Kingsley country." The town of *Westward Ho* is situated a few miles farther down the coast and some of the families that figure in the novel of that name still live in the same fine old mansions that Kingsley described so well. It will always be the Kingsley country—this corner of England where the stage-coach still makes its daily trips and the customs of a hundred years ago are not entirely forgotten—but as years roll on I venture to predict that it will come to be known also as the one-time home of the great novelist of a younger Kingsley generation.

Suggestions of Clovelly crop out in more than one of Mrs. Harrison's books, and the scene of the earlier chapters in *The Wages of Sin* is laid in the grounds and park of Clovelly Court, alluded to in Tennyson's memoirs as one of "the ideal homes of England."

Remembering, as I do, the rare charm and beauty of this peaceful spot, perched high above the blue sea, and the cordial courtesy of those whose well-ordered lives are spent within the gates of the old stone mansions, it is easy for me to believe that it was here that *Sir Richard Calmady* first took definite form in the brain of his creator, here that the strange story of his life was planned, from the circumstances of his birth to the logical outcome of his tragic life. A vast amount of the actual work of writing was undoubtedly done amid the smoke and fog of London, but I will venture to say that it was in Clovelly that Lucas Malet dreamed out her extraordinary story of life during that golden English age when —to quote her own words—"philanthropy had not yet passed into the hands of the faddist nor sport into those of the book-makers."

I have spoken of the "aristocracy of English letters," to which Mrs. Harrison belongs. Thackeray is of that exalted Order, and so are Washington Irving and Arthur Hugh Clough and George Meredith. Mallock should have been ennobled for *Tristram Lacy* and Mrs. Ward for *Helbeck of Bannisdale,* and Browning would have had strawberry leaves on his coach panels long ago had it not been for the literary ignorance and vulgarity of the faddists who insist upon keeping company with him. It is an aristocracy that savours of salt rather than of sugar, which is cheap and common and cloying nowadays.

Mrs. Harrison enjoys a high rank in this patrician society of letters. George Meredith has not her style nor Mrs. Ward her wit, nor Mallock her capability for sustained and powerful effort. In the rare and difficult art of creating characters which grow and develop under her pen she reminds us of Thackeray, and, like that master of modern fiction, she often carries her characters along from one book to another, so that they crop out here and there, the favourite children of her brain.

Mrs. Harrison is at her best in descriptions of English society of the kind that is assured of its own position and has no part in the awful free-for-all scramble for place and preference that makes London so interesting to the comedy writer and satirist. It is evident that she regards life in such a household as that of the well-bred Calmadys as almost the best thing in the way of material comfort and happiness that this world has to offer. In this respect she writes from about the same standpoint as Rhoda Broughton, whose fine contempt for vulgar people and their affairs inspires her very best work and justly entitles her to a place in the peerage of letters. But Mrs. Harrison has a keen sense of values, and has long ago learned the great secret of story-writing, as well as the art of going down deep in the human heart—especially the feminine heart—and laying it bare to the eyes of her readers. Unlike most writers of her sex, she has a strong and tender sympathy for women; and, like a great many, is rather severe on men. In fact, I think that we do not really deserve the sort of treatment that is meted out to us in her books.

In person Mrs. Harrison is tall, gracious in manner and distinctly handsome. She has the quickly appreciative mind and ready speech of an American woman of the very best type, and the poise and correct sense of social, moral and intellectual values that might be looked for in an English woman reared as she has been. From her earliest youth she has enjoyed opportunities for social intercourse with the most distinguished men and women of her day, and that she has profited

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thereby in the very highest degree is indicated in her conversation, as well as in her writings.

Her knowledge of the world and the hearts of men and women is profound and true, as is her love for all that is fine and admirable in English life. Thoroughly familiar with the very best that her country has to offer, she can discuss it from the standpoint of high breeding and without a trace of snobbery. If she introduces a servant into one of her novels, it is that he may contribute to the unravelling of the story and not as a testimony to the gentility of the family which employs him.

For my own part, I am actually proud of this great novel. From the day when I first read *The Wages of Sin* I have never doubted that its author would one day be recognised in America as the most brilliant and powerful writer of her sex in the English-speaking world, and it seems to me now that "Sir Richard" is destined to prove that I was right in my estimate of her.

James L. Ford.

TEN YEARS OF THE ENGLISH "BOOKMAN"*

The present number of *The Bookman* is the one hundred and twentieth. Thus the periodical has completed ten years of life. It is no easy matter in these days to establish a successful literary periodical, and the circumstances may perhaps be held to justify me in a brief retrospect.

It is fifteen years ago at least since I first planned a monthly literary magazine. The idea was suggested by a periodical entitled the *Register,* which lived about two years, and was published, I think, in the sixties. The projector was a Mr. Weldon, of whom I know very little. He allowed country booksellers to put their name on copies they purchased, and so I knew the periodical as *Milne's Register*—our copy being supplied by Messrs. A. and R. Milne, of Aberdeen. The *Register* was a small paper in green covers. It opened with one or two pages of literary notes and comments, and contained short signed reviews of the more important books of the month. Among the contributors were W. M. Rossetti and Walter Thornbury. It was a pioneer publication in its way, and was well edited; but anonymous reviewing was then the rule, as indeed it is now, and I doubt whether the *Register* ever had a circulation. The advertisements were also few in number. After I had planned *The Bookman,* Messrs. Scribner, of New York, commenced their *Bookbuyer,* which suggested to me the idea of using illustrations. But being employed in the hard work of establishing a new weekly journal, I was not free to issue *The Bookman* for several years.

It was urged at the time, and has been urged since, that *The Bookman* should be a weekly journal. My view was, and is, that many who care for books will not read a weekly literary paper, and that those who will are amply provided for. I thought that in a monthly journal a fairly complete conspectus of contemporary literature might be given—enough to meet the needs of a considerable class in this country and in our colonies. I also thought that the magazine form gave an opportunity for some features which might be less suitable in a weekly review. The experiment of a monthly was, of course, less costly than that of a weekly journal.

Looking back, I find that there has been no material departure from the original scheme of the paper. The title did not please some of my friends. In particular, the late Professor Drummond urged that *Literature* should be adopted as rounder, fuller, and more dignified. I need not say that a respected contemporary now bears that name, but I have never repented my choice. I meant the paper to be useful to bookbuyers, bookreaders and booksellers. The "News Notes" were specially abundant in the first number, but it was generally thought that too much space was given to them and they were curtailed. There are difficulties in providing a continual supply of fresh news for a monthly journal; many paragraphs are anticipated by the daily and weekly papers; but it may fairly be

* The editors of THE BOOKMAN take great pleasure in reprinting this story of the English *Bookman* from the pen of its editor, Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll.

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claimed that many important announcements have been made for the first time in *The Bookman,* and quoted all over the world. To authors, publishers, and others who have helped me in this way I am deeply grateful. One of the main features of *The Bookman* has always been "The Reader"—articles on general literary subjects as much up to date as possible. I have earnestly wished to make the paper useful to journalists, but efforts in this direction have been less successful than I had hoped, though many valuable and interesting papers have appeared. In the first volume some admirable discussions of difficult points in journalism were contributed by Mr. J. A. Spender, now the distinguished editor of the *Westminster Gazette.* Booksellers have been always carefully considered and their help has been most valuable. Many leading booksellers have contributed lists of the best selling books each month. This feature has been widely copied. The chief wholesale booksellers of England and Scotland contribute monthly reports on the state of trade. These may be regarded as the most important statements on the subject. Problems of special interest to booksellers—such as the abolition of the three-volume novel and the discount system—have been fully discussed. A very important section of the magazine has been given to reviews, and in very many cases these have been signed. I have earnestly desired that these reviews should be fair, competent and temperately written. The list of reviewers will speak for itself. Special attention has been given to new and promising writers. In many cases, promise freely recognised in these columns has been amply fulfilled. Some writers can produce one good book and no more.

At the outset I specially desired to enlist the services of two contributors, Mr. F. Espinasse and Mr. J. M. Barrie. In reading the old volumes of the *Critic* I had recognised in Mr. Espinasse, who wrote under the pen-names of Frank Grave and Herodotus Smith, a man deeply read in literary history and able to communicate his knowledge in a delightful way. Mr. Espinasse contributed to *The Bookman* the series of articles entitled "The Carlyles and a Segment of Their Circle" and other papers. These were afterward published under the title *Literary Recollections,* and the volume is one of fascinating interest and permanent value. Mr. Barrie gave me generous help with my first number, but he was then closing his brilliant career as a journalist and devoting himself to fiction and the drama. Afterward he contributed his poem on the death of R. L. Stevenson. From the beginning Miss Annie Macdonell, known as the writer of an excellent monograph on Thomas Hardy, assisted me in the editorial department, and she has contributed to almost every number that has been published. To the second number Mr. Walter Pater sent an article, which was, if I am not mistaken, the last criticism he ever wrote. My lamented friend Professor Minto was unfailing in his help, and I make special note of his papers on Mr. Hardy's work and on "Q." Nor am I likely to forget the services of the brilliant contributor who thinly veils himself under the signature Y. Y. I made a special journey to Oxford to secure his help. If anything better has been written on Kipling and Stevenson than his articles in *The Bookman,* I do not know it. I have a special pride in remembering that some of the finest lyrics of W. B. Yeats first appeared in *The Bookman.* Mr. Yeats was then little known, but I ever believed in him as the first of the younger poets. He has contributed to *The Bookman* many articles and reviews, among which I may mention his estimate of Robert Bridges. Mr. William Watson was another contributor of excellent criticism, and of at least one poem. But to recapitulate the leading contents would take too much space.

The first number of *The Bookman* was very well received, and had an exceptionally large sale. This naturally decreased till the level was reached, and then increase began and has steadily continued. In 1895, my friend Mr. Dodd, of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, of New York, commenced THE BOOKMAN of New York in friendly alliance with *The Bookman* of London. Under the care of Professor Peck, Mr. James MacArthur, and Mr. Maurice, the American BOOKMAN has gone on till it is now the most widely circulated literary journal in the world.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

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BOSTON IN FICTION

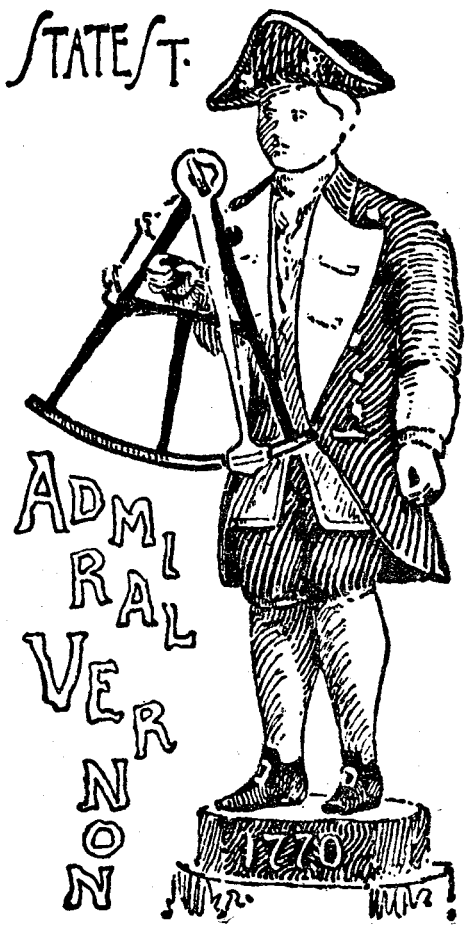
Described and Pictured by Frances Weston Carruth

Part I—The Old North End

I. Introductory.

"Come, seek the air; some pictures we may gain
Whose passing shadows shall not be in vain."
Holmes.

To the traveller the Old World owes its romance and glamour quite as much to the creations of Shakespeare, Scott, Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens, Balzac, Hugo, and Dumas as to the princes and statesmen and soldiers of whose births and deaths history tells us with so much pomp and precision. It was said by an admirer of *Henry Esmond* that the charm of the Potomac River was not in the military associations which are so inseparably blended with it, but in the fact that it was on its banks that Esmond and the woman who had so patiently and unselfishly waited for his wooing had established themselves; linking the noble Virginia stream with the memories of the Stuarts and Addison and Steele and Swift and St. John with the English meadows and the campaigns of Marlborough.



THE INSPIRATION OF A BIT OF HAWTHORNE ALLEGORY.

Gibraltar's towering might impressed a devotee of Marryat not as being England's gateway fortress of the Mediterranean held more than once against a world in arms, but as the scene of the exploits of Mr. Midshipman Easy and the discomfiture of the surly boatswain. Every year a throng of tourists wander through the land of Evangeline asking persons native to the soil to point out localities whose names as a rule mean absolutely nothing to them who are questioned. Robinson Crusoe's island has been explored as thoroughly as if for buried treasure—the seekers looking not for gold or jewels, but to identify the spring, the cave, or the spot on the sands where Robinson was startled by the solitary footprint.

So Boston has been the scene of much that will live in American fiction. For many years it was the town not only of New England but of North America, leading politically and commercially as well as intellectually, but the men who gave it a world-wide fame in literature were not writing fiction. Puritan theology stamped the first Boston literature, which, gradually showing a tendency toward broader development, took the form of essays and poetry; but of all that brilliant classic-literature making group which centred about Emerson and Long-

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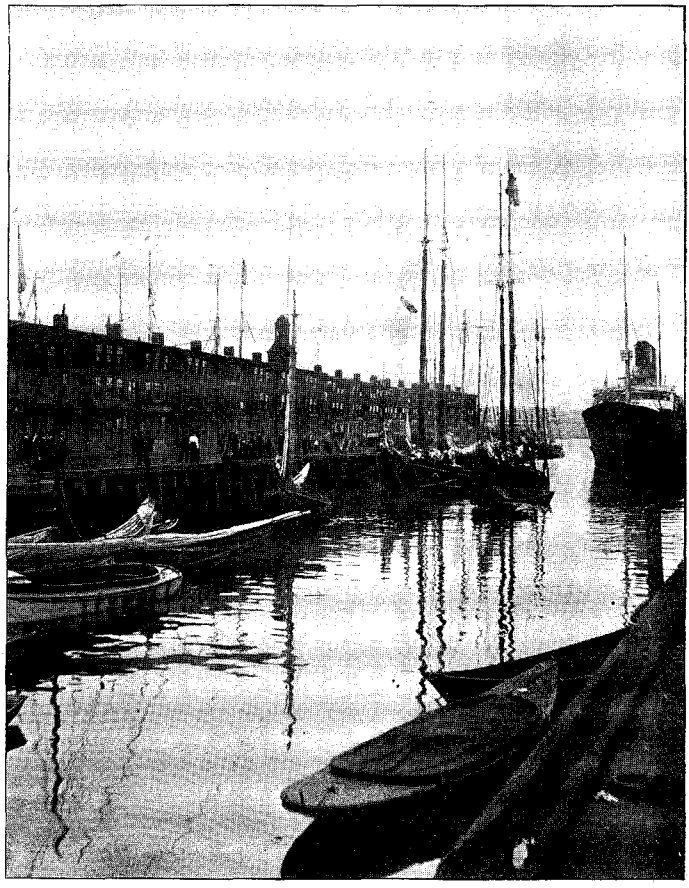
fellow, only Hawthorne and Holmes strayed into the realms of fiction. James Russell Lowell, perhaps, should be included, for he published a novel called *My First Client,* which met with a dubious fate and long ago disappeared. Those were the days when, says Mr. Howells, "Literature in Boston was so respectable and often of so high a lineage that to be a poet was not only to be good society, but almost to be good family." As poet and essayist Dr. Holmes, "the last leaf upon the tree," wrote of the Boston which he knew and loved with a deeper sense of kinship and affection than any of his contemporaries. But the scenes of his fiction are with one exception away from the city which by him was first dubbed "the Hub." This exception was *The Guardian Angel.*

In spite of all the novelists have had to say about Boston no one of them, with all due respect to Mr. Howells, has yet presented it in its entirety. He, the dominant writer of Boston fiction, saturating his pages with its business, social and intellectual atmosphere, personifies varied types which, photographic as they are, fail to present certain phases of the genuine Bostonese. This may be because of his tendency to present "*a* Bostonian, not *the* Bostonian," which was Dr. Holmes's way of putting it in referring to one of his characters. *The Bostonians* was chosen by Henry James as the title for a novel in which he finds ample space for elaborate and brilliant analysis of women of the class of Olive Chancellor, among whom the movement for the emancipation of their sex was rampant; other and equally strenuous types appear in the pages of his *New England Winter.* The many-sidedness of the town is nowhere made more manifest than in the novels of Arlo Bates, whose books are pervaded by an intense localism which is never provincialism. He strikes the true key in presenting it on its æsthetical, ethical, fashionable, practical and religious sides—the evolution of modern Boston emerging from pro-Puritanism. This, in a more or less degree, is the Boston we find in the pages of such fiction as *The Sentimentalists, Truth Dexter, The Turn of the Road, Miss Brooks, Ballantyne* and *Her Boston Experiences.*



"I remember the black wharves and the slips
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships;
And the magic of the sea."
—*Longfellow's "Lost Youth."*

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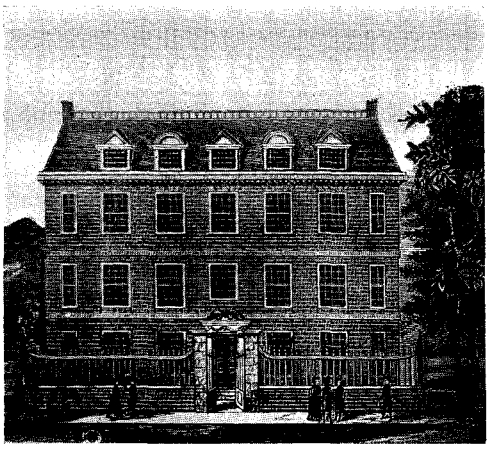
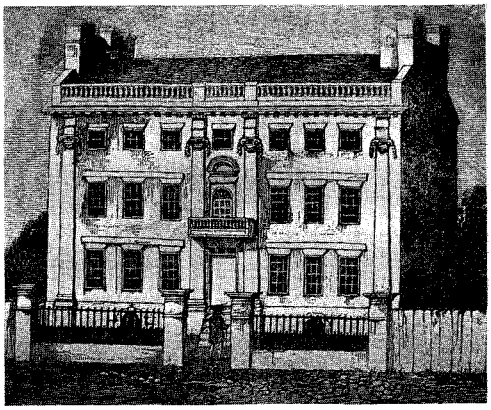
Politically, Crawford's *American Politician* and Wheelwright's *Child of the Century* have the field pretty much to themselves. Delightful and thoroughly genuine are the Bostonians of Dr. Hale and Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, and we turn to Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis's *Barclays of Boston* for a picture of fashionable life in the Hub in the fifties. Other phases of this and an earlier period are depicted in Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's fiction, and in *The Lamplighter, Martin Merrivale* and *Pirate Gold*. The old colonial town as a background for romance strongly appealed to Hawthorne, Cooper, Bynner and Lydia Child.

Writers of Boston fiction have as a rule made use of the actual street nomenclature. This nomenclature is interesting as reminiscent of the city's history. Every Bostonian knows that Beacon Hill and Street take their name from the old beacon erected in 1634 on the summit of the hill; that Tremont Street is from Traemount or Trimountain, which the settlement was first called; that Shawmut Avenue takes its name from the peninsula. Equally dear is the broad avenue named for the Commonwealth and running across it the street named for the State. The great Copley and the lesser Allston are suggestive of the art world; Blackstone, Franklin and Boylston are remembered, and now and then the name of a national hero appears on the lamp-posts, as in the recent instance of Dewey Square.



"Plain to severity was the exterior of the collector's house, but this was merely an architectural mask, a Puritanical cloak, as it were, covering the swashing bravery of a Royalist and courtier."—*Bynner's "Agnes Surriage."*



"Both paused a moment opposite the Lieutenant-Governor's elegant mansion."—*Lydia Child's "Rebels."*

"There's palaces for you! Stingy Tommy lived in the one with the pile-axters, and the flowers hanging to their tops."—*Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln."*

II. About the Wharves.

Of the old North End as the novelists have depicted it, there is to-day more trace than the casual reader or rambler would think. Truer is this of streets than of habitations, for many houses have been swept away by the mercantile tide; but the dark, crooked old streets of which Hawthorne, Cooper, Bynner, Stimson, Lydia Child and Maria Cummins wrote are little changed. Some street names, such as Fleet, Moon, Garden Court, Prince and Hanover retain the suggestion of the old London so dear to the early colonists. History and romance are delightfully interwoven in much of the fiction which treats of this section of the town. To wander down among the wharves at the lower end of the old part of the city is to find stretched out a vista of romance from the days of the departure and return, in 1745, of the Louisburg heroes of which Bynner writes, to the stirring old East India days in the first half of the last century, of which Howells and Stimson tell so sympathetically.

Long Wharf has played a particularly conspicuous part in Boston fiction. Historically it was the scene of so many stirring events that it is small wonder the

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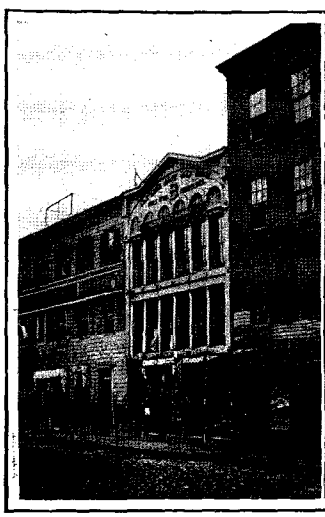
romancer spun his delicate web about it. In the old days it was called Boston Pier, and a visiting Frenchman described it as "a superb wharf, advancing nearly two thousand feet into the sea, wide enough along its whole length for stores and shops." Most graphically Bynner treats of it in *Agnes Surriage* in describing the return of the Louisburg expedition which set the town agog. Agnes's was, as Holmes says,

The old, old story—fair, and young—
And fond—and not too wise—
That matrons tell, with sharpened tongue.
To maids with downcast eyes.

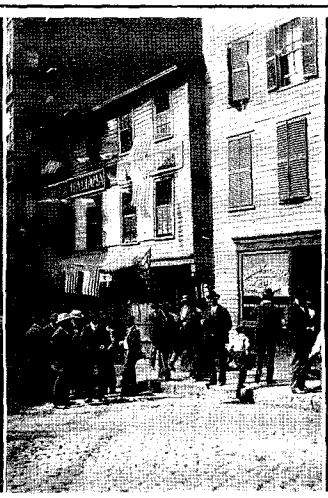
Cooper's Lionel Lincoln, landing from England at Long Wharf on an early April morning in 1775, found the docks a sharp contrast to the bustling aspect with which Agnes had been familiar. The wharves were naked, Cooper tells us. A few neglected and dismantled ships were lying at different points; but the hum of business, the forests of masts and the rattling of wheels, which at that early hour should have distinguished the great mart of the colonies, were wanting. At this wharf a year later were the boats which carried many of the British troops to Breed's Hill, among them "Wolfe's own," of which Lincoln was the Major, left behind on that memorable day because Gage saw fit to fill his place with another and, he said, a less important man. A brilliant scene was the departure of the over-confident troops, whose officers thought it was to be merely an affair of outposts.

Hark, from the town a trumpet! The barges at the wharf
Are crowded with the living freight, and now they're pushing off.
With clash and glitter, trump and drum, in all its bright array,
Behold the splendid sacrifice move slowly o'er the bay.

At the head of Long Wharf old Deacon Shem Drowne, whom Hawthorne has immortalised in his *Mosses from an Old Manse,* had his shop just at the water's edge. This was when the water's edge meant where the Custom House is now standing. Hawthorne tells us that men of taste about the wharf were wont to show their love for the arts by frequent visits to Drowne's workshop, where his wooden images excited not only their admiration but also the admiration of Copley, the artist, who was an occasional visitor. Here came the jovial Captain Hunnewell to order for his *Cynosure,* "the sweetest craft that ever floated; such a figurehead as old Neptune never saw in his life." The Captain had ideas about this image which touched Drowne with such inspiration that he produced a masterpiece, an exquisite female figure, such as the good old town had never seen carved from an oaken log. With his



THE OLD SALT HOUSE, WHERE HAWTHORNE WROTE "THE SCARLET LETTER."



THE HOME OF PAUL REVERE.

"He wended his way to Salutation Alley."—*Bynner's "Zachary Phips."*

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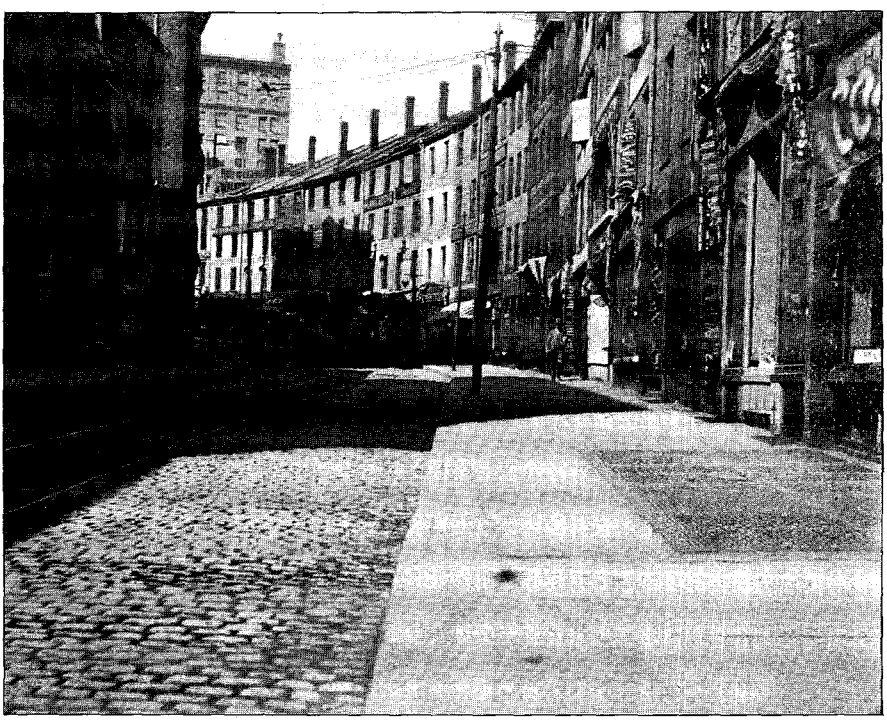
love of romance, Hawthorne's Drowne, made to enact a modern Pygmalion, was seen by his townsmen kneeling at the feet of the oaken lady, and gazing with a lover's passionate ardour into the face that his own hands had created. The *Cynosure* with its remarkable figurehead has sailed into oblivion, but a reduced likeness of its jovial captain is preserved for us in the Shem Drowne figure of Admiral Vernon, finished shortly after the clothes, but he presents a dignified aspect and commands respect as the inspiration of a bit of Hawthorne allegory. It is easy to imagine that the romancer liked to linger about the old shop of which the Admiral Vernon sign formed a part, for, situated at that time at the corner of State and Broad Streets, in a block just at this writing torn down, it was a veritable antiquity, with its quaint nautical-instrument business established in 1770



"After that three booksellers were successively visited by the persevering young author. . . . The third was a melancholy individual, who kept an obscure establishment in Cornhill."—*Trowbridge's "Martin Merrivale."*

Cynosure sailed. This image never took its rightful place on the prow of a vessel, but became the picturesque sign at the doorway of a shop at the head of Long Wharf, where since 1770 it has stolidly gazed at the passersby, to be removed within a few months to a window in Central Street. The quaint little man, holding a telescope and quadrant, does not present a very jovial aspect, but he is stylishly dressed in the costume of the period as Hawthorne describes. The paint is somewhat worn from his gayly coloured when State was King Street. One wonders if Dickens did not stroll in there during his Boston visit and find in the image a suggestion for the little figure displayed by Walter's uncle in *Dombey and Son.* Since 1720 there has been standing on Long Wharf the Salt House, of literary interest as being the place where Hawthorne wrote *The Scarlet Letter.* He used a little back room on the top floor which, a contemporary writer tells us, had the only window in the upper story that looked out on T Wharf, and the ceiling was

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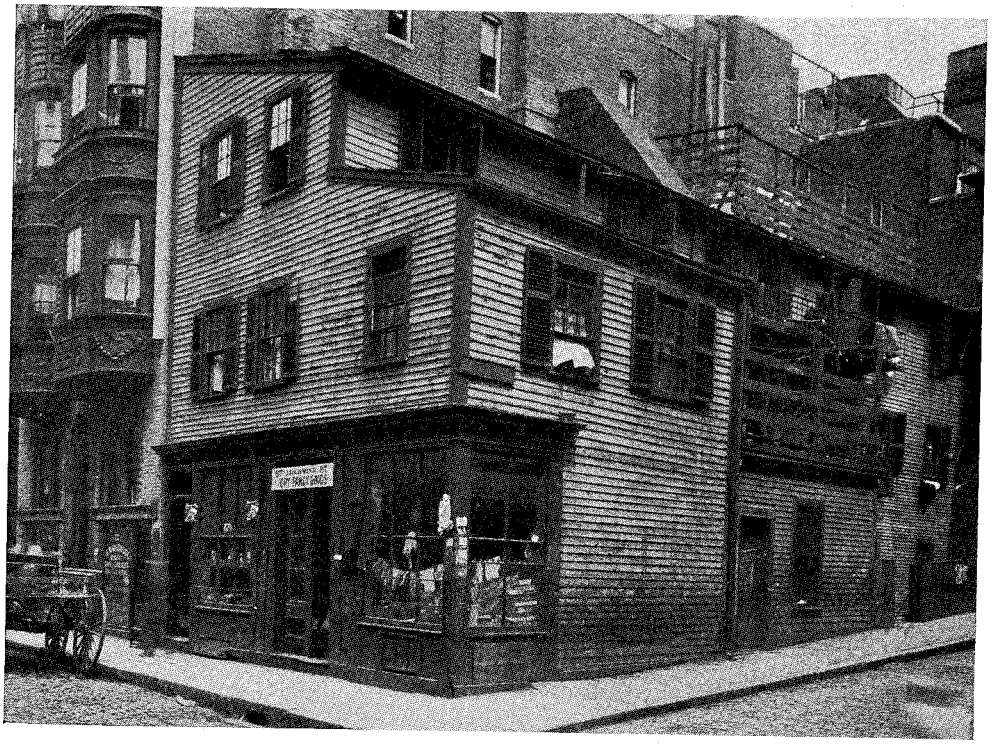
so low that on entering a tall man with a high hat had to stoop. It is probable that the romancer did not find this fact at all disturbing. The room which underwent the usual change when some years ago the building was remodelled is now occupied by prosperous fish merchants. That classic shades hover over their prosaic offices is unsuspected by the present occupants, one of the oldest of whom when told recently that Hawthorne was identified with the place, said he guessed not, there'd been no such person in the business in his time and he'd known the Salt House in and out for sixty years! The hero of F. J. Stimson's *King Noanett,* Captain Moore Carew, in search of work, tries the counting-rooms of Long Wharf, to be refused by one prim old gentleman after another. And from the same wharf in search of future adventures he later set sail for the Barbadoes. In his *Two Years Before the Mast* Richard Henry Dana, junior, writes sympathetically of approaching the wharves on his return voyage and the joy of hearing floating out to him across the water the bells of the Old South.

A few steps south of Long is India Wharf, during the first half of the century as crowded with commercial interest as were its warehouses with the spices of the east. A counting-room there was more than a badge of respectability, it marked its owner as an aristocrat. At the head of India Wharf, two flights up in an old granite building, was the counting-room of James Bowdoin's Sons, which is the scene of much of the story of *Pirate Gold.* Mr. Stimson calls it India Wharf in his novel, but the actual counting-room which he had in mind was that of Mr. Josiah Bradlee, a famous old Boston merchant, whose warehouses are standing to-day on Central Wharf. "There was not a sea on earth, probably, that did not bear its boundary ship sent out from that small office. And if it was still in there, it had a cosmopolitan, aromatic smell; for every strange letter or



ON THE CORNER OF MARGARET AND PRINCE STREETS STANDS THE HOUSE OF MASTER JOHN TILESTON.

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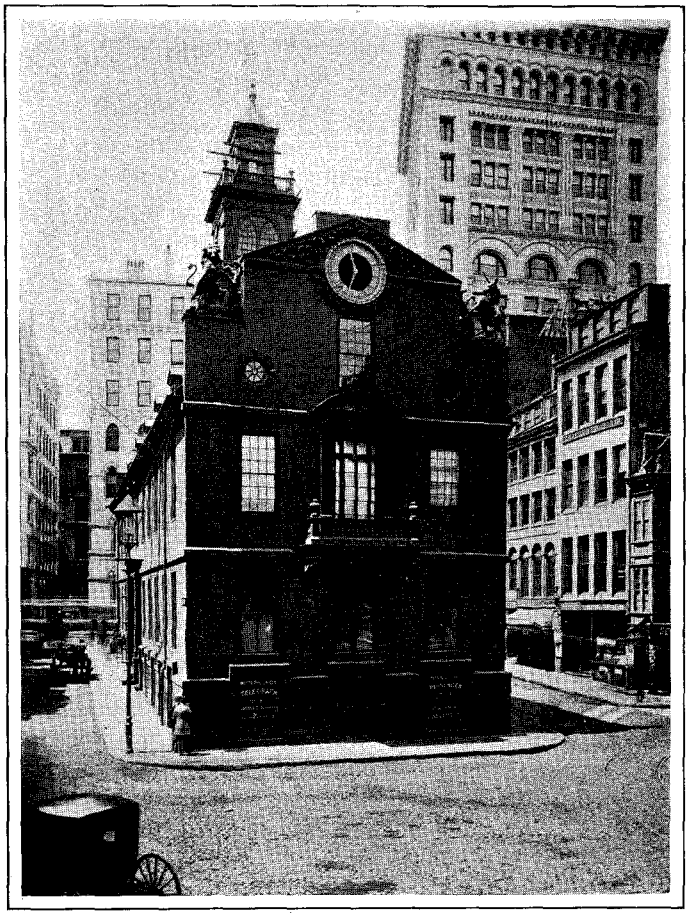
foreign sample with which the place was littered bespoke the business of the bright, blue world outside."

Turning into the building and climbing up the old stairway to-day one expects to overtake the infuriated Mr. James Bowdoin going up through the cloud of aromatic dust, which his fun-loving son, literally following certain peremptory orders, had made by sweeping stairs unswept for years. It is interesting to know that the delightful eccentricities of the lovable Mr. James Bowdoin existed in his prototype, Mr. Josiah Bradlee, who is well remembered by present-day Bostonians.



THE OLD STATE HOUSE.

"Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood."
—*Longfellow.*

The romantic side of the trade of the Orient is graphically described in *A Woman's Reason,* by Howells, who places the counting-room of the father of the heroine on India Wharf. Harkness was one of the last of the East India merchants, and Captain Butler said it made one think of the *ancien régime* to look at him. To Helen, India Wharf meant only the place "the Nahant boat starts from," and that is largely what it means to the younger generation to-day. The wharves in the times just following the Revolution play an important part in Bynner's *Zachary Phips,* for Scarlett's Wharf was a favourite haunt of Zach. This wharf no longer remains, but it stood in former days at the part of Fleet Street then called Scarlett's Wharf Lane. Bynner pictures a hustling scene of 'longshoremen, stevedores and sailors rolling casks, carrying bags and sacks with the usual accompaniment of shouting and cursing. Such an atmosphere was fascinating to a boy of Zach's temperament, and it is not surprising to learn that sneaking on to a vessel at the edge of the dock one day he ran off to sea. Docks like these were Longfellow's

—black wharves and the ships,
And the sea-tides tossing free,
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.

Passing up Atlantic Avenue, which skirts the margin of the water, we pause a moment before turning up Fleet Street to remember that where modern warehouses and stores are stretched interminably once stood the home of that ever popular and

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much loved character, Maria Cummins' *Lamplighter*.

III. The Heart of the Old North End.

From the water it is interesting to turn up Fleet Street, so named when it grew from Scarlett's Wharf Lane to the dignity of a street in 1708, and give ourself up to the world of Cooper, Bynner and Maria Child, whose semi-historical characters, to the imaginative, people the crooked old streets, swarming in reality with the mixed foreign element which pervades the North End. These writers saturated themselves with the atmosphere of the town, which was the more easy for Cooper, perhaps, for in 1824, when he came on to Boston and prowled around the North End to get his local colour for *Lionel Lincoln*, many of the landmarks were standing, notably the Frankland house, which he describes as Mrs. Lechmeres's in the novel, and where, tradition has it, he stayed while collecting his material. This section of the town in colonial days held the Boston world of wealth and fashion, and we do not go far up Fleet Street before coming to little Garden Court Street, now a block of shabby brick houses, but in former days the mansions of Sir Harry Frankland and Governor Hutchinson, side by side, occupied the entire square from Fleet to Prince streets. Then the street was known as Friezel Court, and a most detailed description of the Hutchinson mansion, with its gardens running back to Fleet and Hanover streets, is given by Miss Childs in *The Rebels*. Cooper also refers to this house when he makes Job Pray say: "There's a palace for you! Stingy Tommy lived in the one with the pile-axters, and the flowers hanging to their tops; and see the crowns on them, too! Stingy Tommy loved crowns, they say." This house was standing as late as 1834, and one of the capitals of its Corinthian pilasters is preserved in the Historical Library to-day.

Next door to this mansion stood the scarcely less noted one of Sir Harry Frankland, from the windows of which the self-imprisoned, unhappy Agnes Surriage, then living with him as his mistress, wistfully gazed down upon those haughty dames who passed her by. Plain to severity was the exterior of the Collector's house, but this, Bynner assures us, was merely an architectural mask, a Puritanical cloak, as it were, covering the swashing bravery of a Royalist and courtier. A buffet groaning with massive plate and a cellar stocked with choicest wines were not the least of the ornaments of a luxurious house, the grand staircase of which was so broad and easy of ascent that Frankland used to ride his pony up and down. Using the Frankland house, which he places on Tremont Street, as the abode of the aristocratic Mrs. Lechmere, Cooper describes it at length as the most splendid in the town.

Garden Court Street leads directly into North Square, always a triangle, where on the north side stands to-day the house of Paul Revere, from which he started on that famous ride which Longfellow has made immortal. The little frame house is not imposing, having sunk to the level of an Italian shop and tenement, but it is interesting to the rambler as being one of the few old North End houses remaining.

Turn east and pass out North Square through Moon, which is just below Garden Court Street. Here on the east side, half way between the square and Fleet Street, Sir Harry Frankland had as his neighbour the witty Rev. Samuel Mather, with whom he loved to parley. Bynner describes their meeting one evening on Moon Street, when the eccentric parson urged him to come to prayer-meeting, promising to make him a special subject of supplication in return for the box of lemons the Collector had sent him. To which Frankland makes reply that he had ample payment in the clever verses returned. These verses, written February 20, 1757, were as follows:

You know from Eastern India came
The skill of making punch, as did the name;
And as the name consists of letters five,
By five ingredients it is kept alive.
To purest water sugar must be joined,
With these the grateful acid is combined;
Some any sours they get contented use,
But men of taste do that from Tagus choose.
When now these three are mixed with proper care,
Then added be of spirit a small share;
And that you may the drink quite perfect see,
Atop the musky nut must grated be.

From Moon Street pass into Fleet

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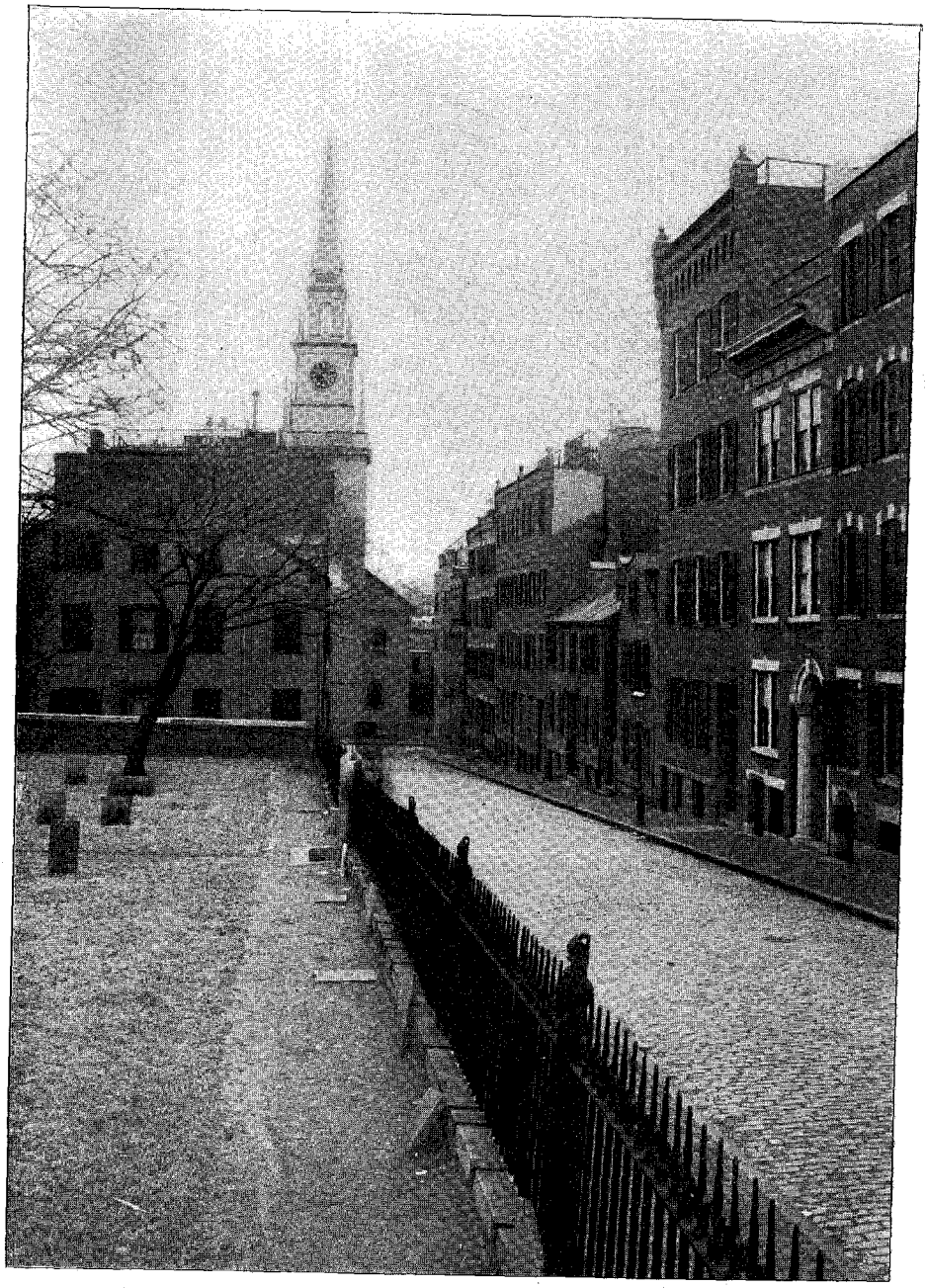

"But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still."
—*Longfellow's "Paul Revere's Ride."*

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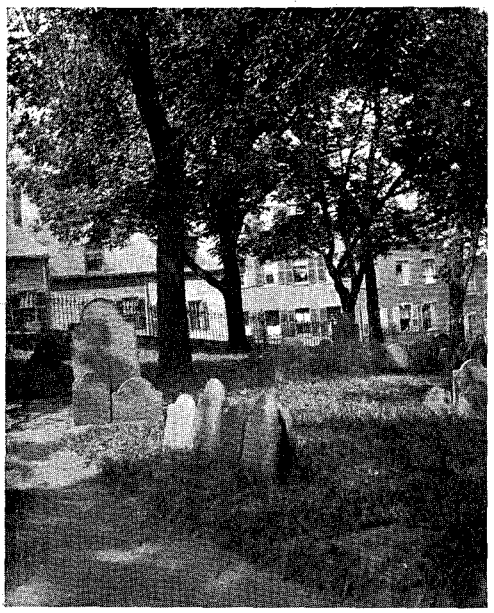
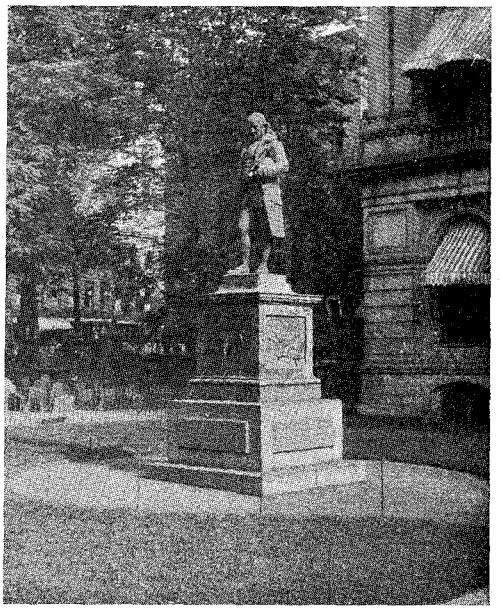


THE SPOT FROM WHICH LIONEL LINCOLN WATCHED THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

"—he, too, is for Copp's, where we can all take a lesson in arms by studying the manner in which Howe wields his battalions."

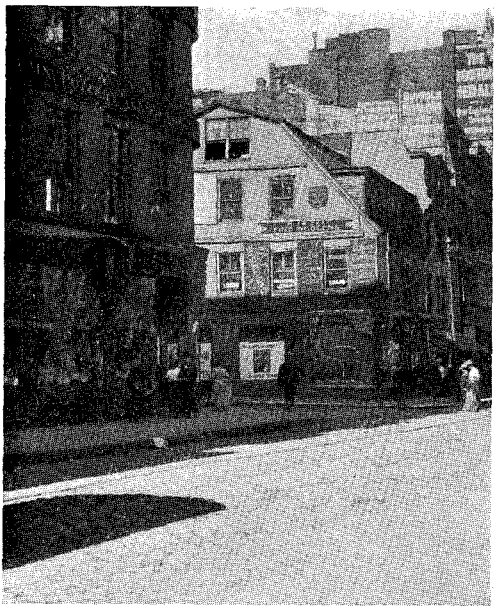
—*Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln."*



GREENOUGH'S STATUE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—CITY HALL.

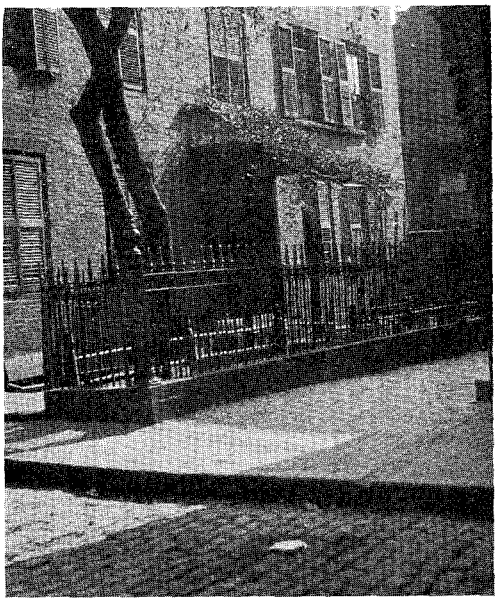
"—the left side of the great man's face was philosophic and reflective, and the right side funny and smiling."

—*E. E. Hale's "My Double and How He Undid Me."*



"I never can go into that famous 'Corner Bookstore' and look over the new books . . . without seeing half a dozen which I want to read, or at least to know something about."

—*Holmes's "Over the Teacups.*



HOME OF THE M'MURTAGHS—SALEM STREET.

"Jamie liked it because it might have been a little house in some provincial town at home."

—*Stimson's "Pirate Gold."*

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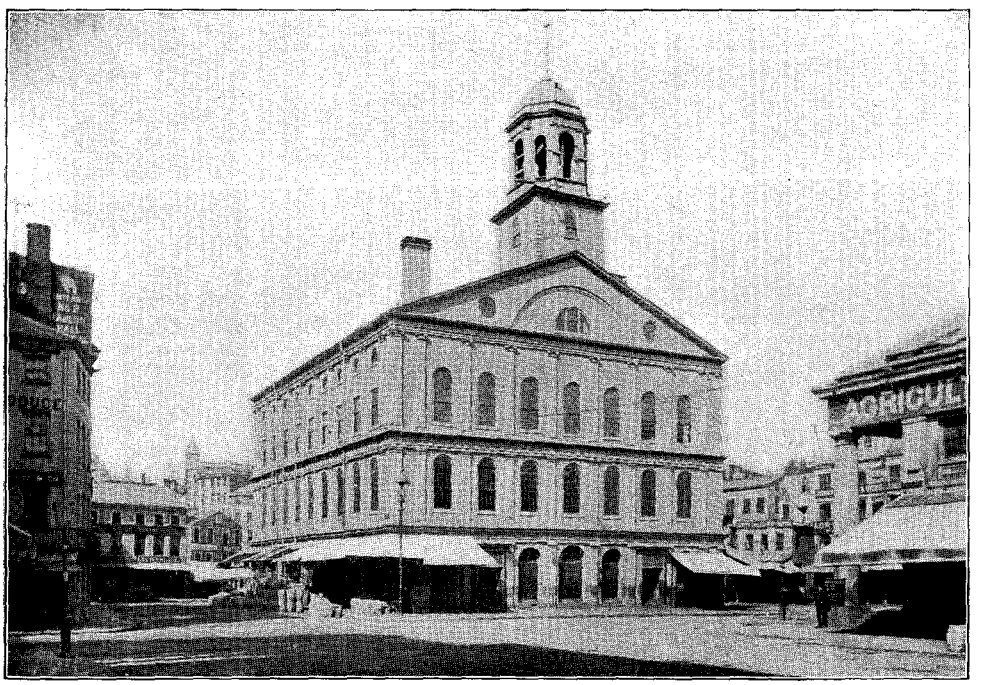
Street and down to North, turning east a block to Clark Street, where we do not see the present squalor, but instead conjure up the old "Ship Tavern," a famous ordinary when Goody Surriage and Agnes dined there with Frankland. Zach Phips, too, used frequently to be running in there after 'baccy for the sailors, and there Mr. James (*Pirate Gold*) sometimes took his father, Mr. James Bowdoin, for a glass of flip.

A short distance along North Street Salutation Alley strikes across to Hanover and retains one at least of the characteristics fiction has ascribed to it, for the narrowest street in the town it was and is, and in it stood a quaint hostelry called Salutation Tavern or "The Two Palaverers," where Agnes went in search of Job Redden and found him in the taproom. In her excitement it is doubtful if she took note of the quaint signboard, on which were painted two old gossips in the act of greeting, which gave the name to both inn and street. Farther down the alley was the home of Zach Phips, who seldom entered his father's house by the street door, but preferred the rear by way of the garden, which stretched back to Battery Street. And through here Job Pray brought Lionel Lincoln on that roundabout excursion through narrow and gloomy streets, terminating at Copp's Hill. Salutation Street or Alley, as in the old days it was called, comes out opposite Charter Street, and it is a walk of three short blocks up Hanover Street to North Bennett Street, where Master Tileston familiarly known as "Johnny Crump," taught Zach Phips and all his friends in his famous old North Writing School. A large public school now stands on the site of the famous frame house where the irascible master held sway. Parallel with North Bennett Street and one block east is Tileston Street, named for the illustrious schoolmaster and interesting to all lovers of Agnes as being the street in which she lived while making her first home in Boston with the widow Ruck.

Only a stone's throw farther on lies



"The fine new hall just given by the munificent Faneuil."
Bynner's "Agnes Surriage."

"The patriotism of the meetings in 'Old Funnel' rang from the North End to the Neck."
—Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln."

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Salem Street, winding as in the old days east and west. Part of this ancient street in 1708 was known as Back Street, from the fact that it described the limits and sea margin of the town. Fictional interest centres at once in Christ Church, the dominant building not only of the street but the entire North End. Erected in 1723, this church is the oldest in Boston standing on its original ground. Bynner's characters did not attend it, but he speaks of the Collector keeping his chronometer by its bells, which tolled the curfew hour.

> Low at times and loud at times,
> And changing like a poet's rhymes,
> Rang the beautiful wild chimes.

A poet's rhymes have immortalised the steeple of Christ Church as all readers of "Paul Revere's Ride" know.

Mr. Stimson's pretty heroine of *Pirate Gold,* Mercedes, sometimes attended the services in Christ Church, escorted by the clumsy Hughson. Here, in those ante-Episcopal days, "were scarcely a dozen worshippers; and you might have a square, dock-like pew all to yourself, turn your back upon the minister, and gaze upon the painted angels blowing gilded trumpets in the gallery."

Close by Christ Church stands to-day the curious little house where the child Mercedes was taken to live when James McMurtagh adopted her. Jamie, who was Scotch, liked it because it might have been a little house in some provincial town at home. Later Jamie sold it to remove to a more fashionable quarter, only to return to it in after years, and there the dear old soul in his sixtieth year was attacked by that illness which so nearly proved fatal. How the heart throbs in watching by his bedside, where the pathetic old fellow "lay unconscious of earthly things. For many weeks his spirit, like a tired bird, hovered between this world and the next, uncertain where to light." To the infinite relief of the reader it lights on *terra firma,* and we leave Jamie happy to live again for his lost Mercedes's little Sarah in the

"The laboured columns, with their slender shafts and fretted capitals, threw shapeless shadows across the dim background."

—*Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln."*

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"Jamie always walked twice daily up State Street to the Old Colony Bank, bearing in a rusty leathern wallet anything, from nothing to a hundred thousand dollars, the daily notes and discounts of James Bowdoin's Sons." —*Stimson's "Pirate Gold."*

old house on Salem Street. Turning north from this picturesque house we pass up Hull Street, which is directly opposite Christ Church. This quaint street leads up a short ascent to Copp's Hill burying-ground. Before reaching that enclosure, however, we pass on the left, half way up the hill, an old gambrel-roof house, to which—so Job Pray whispered to Lionel Lincoln—Gage secretly retired to plan the battle of Bunker Hill. Remarkably well preserved inside and out is the house, unchanged since it was built. It is now occupied by a venerable little Irishman "bowed with his fourscore years and ten"—a well-known and unique character in a neighbourhood Italian—who is persuaded sometimes to allow within his gates the stranger permitted not to conjure up the shades of Cooper's characters, but quaintly made conversant of the fact that mine host, now retired from active business, is the oldest living fish merchant on T Wharf.

It is but a stone's throw now to Copp's Hill burying-ground, where sleeps the gentle Grace Osborne, who moves like some spirit from another world through the pages of *The Rebels,* the hero of which, Captain Somerville, breaking faith with her, likewise broke her tender heart. When the Captain died, he was laid to rest not far from his mourned love, in the southeast corner of the cemetery where the tomb of the Hutchinson family, of which he was a member, still remains. The beautiful coat-of-arms of the aristocratic family emblazons the slab of sandstone which covers the entrance to the tomb desecrated by an act of vandalism. The name of Hutchinson has been obliterated and that of Thomas Lewis cut in its place.

With broad and brilliant strokes Cooper paints for us this famed hill. He has described it by moonlight, when the scene was so weird and uncanny that Lionel Lincoln refused to wander there among the graves; he has written of it as it was at night in stirring times when, restless and excited, Lionel proceeded to the brow of the hill, and, seating himself on a stone, began to muse deeply on his own fortunes and the situation of the country. From this spot a few days later, with Clinton and Burgoyne, he watched through a spyglass the fighting at Bunker Hill—told in so graphic and pictorial a manner that Bancroft, the historian, says it is the finest description of the battle we have.

Nearby, on Prince Street, at the corner

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"His footsteps were deeply marked around her grave; and not even the terrible scenes in which his ardent soul was afterward actively engaged could drive her from his memory."
—*Lydia Child's "Rebels."*

of Margaret Street, stands the home of Master Tileston. Time has laid its destructive hand on the old house, which, nevertheless, holds its own as one of the few remaining examples of the simple architecture of pre-Revolutonary days.

IV. In and Around Dock Square.

Threading our way now down Prince and west through Salem Street, we cross Blackstone Street, named for the man who founded Boston. This eccentric individual is made by Hawthorne to play the part of the priest in his tale *The Maypole of Merry Mount.* At least in the story he is accused of so doing by the austere Endicott, who, calling him "priest of Baal," demands that he throw off the disguise he has assumed as one of the large party of merrymakers, who were assisting in the nuptials of the Lord and Lady of the May. Hawthorne is characteristically vague in the matter. Indeed, in a note appended to the tale he says: "The Rev. Mr. Blackstone, though an eccentric, is not known to have been an immoral man. We rather doubt his identity with the priest of Merry Mount."

Crossing Blackstone, we continue a few steps on Hanover Street, when a sharp turn to the left brings us into Marshall Street and up to the Boston Stone, where, on the night of the 14th of August, 1765, Henry Osborne lingered to watch the ominous bonfire on Fort Hill so vividly described in the opening chapter of *The Rebels.* Though this stone bears the date of 1737 and has a unique history, it is passed unnoticed by the majority of persons who frequent the neighbourhood. From here we pass down Union Street or take a short cut to North Street by Creek Lane and Scottow's Alley, emerging upon Faneuil Hall, in Dock Square, where Cooper reminds us the patriotism of the meetings rang from the North End to the Neck. "Old Funnel" is frequently on the lips of Job Pray, whose pert talk Lionel Lincoln often found so irritating. Frankland, the Collector, attended the great meeting there when Master John Lovell pronounced the funeral oration upon the widely mourned Peter Faneuil. South of Faneuil Hall, partially hidden in old Corn Court, stands

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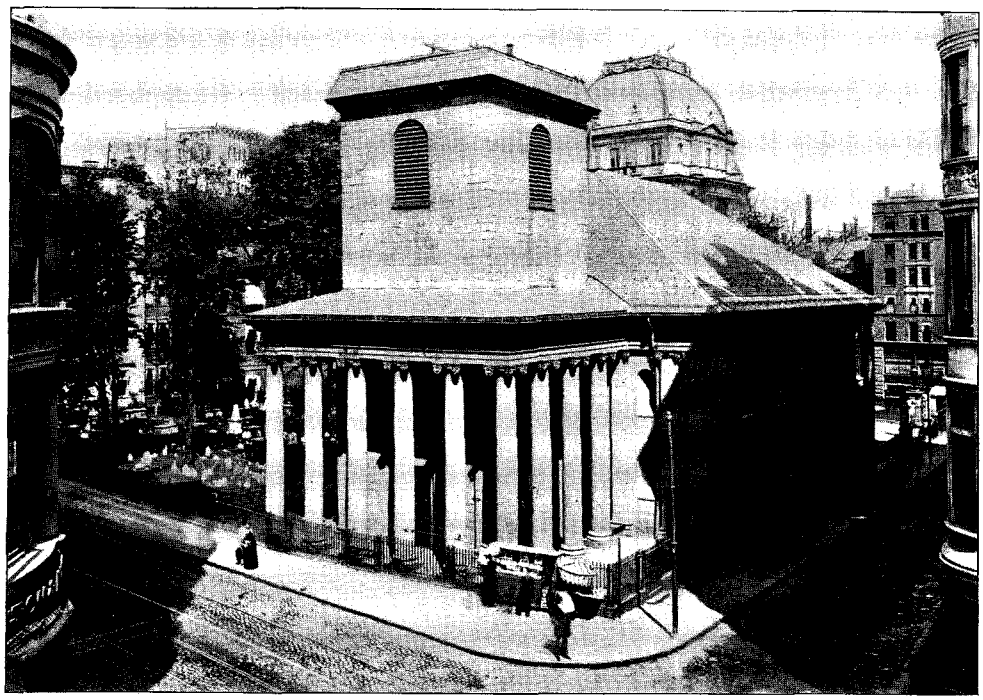
the Hancock Tavern which figures in *Zachary Phips*. The stable-yard where Zach loved to mingle with the crowd of teamsters, hostlers and hangers-on is no more, but the house itself has undergone few changes, and its bar would seem to be doing at the present time as flourishing a business as in the days of Zach, and again of Talleyrand, who is said to have sojourned there when in Boston in 1795. The sign of the tavern bearing the weather-stained features of Governor Hancock has been removed from the door and placed in a room teeming with historic but, alas! no literary interest. Such interest, however, centres in this neighbourhood of Dock Square, which is the scene of much of *Lionel Lincoln*. When the young major frequented it, its centre was a swinging bridge thrown across an inlet from the harbour and extending a short distance into the area, forming a shallow dock. The square was composed of low, gloomy houses, in one of which, a warehouse standing within the memory of many persons, the mysterious Ralph lived with Abigail and Job Pray.

A short walk up through the square and we come upon Cornhill, as quaint and interesting as its London prototype. The character of the street has changed somewhat since Trowbridge's Martin Merrivale sought out a publisher there for his precious manuscript, *The Beggar of Bagdad*, but if publishers have largely abandoned it to other trades, booksellers still find a lucrative field, and on either side of its winding street are fascinating antiquarian shops. Martin Merrivale hopefully seeking out a publisher lives through sensations still vivid in the experience of his creator, John T. Trowbridge, when, as a young man, he went to New York to seek his literary fortunes. Across from Cornhill, on the space now occupied by Codman's buildings, once stood Earl's Coffee-house, from which Zach Phips started out to New York on the fast mail coach, the Flying Cloud. At the head of Cornhill, in the former



"The chapel, last of sublunary things,
That shocks our echoes with the name of kings."
—*Holmes's "Urania."*

"Going to evening service at King's Chapel, to Olive Chancellor was only one degree more solemn than going to the theatre."
—*Henry James's "Bostonians."*

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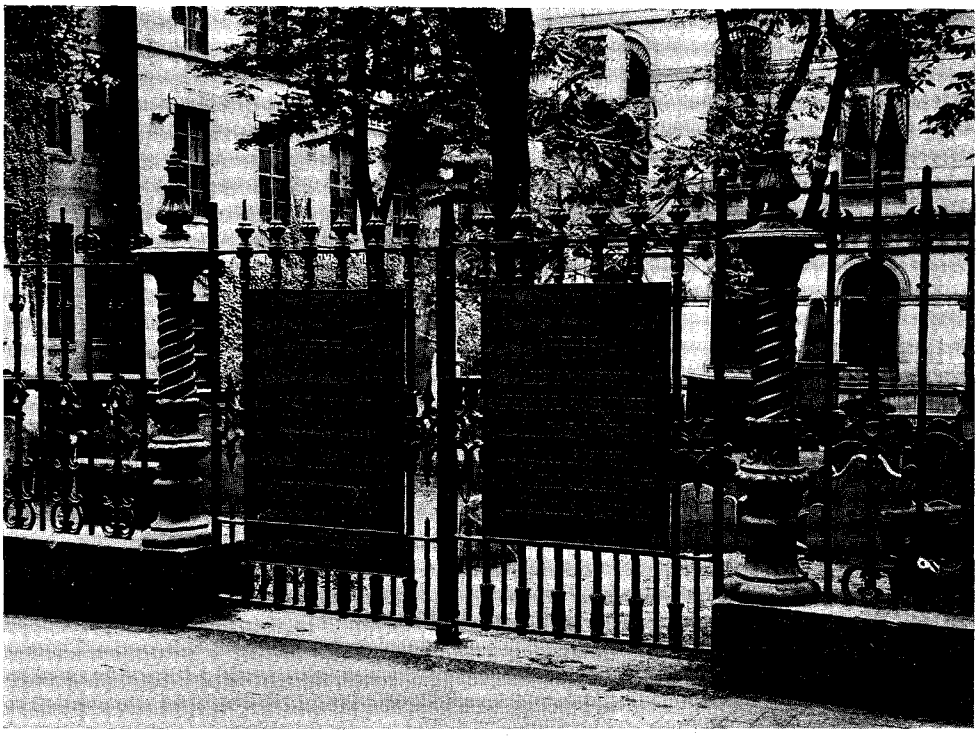
residence of one John Wendell, was the Royal Custom House at the time Frankland was collector. Nearby was the studio of John Smybert. Through this old Scot's estate Brattle Street in after times burst forth into Scollay Square. Smybert it was who, by Frankland's order, painted the portrait of Agnes. Sometimes at her sittings she ran across the little Jack Copley whom Smybert was

The jail in Prison Lane where Hester Prynne was confined stood across the market-place, at the western extremity of which was the scaffold beneath the eaves of Boston's earliest church, situated where now stands the Rogers Building, near Court, in Washington Street. This church was originally built on ground at the head of what is now State Street, but in 1640, just before the opening of



"And, after many, many years a new grave was delved, near an old and sunken one, in that burial-ground beside which King's Chapel has since been built."
—*Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."*

teaching, and of whom he truly prophesied when he said: "He hae the richt stuff in him . . . he's bound to go far ahead o' his auld maister ane o' thae days." Just below here on Queen Street, now Court, lived the Osbornes (*The Rebels*). Farther down was the Bunch of Grapes Tavern, where we are first introduced to Frankland. Identified with this neighbourhood are the tragic figures of *The Scarlet Letter*, of which Holmes wrote:

I snatch the book, along whose burning leaves
His scarlet web our wild romancers weaves.

Hawthorne's story, it was removed. There the Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale preached the Election Sermon, and vivid in every mind must be his sensational disclosure and the events preceding and following it. That *The Scarlet Letter* is founded on fact is well known, but it has been stoutly denied that Hawthorne drew his erring minister from the Rev. Thomas Cobbett of Lynn, who, in 1649, the year named, actually delivered the Election Sermon. In this locality stood the town pump on Court Street which, aided by Hawthorne's Muse, thus invoked the passerby: "Like a dram-seller

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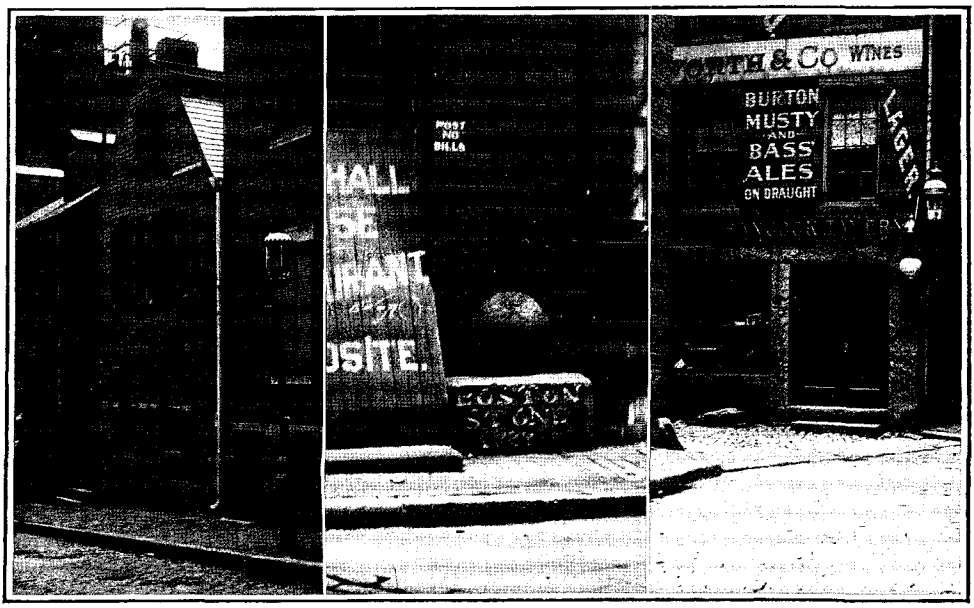
on the Mall at muster-day I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents and at the very tiptop of my voice: 'Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up. Here is the superior stuff! here is the unadulterated ale of Father Adam —better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is by the hogshead or single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!' "

Standing beneath the lion and the unicorn of the old State House we find dear old Jamie McMurtagh watching a company of federal troops escort one trembling negro down State Street to the wharves. A familiar tramping ground was this busy commercial thoroughfare to Jamie, who always walked "twice daily up the street to the Old Colony Bank, bearing in a rusty leathern wallet anything, from nothing to a hundred thousand dollars, the daily notes and dis-



THE HOUSE ON HULL STREET WHERE GAGE IS SAID TO HAVE PLANNED THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

"He leaned a moment on Union (Boston) Stone listening to the distant tumult."
—*Lydia Child's "Rebels."*

"Wandering into the stable-yard of the old Brasier Inn."
—*Bynner's "Zachary Phips."*

V. State Street and the King's Chapel Neighbourhood.

At the head of State Street stands, as in the old days, the Town House, now known as the Old State House. Among the many pictures now adorning its walls two have distinct literary value—one, the full-length portrait of that noted woman and novelist, Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis; the other the reproduction of the portrait of Holmes's "Dorothy Q.," his

> Grandmother's mother: her age, I guess
> Thirteen summers, or something less.

counts of James Bowdoin's Sons." This bank, under the disguise of the Old Colony, is the Boston National Bank, which since 1803 has been doing business at 50 State Street. The imaginary Mr. James Bowdoin was one of the directors, as was his prototype, Mr. Josiah Bradlee, and it will be remembered that Jamie took a clerkship there when his old firm ceased to do business in India wharf. Jamie, a most Dickensy character, owes his being to the brain of Mr. Stimson, but he is suggestive now and then of a former messenger of the bank named Breckenridge, who, early in the century, began

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life as an "inside man"—as the Boston phrase is—in the Bradlee family. The pirate gold from which Mr. Stimson's story gets its title, and which was responsible for all the joy and misery in Jamie's life, really lay, as described, in its little mouldy bag "for nearly thirty years high on a shelf, in an old chest, behind three tiers of tins of papers, in the deepest corner of the vault of the bank. It was never merged in other funds, nor converted, nor put at interest . . . but carried, in specie, in its original package; four hundred and twenty-three American eagles and fifteen hundred and fifty-six Spanish doubloons. Deposited by —— De Soto, June twenty-fourth, eighteen hundred and twenty-nine; *for the benefit of whom it may concern.*" And it very much concerned Jamie.

South of the Boston Bank on Federal Street, in an old building which was a terra-cotta manufactory, Mr. Arlo Bates's Grant Herman had his studio. In his description of this Mr. Bates permits himself one of his rare drawings "from the model." The original, the studio of Bartlett, the sculptor, was the great, misshapen, fascinating place he pictures it in *The Pagans*. Here in conclave gay gathered that brilliant group of men typical of the finest spirit of bohemianism as lived twenty years ago in Boston by such men as Bartlett, Hunt and George Fuller.

Retracing our steps back again through Court Street, we come to Tremont Row, where Bayard of Miss Phelps's *Singular Life* had his unpleasant quarter of an hour with the maudlin Job Slip. Just beyond, on Tremont Street, is the Museum, a theatre dear to the hearts of the Bostonese, and where Edward Everett Hale's delightful people go frequently to see William Warren. Adjoining this is the venerated burying-ground and

> . . . Chapel, last of sublunary things
> That shocks our echoes with the name of kings.

Hawthorne tells us that Dimmesdale and Roger Chillingsworth dwelt in a house covering pretty nearly the site on which King's Chapel has since been built. Here with his relatives and brother officers Lionel Lincoln worshipped; so, too, did the Bowdoins, Jamie, Mercedes, Frankland, the Shirleys and Henry James's Olive Chancellor. Lionel and Cecil were married there, and a glance into the interior of the church shows the same laboured columns with their slender shafts admired by Lionel, and the same chancel rails on which Cecil threw her mantle before accompanying him to the foot of the altar. "With some *éclat*" St. Clair and Mercedes were likewise married there. The mind busying itself with these imaginary festivities sees them fade away, to be followed by two funeral processions, which rise from the pages of fiction and flit phantom-like down the aisles. The first is that of Mrs. Shirley, the Governor's lady, which peoples the church to the limit of the galleries with her mourners. This distinguished gathering melts away and a smaller one files in, following the casket of Mrs. Lechmere (*Lionel Lincoln*). Henry James asserts that to Olive Chancellor, the intense, evening service at King's Chapel was only one degree more solemn than going to the theatre. In *Her Boston Experiences* Margaret Allston chronicles a woman-suffragist meeting which out of curiosity she attended with Aunt Drusilla. But a true spirit of reverence for "the quaint church with its high-backed box pews cushioned in red stuff, its old-fashioned English gallery and high pulpit reached by winding stairs," took her there many a Sunday afternoon to vesper service.

No less rich in association is the burying-ground where, in their last sleep, lie Hester Prynne, Dimmesdale, the Shirleys, Mrs. Lechmere, Ralph, Job and Abigail Pray. The tomb of the Shirleys remains, but it is impossible to designate the spot where the proud families of Lechmere and Lincoln were wont to inter their dead. "The slate," Cooper says, "has long since mouldered from the wall; the sod has covered the stone." True also is this of Hester Prynne's grave, "near that old sunken one (Dimmesdale's), yet with a space between, as if the dust of the two sleepers had no right to mingle." To curious investigators are pointed out several graves which bear a slight resemblance to the one described, on which in Hawthorne's day, he says, was plainly visible the letter A, visible now on no tombstone save only as it takes form in the necromancy of the imagination.

Shadowed by this ancient burying-

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ground, on busy School Street, in front of the City Hall, stands the statue of Benjamin Franklin, in alluding to which Dr. Hale in *My Double and How He Undid Me* says: "Richard Greenough once told me that in studying for the statue of Franklin he found that the left side of the great man's face was philosophic and reflective, and the right side funny and smiling. If you will go and look at the bronze statue you will find he has repeated this observation there for posterity. The eastern profile is the portrait of the statesman Franklin, the western of poor Richard." Across the street is the Parker House, from which Truth Dexter's husband despatched that significant message over the wires to Alabama. Mrs. Keats Bradford's husband stopped here, as did the hero of *April Hopes*. Just below, on the northeast corner of School and Washington streets, stands a quaint little building with a sloping roof where, commercially speaking, much of the Boston fiction has had its beginnings. This is the Old Corner Bookstore, fifty years ago "a nervous centre of the growing literary system, where," says a contemporary writer, "Mr. Fields played Destiny to the association of authors and launched the second volume of the *Atlantic*, the first that bore his imprint." Perhaps it is not generally remembered that this magazine owes its name to Holmes.

(*To be Continued.*)

PAST THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

I dreamed. And then I thought I lay along
The world's edge, till space drew me unaware
Into its depths, and out I sent a stare
At all the flying stars, a blinding throng.
No hope seemed left to me. I felt the strong
Breath of vast winds ingathering the air,
And upcaught, I caught hold upon despair,
Which lashed, as slaves are anguished by a thong.

Forward I fell and fell, and a strange night
Eddied about me, what though all the light
Of all the stars went whirling through the dark.
Then, at the end, I cried on Love, on Love—
And there, with what wild wonder not dreamed of,
My forehead felt Love's touch and visible mark!

May Olcott.

SIX NOVELS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

Lucas Malet's "Sir Richard Calmady."*

Rare books are sometimes flung out into the world which ask in the reader almost as great courage to take up and pass sentence on them as in the writer to put them forth. Of these *Sir Richard Calmady* is an example so robust that every table at which it is talked over will be turned to a battle-field. "Thou com'st in such a questionable shape," cries Hamlet on a midnight view of his father's ghost; and so does this Richard, this Quasimodo —repellent, even in his true figure horror-striking, yet with a message for us from regions beyond our petty time-theatre—"celestial-infernal," to borrow the language of Carlyle. I can fancy men not suffering their wives to touch the story; mothers will take care when and how their daughters have these lessons brought home to them. So much of a warning is only fair. Lucas Malet aims at the great literature to which, as to re-

*The History of Sir Richard Calmady. A Romance. By Lucas Malet. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

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ligion and science, nothing is common or unclean. Myself, like the old surgeon I am, whose knife has cut into many subjects, I cannot measure the effect on tender recruits, fresh from life's poetry; it will therefore be understood that I neither commend this volume for indiscriminate reading, nor exercise concerning it the office of guide-post to a careless public.

But I agree with wiser men who judge its motive to be noble, its art and craft unusually fine, its moral sound and even Christian in no hackneyed sense. For years it has been my conviction that the achievements of Lucas Malet justified the very highest praise as literature dealing with life. Their sincerity was no less deep than their tone was direct and daring. At last, from an Inferno of dark flames, from a deformity which makes us blink and shudder, from mental agonies, revolts, pollutions, and despairs, springs up toward the sun a winged golden Hope, out of fire and anguish. To me that seems wonderful. Victor Hugo has attempted in like manner to pluck the rose from black Stygian fields in his hunchback of Notre Dame, and in *L'Homme qui Rit.* But he leaves us heartbroken. If we can hold on to the end —I am not saying that every one can— with Richard the unlucky, we shall have caught a glimpse of certain Divine laws, and may turn from the sick ward to the open air, as in early days of the ministry I have found myself doing, resolute to look Satan in the eyes and tread him under our feet, even when he rises about us, a murky horror.

Is it not a shame to spoil the heart-rending, yet high romance, by hashing it up in a paragraph? I will merely hint the chief lines. Down in a beautiful woodland country, touched into the life, stands the old house of the Calmadys. They have everything fortune can give, except long life. Always the chief dies young, perishes by some crimson hand—a curse hangs over them and their stately towers. Its root is vulgar enough, seduction, shame, death of mother and babe; the roughest ballad rhymes have sung this too common tragedy, about which an odd prediction clings (or did until it was forgotten) of some other child, deformed in singular fashion, who shall make an end of the doom. Chapters, picturesque as an almost Elizabethan prose can make them, lead up to the birth of this extraordinary "Prometheus Bound." Under circumstances which will try the reader's heart and nerves he is ushered into this world—an abortion with the fair features of his race, horribly crippled in both limbs. His mother—the grandest creation of Lucas Malet—lives for him, but her faith in God is shattered. The boy, a fiery heart caged in the dwarf's body, breaks out from his silken prison, learns to ride, falls in love—but with Helen his cousin, who is vile and also married—tries for a bride elsewhere, is repulsed after acceptance, and rushes headlong on the rake's progress. At all the turning-points in this ugly yet pathetic tale Lucas Malet is plain spoken, her characters undraped, not a shadow softens or conceals, even where, to English taste, reticence might be strictly advisable. Helen is a bad Catholic, Parisian of the type we have looked at in the *Comédie Humaine;* but Richard, else depraved, fancies her to be perfection. He is undeceived—at Naples, where the least pleasant scenes are laid—chastised body and soul, but emerges, over Lucifer's back, as Dante might say, into the new and better life. One bold episode follows another—highly daring is Richard's talk with Lady Calmady when he projects his unsuccessful marriage scheme; not less so the Byronic outbursts in which he curses God, and cries that he will live to blaspheme his Maker. Such defiances—a malignant thunder striking up from Hades—resound in Milton, Goethe, and Shelley; but in prose they grate upon the ear discordantly enough, and we must resolve them by calling to mind that they are not finals. With Richard's sickness the upward march begins. His mother's martyrdom shall not be in vain. He resigns himself, submits, finds a way out of Tartarus, believes in the good God. Then we feel some curiosity, as light-fluttering novel readers, touching the conclusion. Is it to ring out those wedding chimes, so new, so old, that furnish the inevitable dénouement? Another was possible; would, to the Catholic at least, have appeared more in keeping with the heroism, the unexampled, of a situation tragic beyond any real disentanglement this side of the grave. Richard might have spent his days in a "penitential loneliness," yet not unhappily. In the book he marries

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Honoria, whom we like and admire and shrink from; our judgment on her conduct is, after all, a note of interrogation. More than once she lets slip a word which will offend—the colour is too flaming. About the unscrupulous Helen we know what to think; but Honoria remains a doubt in our minds, much as we are taken with her splendid freedom.

Wit, epigram, allusion, style—of course; how could Lucas Malet fail in these? And vivid character-painting: Dr. Knott, the cross-grained, queer, kindly surgeon; the Fallowfields; the stable-boys; we know them all. On the second plane, Julius March, Puseyite and half-converted ascetic, is delicately drawn; one could almost have wished that he had told the story. There is no doubt a severe pruning would strengthen it where it is strong already, and could not weaken it anywhere. It will be admired, hated, discussed *ad infinitum;* let us hope it will be understood. I think of Richard, its hero, as Caliban-Ariel, the deformed, who grows wings and is set free at length by the divine magician Prospero. That such is the inward meaning I am satisfied. But I would not quarrel with any man who should assert that Richard, solitary and unmarried, would enforce this moral with less danger of being wrongly taken, than as a contented husband. There are cases in which the single life, vowed or once for all accepted, is the best fifth act, and so perhaps it would have been in this tragedy.

William Barry.

II.

Anthony Hope's "Tristram of Blent."*

The Tristrams of Blent were "hard, proud, and grim," the book says; they "bowed to blood, not to law," and were cross-grained, insulting, strangely emancipated from the useful conventions once definitely indicated in Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son.

She made no answer still. He (Tristram) came a step closer and smote his fist on the palm of his other hand, as he ended:

"You called me a liar. I was a liar. But, by God, you're a curmudgeon, Cecilly!"

In another place Tristram says:

"Hold your tongue about Blent." . . . "If it were mine again, and I were you, and said, 'You're on my conscience, you fret me, you worry me. Marry me, and I shall be more comfortable!' What then?"

"Why, it would be just like you to do it!" she (Cecilly) cried, in malicious triumph.

"The sort of thing runs in the family, then." She started at the plainness of his sneer. "Oh, yes, that was it. Well, what would your answer be? Shall I tell you? You'd ask the first man who came by to kick me out of the room. And you'd be right."

The truth of his words pierced her.

At the close of this interview Cecilly confides to a friend:

"Well, he very nearly beat me—and I rather wish he had" . . .

This is the mettlesome kind of intercourse the Tristram family have with one another and with the world. The present reviewer is far from finding harm in it; on the contrary, it is refreshing, almost inspiring, at times, to read of people "carrying on," as the country folk say, in this unfettered manner when many of us, it is to be feared, upon being offered the added sum of worldly advantage and the hand of an infinitely attractive woman, would decline, if we did decline, at least with thanks. Such was not, however, the "Tristram way." The words are placed in quotations because they everywhere recur in the story; in fact, the catch phrase, "Tristram way," indicates accurately the theme of the novel, which deals in direct, dramatic form with that deeply involved state of affairs that must press in the wake of freakish and unbridled persons.

The basis of the plot is this supposition of psychology in regard to the ancient line; nothing in the world but a supposition, it is true: yet the suggestion of liveliness and charm shining in the idea is carried out so triumphantly in high-pitched dialogue and splendidly embroidered pictorial effect that the reader falls into a pleasant humour with absurdities and all, and is no quicker to find fault with the assumption that such is life than

*Tristram of Blent. By Anthony Hope. New York: Messrs. McClure and Phillips. $1.50.

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he was to quarrel with Mr. Hope's earlier and popular novels simply because they alleged the existence of principalities that never were. *Tristram of Blent* is another Zenda story in all that makes Mr. Hope enjoyable reading; it is adroit, spiritedly written, unflagging. Also, it is flowingly compounded of nonsense, and the joke innocently proposed in the suggestion that these are real people trooping through the pages becomes broader and broader as Cecilly, Tristram, Mina, and the rest reveal little by little the actual measure of their personalities. They are the ordinary puppets, actors who never break bounds, but who confine themselves scrupulously to uttering in the required tones the lines allotted them. The statement so frequently made and frequently denied, that the author of *The Prisoner of Zenda* is aping George Meredith both in material and in style has doubtless served its turn, but it had scant foundation in fact. Mr. Hope knows very well what he is about.

One might put him in the wrong, perhaps, on the question whether the machinery of the plot in this novel was not in some ways ill chosen. The complicated device, the juggling with dates in the Russian calendar, by means of which Tristram's claim to the barony and Blent is now destroyed, now restored to him in full validity, has the demerits, certainly, of being hard to follow, and rather weak, considering the strain and stress that bear upon it. It fits awkwardly into the story, requiring in order to accomplish its work dull speeches from unwelcome characters. Nevertheless, some curious-minded people might take great comfort in its ingenuity. In ingenuity the book excels. The management of the turning-point in the somewhat rascally hero's career is clearly admirable. Since his early youth he has been wary, standing at bay, "his ear down to earth for a sound of danger," ready to pit all his strength, with a cold heart, against any one, even the one girl who has the right, who shall dispute his title to be Tristram of Blent. He appears such an aggravation of evil on most occasions that the reader, who happens to know that later he suddenly sacrifices everything for the sake of the young lady to whom it really belongs, awaits incredulously this climax. The thing does not seem possible of successful contrivance. One reckons, however, without the author's cleverness. The one absorbing passion of the hero is Blent, and only slightly subsidiary to this is the Tristram partnership, from generation to generation, in Blent. And it comes to pass that Cecilly, when at last he comes face to face with her, reveals herself as a superb Tristram, like his mother, a true mistress for Blent. There is a scene between them in the "Long Gallery," in which, step by step, this perception grows upon his consciousness. Finally:

> "Yes, you love it," he said, and a smile came on his face. "I'm glad you love it. As God lives, unless you'd loved it I'd have spoken not a word of this. But you're one of us, you're a Tristram. I don't know the real rights of it, but I'll run no risk of cheating a Tristram. You love it all?"
>
> "Yes, yes, Harry. But why, dear Harry, why?"
>
> "Why? Because it's yours."

He does not make this sacrifice of the long-guarded treasure because he is in love with Cecilly; that has nothing to do with the incident. He acts simply from pride, mad pride—in the "Tristram way." Which reminds us that intensely peculiar people make dramatic situations for themselves out of nothing, and suggests the thought that "psychology" used in moderation may come to supplant in the equipment of romancers the crude, old-fashioned difficulties, such as prison bars.

Carl Hovey.

III.

Miss Wilkinson's "The Strength of the Hills."*

It will probably be generally thought that *The Strength of the Hills* is the best book which has yet appeared in the Harper Brothers' American series. Miss Wilkinson has inoculated herself with the grandeur of the Adirondack Mountains and the beauty of the scenery, and with an easy pen she has transferred to the printed page an atmosphere which forms a striking background for the dramatic scenes of the story. Up near Loon

*The Strength of the Hills. By Florence Wilkinson. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

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Lake there lived a young preacher, Enoch Holme, and his sister, Sararose, of the silken red hair and the sea-green eyes. Enoch's strength is of the hills:

. . . A man of many emotions Enoch Holme was. Born of an intellectual and supersensitive mother, these qualities in him were tempered by the hard and prosaic environment of the mountains, and conflicted also with the abounding sense of good comradeship and the Greek love of the beautiful that came to him from his father. He was made to be a leader among men. He felt within himself at times the fierce outcry of energy going to waste, and yet he seemed pinned down to a barren future.

He had always been somewhat out of sympathy with his kin, and they with him. The ruthless desire, actuated often by conscience, to impose his sense of right upon them had been the cause of many a bitter contest. His love for his dead mother and for his sister Sararose were the great loves of his life. The love of any other woman he had never known, nor had he ever laid eyes on a woman to think of her a second time.

This brother and sister would have lived out their lives in a dull monotony, with their souls unawakened, if it had not been that outside influences came upon them unaware. Not far from Enoch's home there was a crowd of Bohemian New Yorkers who were camping out for the summer. Among them there was a young poet, jocosely called "Kitty," because he belonged to the Angora school of writers, and a Mrs. Ruddle, both of whom are undoubtedly drawn from life. In the words of the poet:

There's a daring young person named Ruddle,
With poses the brain to befuddle.
She's a *tableau vivant,*
And a *café chantant,*
But what she does best is to cuddle.

There are other well known types in Camp Hollister, but the story has to do with Alison Macdonald and Richard Hollister. These two are betrothed. Alison is a Madonna-faced girl with "grape-vine" hair. It may be noted by the way that Miss Wilkinson's women have characteristic hair, and that they have a way of doing wonders with it. Alison is the sort of woman that men idealise.

Not being of an analytic mind, he could not have told what it was in Alison that he loved. The woman of her, animal and spiritual, appealed to the man of him. She was all curve, no angle. She seemed to enfold you with her voice, her eyes, and he was used to her. Such unthinking lovership had best beware surprises, the storming of the heart by a fresh experience bursting on one like shrapnel-shell in the darkness, an onset from which there is no retreat.

During the courtship Richard finds time to pet and caress Sararose, and Alison finds an equal amount of time to spend with Enoch. But Alison and Richard marry, and Enoch performs the ceremony. The scene then shifts to an apartment on Central Park West, and Sararose is transplanted to a studio building in the Forties, where she studies music and falls in with a gay Bohemian set. Enoch trembles for her, and leaving his mountain home, comes to town ostensibly to take up settlement work, but in reality to be near Alison, whom he loves in the dreamy way of the true idealist. By this time

Alison had found in her husband what she would not acknowledge to herself, though it was what she had not found that saddened her. Marriage had brought the real intimacy that years of fellowship had failed in doing. During the first romantic days of the horseback riding among the hills, love and youth had been enough. Many another time in the city a kiss and a dainty phrase had been Richard's answer to Alison's reach for his soul. Then came the times when he was silent, or the unrevealing commonplace had baffled her. She had learned that they could go thus far and no farther. Where she had thought to find a gate set into the delectable garden, through which they might go hand in hand into other and yet other pleasaunces, she had come up against a dead wall. . . .

Richard felt that in some way he did not fulfil a vague, unreasonable ideal. Alison was the dearest woman in the world to him, but there were times when he could not understand her. There was a sort of material comfort in the adoration of Sararose's eyes and Ysobel Ruddle's witty audacity.

Although Enoch is the special character in the book, Richard is, perhaps, the most interesting. There are many men like Dick Hollister who, loving and ideal-

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ising one woman, could "trample on women's hearts, and wear in his eyes the look of a tender, great god." Women loved him. They couldn't help it.

If he had been a better man, he would have looked wickeder. . . . What the philosopher of La Brède says of a certain social class was true of Richard: "Our virtues should be touched with a certain nobleness, our morals with a certain freedom, our manners with a certain politeness. The virtues exhibited in this society are always less what one owes to others than what one owes to one's self; they are not so much a response to an appeal from our fellow-citizens as a mark of distinction between us and them. In this society men's actions are judged not as good, but as handsome; not as just, but as great; not as reasonable, but as extraordinary."

Richard could entertain a frightful thought with complacence, but he would have died rather than do an "unhandsome" thing.

He is the type which town-bred women meet every day, as Enoch is the type which the strength and the grandeur of the mountains bring forth. But the story moves on, and the destiny of Enoch and Sararose, Alison and Richard is being worked out. The scene shifts again to the mountains, and the story is brought to a close by the tragedy of a forest fire and the death of Richard. "His sins did not trouble him except as they troubled others."

There is, perhaps, too much fine writing in the book, and for that reason one finds a greater enjoyment in the glimpses which the author gives of life in New York than in the chapter on "Bodies and Souls." It is to be hoped that Miss Wilkinson's next novel will deal with New York life.

Flora Mai Holly.

IV.

Mrs. Catherwood's "Lazarre."*

According to a tradition that still persists, Louis XVII. of France did not die of brutal treatment and neglect in a foul prison of the Terror, but, spirited away by faithful royalists, a dead boy pauper substituted in his place, was brought to America, where, known by the honest, sturdy patronymic of Williams, he lived in the wilderness, his true rank and person unknown, or only half revealed to himself. History has rejected this legend as at the most apocryphal, the invention, perhaps, of some who were unwilling to believe in the hideous death of the gentle child, the king. The tale, however, appeals to the imagination. It is a woof on which the fancy may broider a many-coloured tapestry. Its contrasts of blood and rank with external circumstance have a distinct fascination. It is, in a word, an excellent subject for a romance by one of the latter-day followers of Sir Walter Scott.

In *Lazarre,* Mary Hartwell Catherwood has treated this theme with more or less success. If she has not displayed any great originality, she has, at least, made a book that is interesting from beginning to end, a series of varied and brilliant pictures, the mood of which haunts the reader's mind long after the volume has been laid aside. If this haunting quality be one of the measures of artistic success, the author has succeeded well.

Lazarre is a curious mixture of Fenimore Cooper and Alexandre Dumas, of the primeval American forest and the perfumed French court, with a considerable dash of something that is feminine in feeling and expression thrown in. Louis Bourbon, known as Eleazer Williams, or more commonly as Lazarre, comes to his senses in adolescence to find himself the son of a half-breed Indian chief, whose tribe is encamped near Lake George. The Bourbon ear betrays Lazarre's identity to others, vague memories confirm what he hears, and he accepts with assurance the title "Sire" with which he is addressed by the few who believe in him. How he was educated, how he set out to win a kingdom for love's sake and for love's sake renounced it, that is the tale.

Hairbreadth escapes, panel doors that open by hidden springs, and the like are not lacking. These matters, doubtless, have cost the author considerable thought and pains, but they are not the best wrought things in the book. Every work of romance, presumably, must have hairbreadth escapes; these particular ones, however, are not very good of their kind. They leave the reader not only

*Lazarre. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. With illustrations by André Castaigne. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. $1.50.

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breathless and wondering, but incredulous as well. What gives effectiveness to the book is a certain deftness of description which, when applied to the world of nature, lends atmosphere and mood, when applied to persons suggests character, or rather personality.

> The spring made a distinct tinkle in the rush of low sound through the forest. A rank night, sweetness of mints and other lush plants mixed its spirit with the body of leaf earth.

The forest, the cool, virgin waters, these are a strongly sensed background; to a less extent, because barely sketched, the scenes of the Old World. Of humour there are but slight traces in the book, the nearest approach to it being the sketch of Dr. Chantry, Lazarre's preceptor, "red-nosed, red-eyed, and bloodlessly shivering," who was wont to read his own poetry to his pupil in spite of the latter's "voiceless contempt," and "usually finished humbly, folding his paper and putting it away in his breast." There are glimpses of Andrew Jackson, of Napoleon and other historic personages, both American and French. The Indian Skenedonk is almost as good as some of Cooper's aborigines, a faint figure, with a touch of life, nevertheless.

Of the hero, it is enough to say that the author has made him another Louis XVI., with an infusion of the knightliness his bourgeois father lacked utterly. That he ultimately became a good American husband the reader cannot doubt. Eagle de Ferrier, the heroine, though a shadowy creation, has a real womanly charm, and one cannot quarrel with Lazarre for playing the knight-errant. The tale falls off somewhat toward the last. "Volcanoes and whirlwinds, fire and all force were under our feet. We trod them breast to breast." A more felicitous telling of the consummation might have been devised. But after all, the last scene is a tableau and requires the stage.

Walter Strong Edwards.

V.

George Moore's "Sister Teresa."*

Every author, unless he dies young, reaches sooner or later that period of his career when it becomes unnecessary for the critic to describe and characterise his literary work. This period is reached as soon as every note in his particular range has been fully sounded and every phase of his intellectual completeness distinctly shown. After an author has reached this period of his career he may delight us, instruct us, or amuse us just as before, but he can never again surprise us. We have come to know precisely what he can do. We have taken, so to speak, his intellectual measure.

This period of revelation was reached long ago by Mr. Henry James and by Mr. Howells; it has been reached by Thomas Hardy; and in the book before us it is reached by Mr. Moore. It is because of this fact that the book in question may be reviewed with brevity.

Mr. Moore in his early volumes showed himself both in spirit and in literary manner to be not English but wholly French; and at all times in those volumes he is evidently inspired by one or the other of the Realists. Sometimes it is the Goncourt brothers; sometimes it is Barrès; more often it is Zola. In his *Confessions of a Young Man* he made it clear that he had conceived an intense admiration for Huysmans, that curious Flemish Frenchman who began as a mere sensualist, continued as a degenerate, and ended as a religious mystic. This transformation was with Huysmans a very personal thing. It entered into his books because it had entered into his life; and his books are, in fact, for that reason essentially autobiographical. George Moore admired the strangeness of this man of whom he wrote: "Huysmans goes to my soul like a gold ornament of Byzantine workmanship." He admired him, and this admiration produced a longing to imitate him or rather to mirror in books the impressions received from him. Just as he had been powerfully affected by the Goncourts, by Barrès, and by Zola, so now he let himself be powerfully affected by Huysmans. We noted the beginning of this new influence as far back as 1897, when we wrote the following passage:

> But Mr. Moore's affinity with Huysmans does not go further than a certain sensuous sympathy. He could never follow him in that curious transformation of which I have elsewhere written, because he has never followed him to the full in the unrelieved brutality that

*Sister Teresa. By George Moore. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.50.

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was the essential condition of an ultimate reaction. Mr. Moore must remain intellectually apart from any actual translation of thought into action; he must go on stirred by strange thoughts, forever sensitive to the subtlest æsthetic influences, but to the very last, resisting absolutely any impulse toward a definite and final *rangement.*

That very brilliant writer and critic, Mr. J. G. Huneker, thinks that Mr. Moore has really followed Huysmans step by step in full sincerity and completeness; but we think otherwise. For Mr. Moore the sensuous side of religion has always had a strong attractiveness. You can see this in some passages of *Mike Fletcher;* you can see it again in *John Norton;* and you find it the dominant theme in both *Evelyn Innes* and in *Sister Teresa,* which is practically the second volume of *Evelyn Innes.* Mysticism, sensuality, and even asceticism are curiously blended in Mr. Moore's own temperament, and they show themselves in varying degrees throughout everything that he has written; but just because his latest book is mystical and ascetic rather than sensual, and because the motive which he has worked out is the same one which Huysmans has worked out in his last four or five novels, it does not mean that Mr. Moore has ranged himself with Huysmans in the final stage of his own literary development. Moreover, there is this vast difference between the work of the two men; that Huysmans, as we said above, is always autobiographical, while Moore is merely writing of the things which he has seen and known or possibly imagined, and not at all of the things that are a part of his own inner self. This difference is marked by the very fact that the morbid hero of *En Route* is a man, while in *Sister Teresa* the study is the study of a morbid woman.

The Young Man of the *Confessions* tells us of himself that he has an innate faculty of attaching himself first to one friend and then to another, absorbing from each whatever influence or inspiration he can give, and then passing on to a new friendship, forgetting the old entirely. When George Moore wrote this, he was most accurately writing down a characterisation of himself. He has felt the influence of one after another of the great French writers, and he has let each one, for the time being, dominate his own literary performances. But he has never remained the firm adherent of any of them. When a particular inspiration begins to wane, he turns aside and seeks for a new impulse from some other quarter. At present we are witnessing a Huysmans phase; but it is nothing but a phase, and it will not last.

As to the book itself, its early chapters have an interest which may be valued as about equal to the interest of the better parts of *Evelyn Innes.* As we go on, however, the book becomes more difficult to read; and in spite of the acuteness of some of its analysis, one finds it dreary and permeated with a certain indefinable unreality. Contrasted with the vivid pages of *A Mummer's Wife* it is like the flickering of a candle after the intense whiteness of a powerful electric light. It is our opinion that when George Moore wrote *Celibates,* he wrote the last of his books which in the end will really count.

H. T. P.

VI.

Egerton Castle's "The Secret Orchard."*

This is a very clever book. It makes no difference whether this character or that is overdrawn, whether an episode or a bit of dialogue is irrelevant, whether the tale as a whole is not rounded out in the cheerfullest manner—the manner that the novel reader, casual or confirmed, had a right to expect. The book has spirit and sparkle and thrill. It possesses that indefinable something which for the time takes the reader away from himself and his surroundings, enabling him to live for a few brief hours in another and remote world, sharing the mimic joys and heartaches of certain men and women born of a few pens. a half bottle of ink and so many sheets of white paper. There are very few men writing to-day who possess this gift—it is the very breath and essence of romance—to so great a degree as Egerton Castle. Anthony Hope showed it in some of his early writings—it was this alone that raised *The Prisoner of Zenda* so far above all other novels of the Zenda

*The Secret Orchard. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: F. S. Stokes Company. $1.50.

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school; Conan Doyle has it; the late George du Maurier possessed it to a superlative degree.

Charles Edward FitzRoy, Duke of Cluny, sprung from the royal Stuart stock, had all the elusive charm, the selfishness and the amiable helplessness of his worthless and perjured race. He had married an American woman, Helen Church, who, in return for the best love of which he was capable, had given him all the tenderness and devotion of her great proud, passionate heart. For years they lived happily and quietly in the Château de FitzRoy, surrounded by stanch friends, Helen winning universal esteem by her gentleness and charity, the Duke abetting her good-naturedly in her work, proud and fond of the noble, stately woman at his side, yet now and then, with boyish inconsistency, exasperated by the even tenor of his content, filled with vague and restless yearnings for ignoble pleasures, a true lineal descendant of that Pretender who, while men were dying for him, was wont to lay his great name, his cause and his royalty at the feet of some French chambermaid. During one of his mysterious trips the Duke meets a young girl, and some time later, through a strange fatality, this girl, the daughter of the notorious Cora May, is brought to the Château de FitzRoy as the ward of the Duchess, and the dark drama begins and is played out to the gloomiest and bitterest end. There is a great deal of craft and cleverness in the manner in which the sheer horror and suspense is sustained for chapter after chapter.

About the Duke, Helen and the young girl Joy there are grouped six or eight characters of interest and humour. There is Favereau, the Minister of Public Worship and Education, "the most respected man in France," wistfully pathetic in his unspoken love for Helen and in the ignoble part he is forced to play in defence of her happiness and to save the honour of the Duke; there are the Canon and the Doctor, pugnacious but warm-hearted, each doing what good he can in his own way, and both loyally devoted to the Duchess; the impulsive and kinky-haired Nessie and the pompous Marquise de Lormes, formerly Mrs. Septimus P. Dodd of Philadelphia and her second son, the ridiculous and cynically spoken little "Totol," Marquis de Lormes. The eldest son of the Marquise, Lieutenant George Dodd, of the American navy, is not nearly so good. No doubt he is meant to be flattering, but there is in his speech the impossible and weird dialect of the conventional American of the British novel. *The Secret Orchard* is not a great novel, nor is it even an important one; but it is very interesting and it is exceptionally clever.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

INDIVIDUALITY

No eye but mine has seen the pallor of the trees
In the blue midnight heaven.
No heart has beaten for them rising slim, uneven,
Unstirred by any breeze.

No soul has sought my soul and found it in the dark
Of its void solitude,
Pale as the unmoved germ my essences elude
The wish, the touch, the mark.

Florence Brooks.

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THE GHETTO HOUSETOPS BY NIGHT.

SKETCH WRITERS OF THE GHETTO

(With Drawings by B. Gussow.)

The Russian Jews of the East Side of New York are, in proportion as they are educated, realists in literary faith. Is it natural? Is it true to life? they are inclined to ask of every piece of writing that comes under their eyes. As their lives are circumscribed and more or less unfortunate, their ideas of what constitutes the truth are limited and gloomy. Their criteria of art are formed on the basis of the narrow but intense work of modern Russian fiction. They look up to Tolstoy and Chekhov, and reject all principles founded upon more romantic and more genial models. The simplicity of their critical ideals lends, however, to their intellectual lives a certainty which is striking enough when compared with the varied, wavering, ungrounded literary norms and judgments of the ordinary intelligent Anglo-Saxon. The lack of authoritative literary criticism in America is partly due to the multiplicity of our classic models. With a simpler literature in mind the Russian is more constantly able to apply a decisive test.

The Russian Jew of culture when he comes to New York carries with him Russian ideals of literature. The best Yiddish work produced in America is Russian in principle. Many of the writers who publish literary sketches in the newspapers of the Ghetto have written originally in the Russian language, and know the Russian Jewish life better than the life of the Yiddish East Side; and even now they write mainly about conditions in Russia. Moreover, those who know their New York and its special Jewish life thoroughly and mirror it in their work are in method, though not in material, Russian; are close, faithful, unhappy realists.

Whatever its form, however, a considerable body of fiction is published more or less regularly in the daily and weekly periodicals of the quarter which represents faithfully the life of the poor Russian Jew in the great American city. A "Gentile" who knew nothing of the New York Ghetto, but could read the Yiddish language, might get a good picture of something more than the superficial aspects of the quarter through the sketches of half a dozen of the more talented men who write for the Socialist newspapers. The conditions under which the children of Israel live in New York, their manners, problems and ideals, appear, if not with completeness, at least with suggestiveness, in these short articles, usually in fiction form, the best of them direct, simple and unpretentious, true to life in general and to the life of the Russian Jew in America in particular. The sad aspect of life predominates, but not through conventional sentimentality on the part of the writers, who are not aware that they are objects of possible pity. They merely tell without comment the facts they know. For the most part, those facts are gloomy and sordid, often lightened, however, by the sense of the ridiculous, which seldom entirely deserts the Jew; and as likely as not rendered attractive by feeling and by beauty of characterisation.

In some respects the most interesting

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of the sketch-writers is S. Libin, who writes exclusively of the New York Jewish proletariat. He occupies the same general position among prose writers that Morris Rosenfeld does among poets. Like Rosenfeld, he has been a sweat-shop worker, and, like him, writes about the sordid conditions of the life. The shop, the push-cart pedler and the tenement-house mark the range of his subjects; but into these unsightly things he puts constant feeling and an unfailing pathos and humour. As in the case of Rosenfeld, there are tears in everything he writes; but, unlike Rosenfeld, he also smiles. He is a dark, thin, little man, as ragged as anybody, with plaintive eyes and a deprecatory smile when he speaks. He is uncommonly poor, and at present sells newspapers for a living and writes an occasional sketch, for which he is paid at the rate of $1.50 or $2.00 a column by the Yiddish newspapers. He is able to produce these little articles only on impulse; and, consequently, although he is one of the more prolific of the sketch-

LIBIN.

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writers of the quarter, he writes for relief rather than for income. Some of his contemporaries, with greater constancy to commercial ideals, have partly given up unremunerative literature for the position of newspaper hacks; but Libin, remembering his sweat-shop days, does not like a "boss," and is under the constant necessity of relieving his feelings by his work.

Libin lives with his wife and child in a tenement-house in Harlem, where he has continually before his eyes the home conditions which form the subject of so many of his sketches. This little man, who looks like the commonest kind of a sweat-shop "sheeney," has the simplest and sincerest interest in domestic things. With great pride he pointed out to the visitor his one-year-old baby, who lay asleep on a miserable sofa, and talked of it and of his wife, who has also been a worker in the shops, with greater pleasure even than of his sketches, which, however, he writes with joy and solace. He wept when he spoke of his child that died, and he has written poems in prose about it which weep, too. In the story of his life which he told, a common, ignorant Jew was revealed, a thorough product of the sweat-shop—a man distinguished from the proletarian crowd only by a capacity for feeling and by a genuine talent. He was born in Russia twenty-nine years ago, and came to New York when he was twenty-two years old. For four years he worked as a cap-maker in shops which were then more wretched than they are now from sixteen to seven-

GORIN.

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teen hours a day. While at his task he would steal a few minutes to devote to his sketches, which he sent to the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, a Yiddish Socialist weekly, that for several years, under the leadership of Abraham Cahan, carried on a vigorous work of education in the Ghetto. Cahan recognised in Libin's misspelled, illiterate, almost illegible manuscript a quality which worthily ranked it with good realistic literature. Since then Libin has written extensively for the *Zukunft*, a monthly now defunct; the *Truth*, published at one time by the poet Winchevsky in Boston, and for the New York daily *Vorwärts*, to which he still contributes.

One of his sketches, the "New Law," about a column and a half long, expresses one aspect of the life led by a sweat-shop family. A tailor, going to the shop one morning, as usual, finds the boss and the other workers in a state of excitement. They have just heard about the new law limiting the day in the shop to ten hours and forbidding the men to do any work at home. This to them is a serious proposition, for as they are paid by the piece, they need many hours to make enough to pay their expenses. The tailor goes home earlier than usual that night, about ten o'clock, with the customary bundle of clothes for his wife and children to work over. He is tired, distressed and irritated at the thought of the law. He finds his wife and ten-year-old daughter half asleep, as usual, but yet sewing busily. They, too, are pale and tired, and near them on the lounge is a sleeping baby; on the floor another. The little girl tries to hide her drowsiness from her father, and works more busily than ever.

"Why are you back so early?" asks his wife.

"Pretty soon," he replies morosely, "I'll be back still earlier."

"Is work slack again?" she asks, her cheek growing paler.

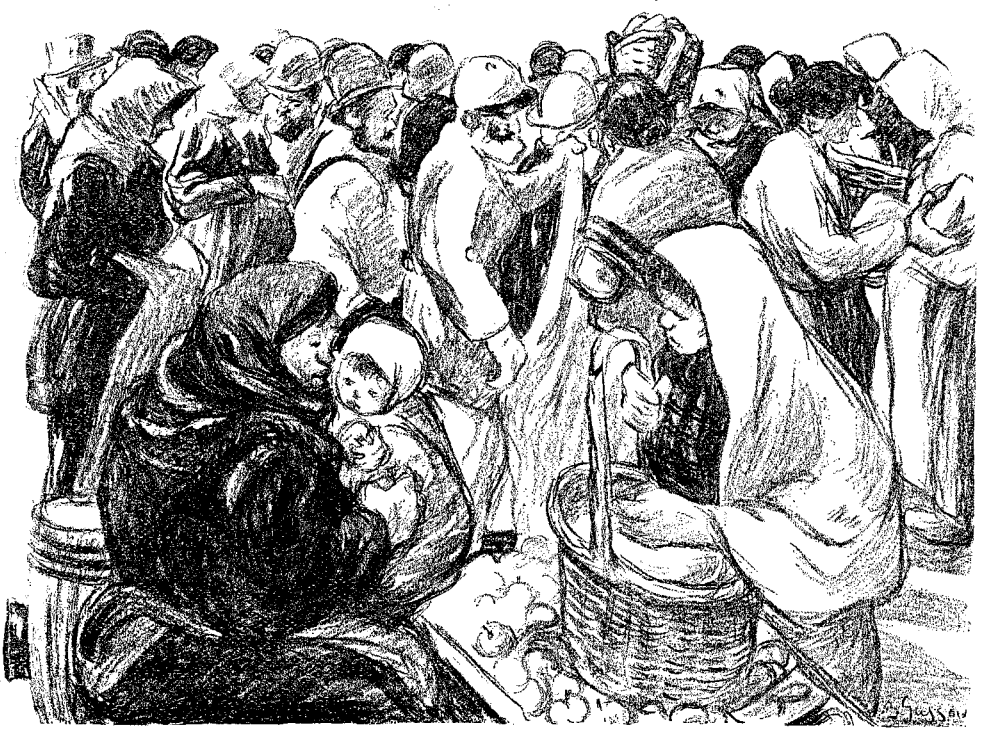
"It's another trouble, not that," he says. "It's a new law, a bitter law." To his little daughter he adds: "Sleep, child, you will soon have time to sleep all day."

His ignorant wife does not understand.

"A new law? What is that? What does it mean?" she asks.

"It means that I can work only ten hours a day."

Then they calculate how much money



TYPES OF THE GHETTO.

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he can make in ten hours. Now he works nineteen hours, and they have nothing to spare. Under the new law he will be idle seven or eight hours a day. What will they do? She thinks the boss must be responsible for the terrible arrangement, for does not all trouble come from the boss? He is irritated by her simplicity, and she begins to weep. The little girl is overjoyed at the thought that she will no longer have to work, but tries to conceal her pleasure. The labourer, moved by his wife's tears, endeavours to comfort her.

"Ah," he says, "it's only a law! Two years ago there was one like it, but the work went on just the same." But she continues to weep until their evening meal is ready, when the children are aroused from their sleep to obey "the

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supper law," Libin concludes in a spirit of tragi-comedy.

"She Got Her Prize" is the title of a sketch in which unexhilarating comedy predominates. A labourer borrows some clothes to go to a party. In his absence his wife sells a number of rags to the old-clothes man, who innocently takes off her husband's only suit, carelessly put near the bundle he was to carry away. The husband does not notice the loss until the next day, when he has nothing to wear, cannot go to the shop, and so loses his job. "Betty" is the story of a girl who falls sick just before the day set for her wedding, and is taken to the hospital. The sketch pictures her in bed, reading a farewell letter from the lover who has deserted her. "Misery" is a prose poem, written by Libin when his child died. It has no plot, is merely the outcry of a simple, wounded heart, telling of pain, longing and wonder at the sad mystery of the world. A pleasing rhythm runs through the Yiddish, and as the author read it aloud it seemed, indeed, like a "human document." "A Child of the Ghetto," one of the longest and most detailed of all, is full of the sad, though gently satiric, quality of Libin's art. The author meets a pedler on Ludlow Street, who recognises him as the man who once saved his life by attracting to himself the snowballs of a number of urchins who had been plaguing the pedler one cold winter day. They have a chat, and the author asks the ragged push-cart man how he is getting on in the world. The pedler replies that all of his class have their troubles—the fruit quickly spoils, and the "bees" (policemen) come around regularly for some of the "honey." But he has a sorrow all to himself. His oldest son is a mathematician, and no good. When in the Jewish school in Russia the little fellow had learned to figure, and had been figuring ever since. His father had found, much to his disappointment, that the boy would have to spend some time in school in America also. The "monkey business" of learning had ruined the child. He was bewitched by mathematics and studied all day long. Sent successively to a sweat-shop, a grocery, to tend a push-cart, he proved thoroughly incapable of learning any trade; was absent-minded and constantly calculating, and always lost his job. And his old father bemoaned the misfortune all day long as he sold his bananas on Ludlow Street.

Younger than Libin, less mature and less devoted to his art, very limited in amount of work done; more simple and more naïve, if possible, than the older man is ——— Levin, a typesetter in the office of the *Vorwärts*. His sketches are swifter and shorter than those of Libin, more effective and dramatic in form, with greater conventional relief of surprises and antitheses, but have not so much feeling and do not manifest as high a degree of realistic art. As compared with Libin, who aims only for the quiet picture of ordinary life, Levin seeks the poignant moment in the flow of daily events. With more of a commercial attitude toward his work, Levin is, consequently, in more comfortable circumstances. Like Libin, he has worked in the shops, is uneducated and has married a tailor girl. Like Libin, again, he takes his subjects from the sweat-shop, the tenement-house and the street. He is a handsome, ingenuous young fellow of twenty-two years of age, has been in America only eight years, but in that short time has worked himself into the life of Hester and Suffolk streets to such an extent that his short sketches give glimpses of various little points of human nature as it shapes itself on the East Side.

"Where Is She?" is a striking and typical incident in the career of a push-cart pedler. The itinerant seller of fruit is doing some hard thinking one day in Hester Street. He is worried about something, and does not display the activity necessary for a successful merchant of his class. A vivid picture of the street is given—the passers-by, the tenement-houses, the heat. He knows that his business is suffering, but his thoughts dwell, in spite of himself, with his wife, who is about to be confined, perhaps that very day. Yesterday she had done the washing, but on this day, for the first time, remained in bed. But he must go to the street, as usual. Otherwise, his bananas would spoil. He worries, too, about the condition of his children, left without the care of their mother. A woman crosses the street to inspect his bananas. Perhaps a buyer, he thinks, and concentrates his attention. She selects the best bananas, those that will

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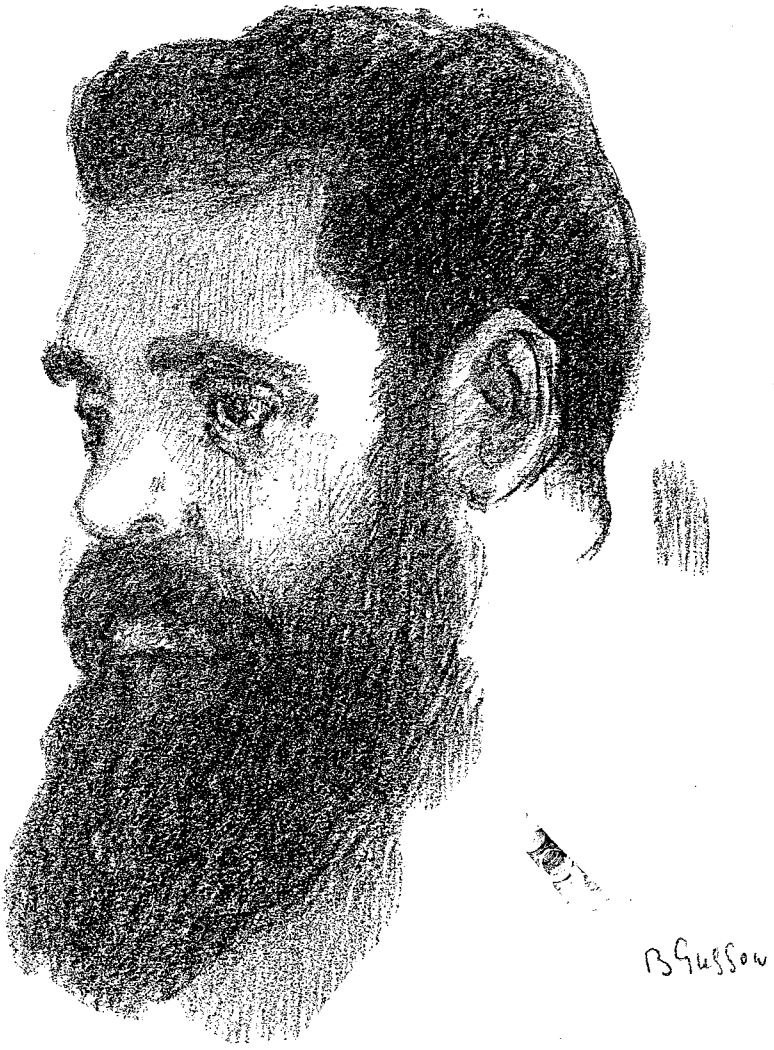
keep the longest, and asks the price. "Two for a cent," he says. "Too much," she replied. "I will give you two cents for five." That is less than they cost him, and he refuses, and she goes away, and then he is sorry he had not sold. Just then his little daughter runs hatless, breathless up to him. "Mamma," she says, and weeps. She can say no more. He leaves her with the cart and runs to the tenement-house, finds his little boy playing on the floor, but his wife gone. He rushes distractedly out, looks up the stairs, and sees clothes hanging on a line on the roof, where he goes and finds his wife. She had left the bed in order to dry the wash of the day before, and was unable to return. He carries her back to bed and returns to his push-cart.

"Put Off Again" is the story of a man and a girl who try to save enough money from their work in the sweat-shop to marry. They need only a couple of hundred dollars for clothes and furniture, and have saved almost that sum when a letter comes from the girl's mother in Russia: her husband is dead after a long illness, and she needs money. The girl sends her $70, and the wedding is put off. The next time it is the girl's brother who arrives in New York and borrows $50 to make a start in business. When



JACOB GORDIN.

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they are again ready for the wedding, and the day set, the young fellow quarrels with the sweat-shop boss, and is discharged. That is the evening before the day set for the wedding, and the young man calls on the girl and tells her. "We must put it off again, Jake," she says, "till you get another job." They cling to each other and are silent and sad. A sketch so simple in plot that it seems almost childish in the telling is called "The Bride Weeps." It is a hot evening, and the people in the quarter are all sitting out on their stoops. There are swarms of children about, and a bride and groom are embracing each other and watching the crowd. "Poor people," says the bride reflectively, "ought not to have children." "What do you know about it?" asked the groom, rather piqued. Their pleasure was dampened, and she went to bed and wet her pillow with tears. "Fooled," one of the most interesting of Levin's sketches, is the tale of the tribulations of an umbrella pedler. It is very hot in the Ghetto, and everybody is uncomfortable, but the umbrella pedler is more uncomfortable than any one else. He hates the bright sun that interferes with his business. It has not rained for weeks, and his stock in trade is all tied up in the house. He has no money, and wishes he were back in Russia, where it sometimes rains. He goes back to his apartment and sits brooding with his wife. "When are you going to buy us some candy, papa?" ask the children. Suddenly his wife sees a cloud in the sky, and they all rush joyfully to the window. The sun disappears and the clouds continue to gather. The wife goes out to buy some food, the children say, "Papa is going to the street now, and will bring us some candy;" and the pedler unpacks his stock of umbrellas and puts on his rubber boots. But the clouds roll away and the hated sun comes out again, and the pedler takes off his boots and puts his pack away. "Ain't you going to the street, papa?" ask the children sorrowfully. "No," replies the pedler, "God has played a joke on me."

Libin and Levin, although they differ in the way described, are yet to be classed together in essentials. They are both simple, uneducated men who write unpretentious sketches about a life they intimately know. They picture the conditions almost naïvely without comment and without subtlety. Libin, in a way to draw tears, Levin with the buoyant optimism of healthy youth, notice the quiet things in the every-day life of the Yiddish quarter that are touching and effective. Because of the modesty, truth and genuineness of their work, they are, in spite of their narrow range, constantly pleasing.

Contrasting definitely with the sketches of Libin and Levin are those of Jacob Gordin, who, although he is best known in the Ghetto as a playwright, has yet written voluminously for the newspapers. Unlike the other two, Gordin is a well-educated man, knowing thoroughly several languages and literatures, including Greek, Russian and German. His greater resources of culture and his sharper natural wit have made of him by far the most practised writer of the lot. With many literary examples before him, he knows the tricks of the trade, is skilful and effective, has a wide range of subjects and is full of "ideas" in the semi-philosophical sense. The innocent Libin and Levin are children in comparison, and yet their sketches show greater fidelity to the facts than do those of the talented Gordin, who is too apt to employ the ordinary literary devices wherever he can find them; who cares primarily for the effect rather than for the truth, and almost always heightens the colour to an unnatural and pretentious pitch. In the drama Gordin's tendency toward the sensational is more in place. He has the sense of character and theatrical circumstance, and works along the broad lines demanded by the stage; but these qualities when transferred to stories from the life result in what is sometimes called in the Ghetto "onion literature." So definitely theatrical, indeed, are many of his sketches that they are sometimes read aloud by the actors to crowded Jewish audiences. Another point that takes from Gordin's interest to us as a sketch-writer is that his best stories have Russia rather than New York as a background; that his sketches from New York life are comparatively unconvincing. He has a great contempt for America, which he satirises in some of his sketches, particularly the political aspect, and intends some day to return to Russia, where he had a considerable career as a short-story writer in

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LEVIN.

the Russian language. He is forty-nine years old, and, compared with the other men, is in comfortable circumstances, as he now makes a good income from his plays, which grow in popularity in the quarter. Before coming to America he taught school and wrote for several newspapers in Russia, where he was known as "Ivan der Beissende," on account of the sharp character of his feuilletons. He came to this country in 1891, and shortly after, his first play, *Siberia,* was produced and made a great hit among the "intellectuals" and Socialists of the quarter. He began immediately to write for the Socialist newspapers, and also established a short-lived weekly periodical in the Russian language, which he wrote almost entirely himself.

"A Nipped Romance" is a story of two children who are collecting coals on a railway track. The boy of thirteen and the girl of eleven talk about their respective families, laying bare the sordidness, misery and vice in which their young lives are encompassed. They know more than children ought to know, and insensibly develop a sentimental interest in each other, when a train comes along and kills them. "Without a Pass," sometimes recited in the theatre by an actor named Moshkovitch, pictures a girl working in the sweat-shop with gruesome detail. The brutal doorkeeper refuses to let her go out for relief without a pass, and she dies of weakness, hunger and cold. "A Tear," one of the best, is the tale of an old Jewish woman who has come to New York to visit her son. He is married to a Gentile, and the old lady is so much abused by her daughter-in-law that she goes back to Russia. The sketch represents her alone at the pier, about to embark. She sees the friends of the other passengers crowding the landing, but no one is there to say good-by to her; and as the ship moves away a tear rolls down her cheek to the deck. "Who Laughs?" satirises the Americans who laugh at Russian Jews because of their beards, dress and accent.

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Another sketch denounces the "new woman"—she who apes American manners, lays aside her Jewish wig, becomes flippant and interested in "movements." Still another is a highly coloured contrast between woman's love and that of less devoted man. A story illustrating how the author's desire to make an effect sometimes results in the ludicrous is of a calf which is about to be slaughtered. Mankind is here satirised because of its cruel relish for veal. A very pathetic conversation between the calf and its mother is recorded.

In connection with Gordin, two other writers of talent who work on the Yiddish newspapers may be briefly mentioned, although one of them has written as yet nothing and the other comparatively little that is based on the life of New York. They are, as is Gordin in his best sketches, Russian not only in form, but also in material. David Pinsky, who does general translating and critical work on the *Abendblatt,* has been in New York only a few months, and has written nothing about the local quarter. He has not even as yet approached near enough to the New York life to realise that there are any special conditions to portray. He is the author, however, of good sketches, and is somewhat different in the character of his inspiration from the other men. They are close adherents of the tradition of Russian realism, while he is under the influence of the more recent European faith that disclaims all "schools" in literature. His stories, although they remain faithful to the sad life portrayed, yet show greater sentimentality and some desire to bring forward the attractive side.

The other of these two writers, B. Gorin, knew his Russian-Jewish life so intimately before he came to New York, seven years ago, that he has continued to draw from that source the material of his best stories; although he has written a good deal about Yiddish New York. His sketches have the ordinary Russian merit of fidelity in detail and unpretentiousness of style. Compared with the other writers in New York, he is more elaborate in his workmanship. More mature than Libin, he is free from Gordin's artistic insincerity. He has been the editor of several Yiddish papers in the quarter, and has contributed to nearly all of them. Of these stories of Gorin's which touch the Russian-Jewish conditions in New York, "Yom Kippur" is one of the most notable. It is the tale of a pious Jewish woman who joins her husband in America after he has been there several years. The details of the way she left the old country, how she had to pass herself off on the steamer as the wife of another man, her difficulties with the inspecting officers, etc., give the impression of a life strange to the Gentile world. On arriving in America, she finds her husband and his friends fallen away from the old faith. He had shaved off his beard, had grown to be slack about the "koshur" preparation of food and the observance of the religious holidays, no longer was careful about the morning ablutions, worked on the Sabbath and compelled her to take off the wig which every orthodox Jewish woman must wear. She soon fell under the new influence and felt herself drifting generally into the ungodly ways of the New World. On the day of the great "White Feast" she found herself eating when she should have fasted. On Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, the sense of her sins overpowered her quite.

"Yom Kippur! Now the children of Israel are all massed together in every corner of the globe. They are congregated in synagogues and prayer-houses, their eyes swollen with crying, their voices hoarse from wailing and supplicating, their broken hearts full of repentance. They all stand now in their funeral togas, like a throng of newly arisen dead."

She grows delirious and imagines that her father and mother come to her successively and reproach her for her degeneracy. In a series of frightful dreams, all bearing on her repentance, the atmosphere of the story is rendered so intense that her death, which follows, seems entirely natural. The theme of one of Gorin's longer stories on Jewish-American life is of a young Jew who had married in the old country and had come to New York alone to make his fortune. If he had remained in Russia, he would have lived happily with his wife, but in America he acquired new ideas of life and new ideals of women; and, therefore, felt alienated from her when she joined him in the New World. Many children came

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to them, his wages as a tailor diminished and his wife grew constantly less congenial. He remained with her, however, from a sense of duty for eleven years, when, after insuring his life, he committed suicide.

After Libin and Levin, the most interesting of the men who write in Yiddish about the life of the New York quarter is Leon Kobrin. He occupies a middle position between the two younger men, on the one hand, and Gordin on the other. He carries his Russian traditions more intimately with him than do Libin and Levin, but more nearly approaches to a saturated exposition in fiction form of the life of Yiddish New York than does Gordin. Unlike the latter, he has the pretence rather than the reality of learning, and the reality rather than the pretence of realistic art. Yet he never quite attains to the untutored fidelity of Libin. Many of his sketches are satirical, some are rather burlesqued descriptions of Ghetto types and some suggest the sad "problem" element which runs through Russian literature. He was born in Russia in 1872 of poor parents, orthodox Jews, who sent him to the Hebrew school, of which the boy was never very fond, but preferred to read Russian at night surreptitiously. He found some good friends, who, as he put it, "helped me to the light through Ghetto darkness." Incidentally, it may be pointed out that the intellectual element of the Ghetto—the realists and Socialists—think that progress is possible only in the line of Russian culture, and that to remain steadfast to Jewish traditions is to remain immersed in darkness. So Kobrin struggled from a very early age to master the Russian language, and even wrote sketches in that tongue. He, like Gordin, refers to the fact of his being a writer in Yiddish apologetically as something forced upon him by circumstances. Unlike Gordin, however, he believes in the literary capacity of the language, with which he was first impressed when he came to America in 1892 and found stories by Chekhov translated by Abraham Cahan and others into Yiddish and published in the *Arbeiter Zeitung*. It was a long time, however, before Kobrin definitely identified himself with the literary calling. He first went through a course somewhat similar to that of the boy mathematician in the sketch by Libin, described above. He tried the sweat-shop, but he was a bungler with the machines; then he turned his hand with equal awkwardness to the occupation of making cigars; failed as distinctly as a baker, and, finally, in 1894, was forced into literature, and began writing for the *Arbeiter Zeitung*.

One of Kobrin's sketches deals with a vulgar tailor of the East Side, who is painted in the ugliest of colours and is as disagreeable an individual as the hottest anti-Semite could imagine. The man, who is the "boss" of a sweat-shop, meets the author in a suburban train, scrapes his acquaintance, fawns upon him, offers him a cigar and tells about how well he is doing in New York. In Russia, where he had made clothes for rich people, no young girl would have spoken to him because of his low social position; but in the new country young women of good family abroad seek employment in his shop, and are often dependent on him not only for a living, but in more indescribable ways. Mr. Kobrin and his wife refer to this sketch as the "pig story." A subtler tale is the picture of a domestic scene. Jake has returned from his work and sits reading a Yiddish newspaper. His wife, a passionate brunette, is working about the room, and every now and then glances at the apathetic Jake with a sigh. She remembers how it was a year ago, when Jake hung over her, devoted, attentive; and now he goes out almost every evening to the "circle" and returns late. She tries to engage him in conversation, but he answers in monosyllables and finally says he is going out, whereupon she weeps and makes a scene. "He is not the same Jake," she cries bitterly. After some words intended to comfort her, but really rubbing in the wound, her husband goes to the "circle," and the wife burns the old love-letters one by one; they are from another man, she feels, and are a torture to her now. As she burns the letters the tears fall and sizzle on the hot stove. It is a simple scene, but moving: what Mr. Kobrin calls "a small slice out of life." An amusing couple of sketches, in which satire approaches burlesque, represent the infelicities of an old woman from Russia who had recently arrived in New York. One day, shocked at her children's neglect of a religious holiday

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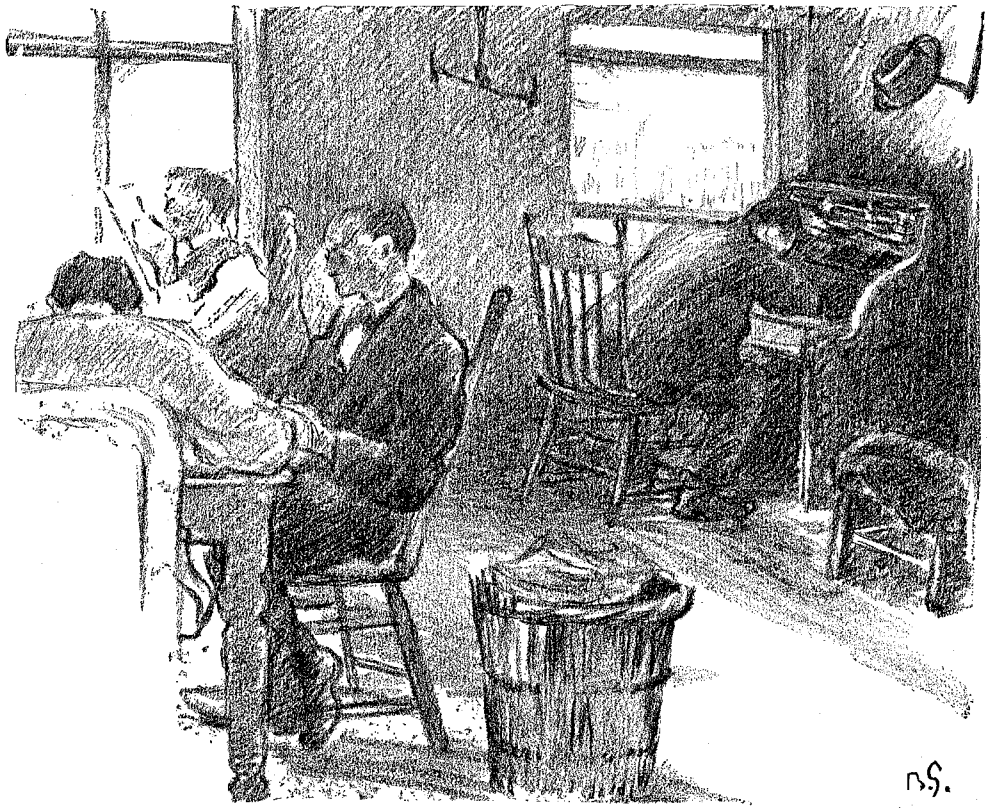
and at their general unholiness, she goes to visit an old neighbour, at whose house she is sure to have everything "koshur" and right. She has been accustomed to find the way to her friend by means of a wooden Indian, called by her a "Turk," which stood before a tobacco shop. The Indian has been removed, however, and she, consequently, loses her way. Seeing a Jew with big whiskers, who must, therefore, she thinks, be orthodox, she asks him where the "Turk" is, and repeats the question in vain to many others, among them to a policeman, whom she addresses in Polish, for she thinks that all Gentiles speak that language, just as all Jews speak Yiddish. On another occasion the old lady goes to the theatre, where her experiences are a Yiddish counterpart to those of Partridge at the play.

Some of the best sketches from the life form portions of the plays which are produced at the Yiddish theatres on the Bowery. In the dramas of Gordin there are many scenes which far more faithfully than his newspaper sketches mirror the sordid life and unhappy problems of the poor Russian Jew in America; and the ability of the actors to enforce the theme and language by realistic dress, manner and intonation makes these scenes frequently a genuine revelation to the Gentile of a new world of social conditions. Kobrin and Libin, too, have written plays, very few and undramatic as compared with those of Gordin, but abounding in the "sketch" element, in scenes which give the setting and the *milieu* of a large and important section of humanity. Some of the plays of Gordin have been considered in a previous article, and those of Kobrin and Libin merely add more material to the same quality which runs through their newspaper sketches. Libin is the author of two plays, *The Belated Wedding* and *A Vain Sacrifice,* for which he was paid $50



GHETTO LITTERATEURS IN THE VORWÄRTS OFFICE.

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apiece. They are each a series of pictures from the miserable Jewish life in the New York Ghetto. The latter play is the story of a girl who marries a man she hates in order to get money for her consumptive father. The theme of *The Belated Wedding* is too sordid to relate. Both plays are unrelieved gloom and lack any compensating dramatic quality. In Kobrin's plays—*The East Side Ghetto, East Broadway* and the *Broken Chains*—the problem element is more decided and the dramatic structure is more pronounced than in those of Libin. In *East Broadway* a young man and girl have been devoted to each other and to the cause of nihilism in Russia, but in New York the husband catches the spirit of the American "business man" and demands from his father-in-law the money promised as a *dot*. The eloquence of the new point of view is opposed to that of the old in a manner not entirely undramatic.

The fact that there are a number of writers for the Yiddish newspapers of New York who are animated with a desire to give genuine glimpses of the real life of the people is particularly interesting, perhaps, because of the light which it throws on the character of their Jewish readers and the breadth of culture which it implies. Certainly, there are many Russian Jews on the East Side who like to read anything which seems to them to be "natural," a word which is often on their lips. It would be misleading, however, to reach conclusions very optimistic in regard to the Ghetto Jews as a whole; for the demand which makes these sketches possible is practically limited to the Socialists, and grows less as that political and intellectual movement falls off, under American influences, in vitality. To-day there are fewer good sketches published in the Yiddish newspapers than formerly, when the *Arbeiter Zeitung* was a power for social and literary improvement. Quarrels among the Socialists, resulting in many weakening splits, and the growth of a more constant commercial attitude on the part of the newspapers than formerly are partly responsible for the change. The few men of talent who, under the stimulus of an editorial demand for sincere art, wrote in the early days with a full heart and entire conviction have now partly lost interest. Levin has given up writing altogether for the more remunerative work of a typesetter, Gorin has become largely a translator and literary hack on the regular newspaper staff, and Gordin and Kobrin have turned their attention to the writing of plays, for which there is a vital, if crude, demand. Libin alone, the most interesting and in a genuine way the most talented of them all, remains the poorest in worldly goods and the most devoted to his art.

Hutchins Hapgood.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY

No man now living can recall a manifestation of national sorrow so spontaneous, so unaffected and so profoundly impressive as that of the American people in the days that followed President McKinley's death. When Mr. Lincoln fell by the hand of John Wilkes Booth there was displayed a grief that was most passionate, yet it was not then, and could not be, the grief of a united nation. The frenzy of civil strife was still upon us as a people. The blood-red mist still clouded many eyes. Not yet had it become clear to all that the gaunt, ungainly son of the prairies was in truth the incarnation of all that is best in our national ideals, uniting strength with gentleness, justice with mercy, devotion to a cause with unfailing love of country. The veil had not been drawn aside by time; and while right-minded men both North and South deplored the deed, not all were ready yet to mourn the man.

When Mr. Garfield died, he died lamented by his countrymen of every political faith, yet the sorrow shown was sympathetic rather than profound and personal. His presidency had been one of only three short months; and before the time of his accession to it, his reputation was not national in the true meaning of the word. On the eighth day of June, in 1880, the Republican Convention at Chicago was sharply divided between the ad-

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herents of General Grant and those of Mr. Blaine. Expectant crowds were gathered all over the country waiting with an almost uncontrollable anxiety to know which of these two famous men would be selected as their party's leader. Then suddenly the wires flashed the news to every hamlet in the land that neither Grant nor Blaine had won the honour, but that the Republican candidate was General Garfield of Ohio. General Garfield had served his country as a soldier in the Civil War; he had represented his State in Congress with unusual ability; he was an authority on questions of finance, a serious student of affairs, a persuasive and eloquent debater; and only five months before he had become a Senator of the United States. All this was true; yet, nevertheless, the first news of his nomination to the presidency was greeted by the crowds who heard it with the question, half wonder, half chagrin, "Who is Garfield?" And so, when after his three months of power, he was shot down by the insane Guiteau, and when his long, pathetic, hopeless struggle against Death had ended, Americans felt the pathos of it and they mourned, yet not as they would mourn for one who had for years been always in their thoughts.

To President McKinley there was accorded a spontaneous tribute of universal grief such as no one in our history since Washington had ever yet received. Americans sorrowed both for the ruler and for the man; and their sorrow was the more poignant because of the false hope which had been given them by the premature and quite unjustifiable optimism of the President's physicians. In it all there was nothing official, nothing studied nor insincere. Its most impressive feature was found in its quiet intensity, the intensity of a feeling too sacred and too profound for utterance in mere words. At the hour when the simple ceremonial at Canton was proceeding, a great hush came over every city and hamlet in the land. The streets were deserted. The activities of seventy millions of people ceased. Men and women of every type and class felt the shadow touch for a moment their own lives, and they let their sorrow find supreme expression in the solemnity of a reverent silence. It was very human and it was very wonderful.

In the presence of Death, discussion, criticism and conjecture cease. But President McKinley's character, his public acts and policies and the record of his achievement are now a part of history. What place will history assign him? What rank will probably be his when time shall have done its work and when another generation looks back upon the events which we have seen with our own eyes? The eulogies which we have listened to will then have been forgotten. The petty pleas of partisanship will count for nothing. The little things, the things that do not really count, will have dissolved like snow upon the hills, and there will remain only the memory of those events that had a vital meaning, and that in some way or other gave direction to the stream of influence which flows unbroken and unchecked throughout the lives of men and nations. Even now, so soon do human actions recede into the past, it may not be impossible for one who has the earnest wish to see life as it really is—even now it may not be impossible to hazard a conjecture as to what will be considered a truthful estimate of President McKinley when another century shall have begun.

As a man Mr. McKinley belonged in a way to the older school of American statesmen—a type which he recalled by his personal appearance—his smooth-shaven face, his customary garb of black, and the suavity of his address. He would have been at home in the society of Clay and Cass and Benton; and he will undoubtedly stand as the last President of that particular type. He possessed also the personal dignity of the older days, with the advantage of a change in public sentiment which allowed him to maintain that dignity without offence to the people. The time has gone by when Americans took delight in an assumption of roughness and rudeness in their Chief Magistrate. The orgy which disgraced Jackson's first inauguration would be impossible now, and we no longer expect our Presidents to appear, so to speak, in their shirt-sleeves. In some way or other Mr. McKinley always managed to keep his purely personal affairs and his domestic life from being vulgarised by the peculiar sort of publicity which the newspapers gave to most of his predecessors. He maintained, indeed, outside of his public

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appearances the quiet dignity and reserve that befit a private gentleman, and that are still more to be desired in the ruler of a mighty nation. It is rather odd, indeed, that Mr. McKinley should have been so thoroughly successful in this particular thing; for his early environment was one of the most democratic simplicity; while, until very recently, his political associates were by no means sticklers for the niceties of form. Probably Mr. McKinley was fortunate in his advisers, and at the same time quick to take a hint; but at any rate the fact remains that no President since the pre-Jacksonian days has made things "go off" so well as did President McKinley. And now that Americans have begun to learn some needed lessons from older countries, they heartily commended the refined simplicity that pervaded the White House from 1896 to 1901. This satisfaction was heightened by the knowledge that the President's private life and character were not only spotless but exceptionally beautiful.

Intellectually, Mr. McKinley is probably to be compared with Millard Fillmore, to whom, I think, he bears some likeness. Not in any sense endowed with originality, he possessed good judgment, shrewdness, tact, and a willingness to listen to advice from any quarter. He was not a reader of books, and the only quotation that I can recall as made by him in public was from some obscure newspaper poet of the West—a woman. He knew men, however, and he was a close student of political events. As a speaker, he had a pleasant manner and at times could be sententious; but he never made a speech that was at all remarkable for its eloquence. Mr. McKinley, indeed, in oratory, as in his other gifts and attributes, represented the Horatian *aurea mediocritas*. He was neither bloodless and cold, like Calhoun; nor, on the other hand, did he possess the compelling magnetism which made Clay and Blaine so wonderful as political leaders. Yet, if he could not rouse great masses of men to a frenzy of enthusiasm, he could always win a hearing. If men would not die for him, as they would for Clay, they would at any rate vote for him, which, after all, was much more to the point. He lacked magnetism, but he possessed a rare benevolence, a genuine kindliness, which made it utterly impossible for even a political enemy to be anything but a personal friend. And kindliness such as this must have been absolutely sincere, or the falseness of it would have been sometimes felt; whereas the popular belief in Mr. McKinley's good intentions grew firmer with every year. In the early days of his incumbency there were many who thought that they detected in his phraseology something which savoured of cant; but they forgot that he was a member of a religious body which makes a freer use of certain semi-religious expressions than is common among the rest of us; and that Mr. McKinley's way of expressing himself was the way in which he had been taught to speak, and was, indeed, a mere *façon de parler*. That he was no bigot, that he exercised a self-respecting independence of thought and action in such matters is seen in the fact that, in spite of a most bitter outcry from the most extreme of his co-religionists, he stood out firmly for the retention of the army canteen, he set wine upon his table at diplomatic dinners, and he was rather immoderately fond of very black and very strong cigars. All these things serve to characterise the man—sincere, kind-hearted, firm and sensible, not brilliant, to be sure, but eminently safe—the sort of man who does in general go farther than any but the very greatest genius.

As a statesman, any discussion of Mr. McKinley must centre around the assertion so often made to the effect that he always "had his ear close to the ground." This was for a long while flung at him by his political opponents as a taunt; but in time it was taken up by his supporters and set forth as embodying the highest possible compliment to his sagacity. Yes, they said, Mr. McKinley always has his ear close to the ground so that he may catch the earliest echoes of popular opinion. This shows his statesmanship; for in this free Republic of ours, the President is the servant of the people, elected to do their bidding; and it is by holding his ear close to the ground that he learns just what it is that they desire. The best example of this sort of statesmanship is found in Lincoln, who, like McKinley, also held his ear close to the ground, and this is why Lincoln always had the people with him rather than against him.

There is much truth in this; yet the comparison with Lincoln challenges in-

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quiry and justifies dissent. It is undoubtedly true that a President is elected for the purpose of translating into action the political aspirations of the nation over which he rules. But a distinction must be made between the well-considered policy that has been discussed perhaps for years and the hasty impulse of the moment. When a sudden wave of excitement surges over the country and sweeps away all sober judgment, is the Chief Executive to ask himself only whether this is what the people want, or is he to consider whether it is what they will approve when the passions of the moment have died out? Is he to be a reed shaken by the wind, or a rock standing four-square to all the winds that blow, defying obloquy and misrepresentaton, when his own brain and conscience tell him that the thing should not be done? Had Washington in 1793 simply held his ear close to the ground he would have found the nation eager for a second war with England. He would have meekly submitted to the insolence of Genet, and our poor little American Republic would have perished in the train of France, then drunken and delirious with the madness of revolution. In 1861, when Captain Wilkes forcibly took the Confederate envoys, Mason and Slidell, from the British steamer *Trent*, had Lincoln merely held his ear close to the ground he would have heard the people of the North demanding loudly that we should keep the envoys and face a war with England. It was hard for Washington to ignore the clamour of the Jacobins, but he did so, at the cost of vile aspersions on his character, which made him say in the bitterness of his soul, "I would rather be in my grave than in the Presidency." It was hard for Lincoln to ignore the momentary passion of the North and to comply with the peremptory and arrogant demand of Lord Palmerston; but he did so, and was charged with having humiliated and dishonoured his country. Both Washington and Lincoln knew, however, that the great mandate which had been given them was, in the one case, to build up, and in the other, to preserve the State; and they both stood firm against the people's will in order that the people might be saved from its own madness. A true statesman holds his ear close to the ground; but he does not do so for the purpose of catching every murmur that is audible, but rather to detect that deeper note which tells him that the time is ripe for the consummation of far-reaching plans long cherished and long since decided on. Let us admit that the President is the people's servant, but let us not admit that (to use the vulgar phrase of Mr. Bryan) he is the people's "hired man." He is, no doubt, an officer. He is not a lackey.

The point to which we have been coming is that Mr. McKinley did not always clearly see this serious distinction. The most impressive illustration of the fact is found in what he did about the Philippines. On the day after the battle of Manila the whole American people lost its head. In twenty-four hours our natural fondness for something big, and our exultation over a brilliant naval victory, transformed us for the time into raving maniacs. We were going to be a great world empire, we wanted territories, islands, colonies, anything. If the whole of Asia had been offered us, we would have taken it. Away with all the old traditions! Bother the Constitution! Let us expand! Now, Mr. McKinley was by nature the last man in the world to break with all our past and to pitch us headlong into complications the end of which no human being can foretell. Yet he did it. Why? Because he held his ear close to the ground and let the vociferation of a bellowing mob become to him the voice of the people, which is the voice of God. To-day, who wants the Philippines? Puerto Rico is reasonably ours by geographical proximity. Hawaii was always ours in a sense, and it is a very small affair. But the Philippines! Americans are sick of the very name; and yet they are ours forever, because Mr. McKinley held his ear close to the ground.

This belief of his in the equal sanctity of every popular impulse explains the apparent inconsistencies of his political career. These inconsistencies lay in his action, but not in his fundamental theory. He wished to serve the people, and if the people chose to veer from one view to another, then the people and not he were answerable for it all. This was a consistent theory; but the fact that he held it takes him out of the category of true statesmanship. For a statesman of the first rank makes up his mind upon cer-

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tain questions once for all, and having done so, he remains true to his convictions. He may tack and seem at times to take another course, but you will always find him in the end still sweeping toward the goal. Thus, President Garfield was by study and conviction a Free Trader, though in 1880 he was for the time the leader of the party of Protection. Yet he had not changed. He never once retracted his ringing assertion, made years before in the House of Representatives, "I am for the kind of Protection which in the end leads to Free Trade." He believed in the ultimate triumph of Free Trade, and he looked upon Protection as at the most a mere expedient. But with Mr. McKinley the case was different. He was a High Protectionist for many years because his constituents and his party favoured High Protection. In 1901 he advocated a limited Free Trade because the people had begun to veer around that way. Take this famous passage from his Buffalo speech:

"We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. . . . A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthy growth of our export trade."

Most wise; most statesmanlike. But how would these sentences have sounded to the McKinley of 1890 or even of 1896. the McKinley of the Chinese Wall and of the McKinley Bill? Would he not have said that they were economic heresies of the rankest sort?

Take, again, the silver question, regarding which the present writer may be pardoned for relating a personal experience. In 1890 I was editing an encyclopædia and had caused a biographical sketch of Mr. McKinley to be prepared for it. The sketch when finished was sent to him for any correction or revision that he might desire to make. Now, a short time before he had been making many speeches in favour of "doing something for silver." As a member of the House of Representatives he had voted for the so-called Sherman Silver Act which, three years later, nearly wrecked the business of the country and the repeal of which President Cleveland had to wring from Congress by *force majeure*. In the biography, therefore, these matters of public record were noted in the briefest possible way; but when Mr. McKinley returned the proof, it appeared that he had struck out all mention of the silver question. Why? Evidently because he felt that he might soon have occasion to alter his attitude very radically.

It must be confessed that Mr. McKinley clung to his advocacy of silver for a remarkably long time. From 1890 to 1896 he probably did a great deal that indirectly helped to strengthen Mr. Bryan's cause. The main difference between the two men at this time was that Mr. Bryan came out boldly as an advocate of free silver, while Mr. McKinley used the more discreet yet substantially identical phrase "bimetallism," just as in his Buffalo speech he veiled his partial conversion to a species of Free Trade by giving it the tactful name of "reciprocity." It is perfectly well known that even after Mr. McKinley had been nominated in 1896 he shrunk from declaring that "honest money" was understood by him to mean gold monometallism. He hoped to fight the campaign of that year upon the single question of the tariff; and it was only when the issue had been absolutely forced upon him that at last he gave up his "bimetallism," and took the stand which President Cleveland had taken long before.

These facts by no means indicate that Mr. McKinley was weak or inconsistent. They mean simply that his fundamental position was one of compliance with whatever seemed to him to be the popular will. He changed his views whenever he became convinced that the opinion of the majority had changed; for he regarded this to be the duty of a statesman. It was not a very lofty view, but it was at least an intelligible one; and it explains his whole political career. It is strange that he was so often and so absurdly misunderstood. The failure to understand him was responsible for a singular incongruity in many of the estimates formed by otherwise intelligent men regarding his character. The New York *Evening Post*, for instance, used to speak of him at one time as "gelatinous," and at another as unfeeling and implacable. I remember having seen in a single issue of that paper one column devoted to ridicule of Mr. McKinley for being a mere puppet in the hands of his advisers, and another

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column devoted to denunciation of him for being a sort of political ogre, relentlessly crushing out the liberties of an innocent people in seas of blood. Now it is sufficiently obvious that he could not very well have been at once a puppet and a stern dictator; and it is clear enough that he was really neither. He was not a weak man; nor, on the other hand, was he a man of iron. He could be firm enough in matters when his mind had been made up. Witness his manly independence in retaining Commissioner Evans in the Pension Office despite the venal clamouring of innumerable "old soldiers." But in the main, and in matters of high policy, he conscientiously believed that he must shape his action in accordance with his party's needs and wishes; and this, in fact, he did. For the rest, his statesmanship was often far from brilliant. A more sagacious President, for instance, would not have allowed himself to say that it was our "plain duty" to give to Puerto Rico unrestricted privileges of trade with the United States; or else, having said so, he would have made his Congress say so too. A stronger party leader would not have negotiated the Hay-Pauncefote treaty only to see it almost contemptuously rejected by a Senate of which his own party had entire control.

Such, then, was William McKinley as a man and as a statesman. His place in history will be greater than that of greater men, because it was his fortune to hold office at a time when the events occurred which made his presidency epoch-making. For the war with Spain Mr. McKinley deserves neither praise nor blame. The conflict had been inevitable ever since the Cubans rose in 1868 against the tyranny of Spain, and since Spanish soldiers shot down the crew of the *Virginius* at Santiago. From that moment Spain and the United States were like two locomotives heading toward each other upon a single track. Their meeting could not be avoided. The moment of the crash was one to be determined by pure chance. But because that moment came when President McKinley was in power, and because the consequences of it have been so far-reaching as to transform the whole genius of our government, the years of his administration must always be a subject of the deepest interest to the student of American history.

He died at an hour that was friendly to his fame. A foreign war had ended in the triumph of our arms. The American Republic had at last assumed its place among the greatest nations of the earth. Political bitterness had spent itself in the electoral contest of the preceding year, and there had succeeded the lull which brings with it good will and tolerance. Extraordinary material prosperity had enriched the nation, so that men will at some future day look back upon these years as to a sort of golden age. And finally, the tragic ending of a useful, honourable life stirs all the chords of human sympathy, and seems to throw upon that life itself the pathos and the splendour of a consecration.

Harry Thurston Peck.

CRITICS AND READERS

Even in a matter so seemingly external as style—for is not style the dress of thought?—how easy it is to note the influence of the mighty men of the past upon the workers of our own time. Take so great a master as Robert Louis Stevenson, for instance, given to *preciosity,* as all will admit, no less than Walter Pater himself: is it not manifest that the study of Emerson, Sir Thomas Browne and Montaigne gave him the exquisite form of his essays—the taste for searching and recondite thought, for quaint and contemplative humour, for apt and telling illustration?

The oracular profundity of the Concord sage, utterly devoid of humour, and proceeding by great leaps from thought to thought with apparent inconsecutiveness, the Scottish writer caught the method of, but missed its madness, drilling it into ease and grace, lighting it with the torches of the Bacchantes, and thrilling it with their flying feet and open bosoms.

The long, involved sentences of the *Hydriotaphia* and the *Religio Medici,* instinct with a sombre and grandiose music, but ill adapted to the hurry of the modern mind, he chastened into more

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rapid arrangements, without losing the grace of the measured step or the rare humour of an amused pessimism in the very charm with which the quaint imagination of Sir Thomas invests the funeral pomp as he marches to the grave of mighty civilisations.

The careless looseness of the glorious old *causeur* of Bordeaux he caught up into ordered symmetry, marching his squadrons of luminous expression in stately array, yet forgetting neither the shrewd common sense of the baggage-train nor the enlivening canteen of the *vivandière*.

It is too crude a settlement of the matter to say, as some do, that the critic is looking for faults, the reader for beauties. This is true in a measure. But the nobler order of critics are even more eager to find beauties than blemishes. Perhaps, it would be just to say that, while the reader's sole motive is enjoyment, the critic's pleasure is blended with the imperative desire to judge the work by his theory of art. Were he a master critic, his motive would be stated in other terms: it would be the desire to recognise art, if the work had it, and the determination to account for that art and penetrate to the sources of it, whether it accorded with his preconceived theory or not.

But there are few master critics; and my disquisition takes into account only the critic a little above the average and the reader of like capacity.

The true artist in words is, of course, glad to have readers. But it must rejoice his heart infinitely more to find here and there among his critics a few at least who appreciate his art and know how to point the lawless flock of readers to the causes of the pleasure they receive, giving at the same time to that pleasure the stamp of a just and valid approval. How gratified Stevenson would have been, had the exquisite character-painting, the delicate comedy, verging sometimes on pain, as in the ripest work of Molière, and the idyllic charm of its closing scenes, been recognised by the contemporary critics of *Prince Otto!* But to this day far inferior work, such as *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* takes precedence of this masterpiece.

If, then, the critic were infallible—but even that exceptionally wise one just signalised as a possible phenomenon is not always so—he must be reckoned on the stronger side as compared with the army of readers; indeed, the author must then regard him as in himself an army with banners. But the reader is subject to moods, and the book which to-day is as honey in his mouth will, mayhap, to-morrow be like ashes upon the tongue. Does not the same perverse chance wait upon the critic? He is no god, that his judgment should hold while the thing palls upon his taste. It is conceivable that there may be times when *As You Like It* seems to him tedious and *Comus* unmusical; times when he ought to be asleep, or when his heart has been wrenched. Why should you press upon his notice at such a time *Richard Carvel* or *Cyrano de Bergerac* or *The Battle of the Strong?* If you knew his mood, you were surely mad to ask him to ascend and sit in the prætor's chair. He is no fit judge whose ear is shut, or is attuned to bitter melodies. It may be that, whether consciously or unconsciously he takes account of no word of what is written.

This brings me to the most perplexing consideration of all: how few are there among the readers of the books who also read the critics! And then, again, how few are the readers of the critics who read the books! Some are content to absorb the judgments that have been pronounced and to pass them on to others, caring nothing for a personal acquaintance with the party arraigned or the *corpus delicti.* How many times have I not recognised by the terms in which they mentioned them, that certain persons have taken the erroneous accounts that text-books give of the *Arcadia* and of the *Persiles and Sigismunda,* and have been unjust to Sidney and Cervantes! Some take their pleasure out of the books, and care not a bawbee for anybody's opinion about them.

Nothing was more likely to convince them of the futility of most latter-day criticism than the vogue of a brilliant pessimist like Thomas Hardy with critics as well as with readers, while the most enthusiastic of his admirers were silent about *The Maid of Sker.* In the case of *Lorna Doone* the public did not wait for the critics—at least, the public in this country. All the world understands a love story; we can all appreciate historic

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portraiture; and we have all long since learned to enjoy effective descriptions of nature. But, unless humour be very broad, the common mass of mankind have no relish for it; indeed, they do not perceive it at all. I have long been satisfied that it was the sensational element in *Trilby,* not its humour nor its wit, that made its immense popularity. Now, if the critics had not fallen of late, one and all—no, let me except Maurice Thompson—under the delusion that selection from the commonplace or else from the painful, the horrible and the loathsome is alone art, they would have welcomed the perennial stream of humour in *The Maid of Sker* with joy, and would have extolled Blackmore to the skies with the same enthusiasm with which they greeted the advent of *Lorna Doone.*

Charles Woodward Hutson.

DRAMA OF THE MONTH

England has already sent us two plays which ran enormously on the other side. *A Message from Mars* has a novel story, odd and lively scenes, and clever lines, and it introduces in Mr. Charles Hawtrey one of the most finished English comedians, a man whose subdued methods, whose insinuating humour, frank and at the same time quiet, and whose perfection in every detail which he attempts must excite the lover of artistic acting. He does everything in such a flowing and unemphatic manner that it is easy to overlook how sufficient and how harmonious it all is. The other English success is *The Second in Command.* Captain Marshall, who has for a long time worked privately at play-writing, has sprung upon the world all at once as a most surprising expert in the production of what the world wishes. The best of his so far (*The Shades of Night*) is the least popular. *The Second in Command* shows his ability to tell a story and touch the sympathetic emotions, but it leaves one nothing to take home. Sentiment holds almost the entire field in the opening weeks of the season. A man who can tell a story so that the attention never flags and at the same time give large doses of the pathetic and the sympathetic, ending in bliss, supplies a steady and voluminous demand; but one who does not care for his heart interest in a military setting has only to cross the street and he may wallow comfortably in Scotch sensibility, slightly mitigated by Scotch humour. Those who enjoyed Ian Maclaren's stories will be pleased with the drama made out of them by James MacArthur and Augustus Thomas, and those who found the book too generously sweetened must expect fully as much sugar in the play. But now let us suppose that neither the weepier side of the Scottish nature is what our friend seeks, nor yet the self-sacrificing hero of *The Second in Command.* Before these lines are in print it will be too late for him to stroll a few blocks south and inspect *The Forest Lovers,* where he might have found, again, what ought to please those who like the book. Mr. Hewlett is not Sir Walter Scott, obviously enough, but the novel is written with literary skill, although, perhaps, without great sincerity. The play is as nearly just to the novel as could reasonably be expected. Life seems to me too valuable and too short for much novel reading, but when dramatisations are imminent I try to read the original story. *The Forest Lovers* interested me enough to make me wonder how much was due to the rarity of such dissipation, so, in order to have a standard, I re-read *Ivanhoe.* It is not fair to measure all things by the greatest of their kind, but it is steadying sometimes, in the midst of our prolific printing, to realise that the deliberate judgment of the educated world, extending over several lives, is a hard court from which to make a successful appeal. The old books are the best books, because it takes time to select the one or the several men in a generation who have the right to immortality. Yes, everybody knows that the old books are the best, but how few New Yorkers act upon their knowledge! How many hours do they waste on long volumes manufac-

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tured to meet the whims of the hour. How many men and women have read half a dozen novels on American history in the last three years, and gained nothing, and killed some of the short time that is allotted to them!

The opening of the Manhattan Theatre, made over with much taste, is an important event, especially in view of the conditions illustrated in this article; but the play chosen, *Miranda of the Balcony,* is a specimen of the romantic school, interesting or pleasing part of the time, but meaningless, and noticeable mainly for the admirable stage management and the consequently excellent acting of the company. Mrs. Fiske is not at her best in slight parts. She finds in this rôle one or two opportunities for her gifts, but much of the time relies on a certain staccato vivacity, which becomes noticeable enough to be an encumbering mannerism in plays which do not put her upon her mettle. There have been still other romantic plays in abundance—the line promises to stretch out to the crack of doom. Two Don Cæsars have swashed away with various faults and merits, and another is threatened—a just tribute to the exciting and stimulating old plot; for a good plot is not picked up every year, and it is wise to use the old ones, and profitable to give them new titles and affix to them the names of struggling young dramatists. Two of the new romantic dramas have entered the region of poetry. *Lovelace* is the work of a young man, and it contained real beauty, mixed with errors of construction which limited the success of the play more even than did its pathetic ending. In *Lovelace* Mr. Laurence Irving proved again what was shown by *Peter the Great* and *Godefrey and Yolande,* that he is no mediocrity, like many more popular writers, but a man of strength, culture and imagination, who by proper effort might conceivably at any time produce a series of masterpieces. Mr. Sothern and Miss Loftus, both of whom, through a mistake of stage management in seeking power through noise, were vociferously unpleasant in places, showed throughout that they are two among the few actors in this country who know how to express the fine emotions, delicate shades of meaning and spiritual elevation needed wherever drama is married to poetry. In the play which followed, *If I Were King,* they showed the same good qualities without the faults, Mr. Sothern acting with the gentleness and buoyancy which characterise his best manner, and Miss Loftus with a steady command over the technical methods which now support her natural poetic gifts. The piece is a four-act romance by Justin Huntley McCarthy, and it too is concerned with a poet, François Villon, whose mixed character, poetic, bold, efficient and criminal, is made the centre of a play which has an interesting plot and strongly dramatic scenes, but which differs still more from most romantic drama of the day in containing real characters and in being written in language to which it is a pleasure to listen. An actress new to America, although American, Miss Suzanne Sheldon, did a charming piece of work in the most original and effective character in the play, and George Wilson's Louis XI. was a droll and simple creation, well done, and making an interesting contrast to the much greater study of the king which Sir Henry Irving is about to give at the Lyceum. It is comforting to have a successful romantic drama tend toward poetry instead of toward melodrama, as so many of them do, and the choice of poets as subjects (Tom Moore has been represented also lately, not to recall Cyrano, who started the fashion) is a sign that the public is not without its literary interests. *If I Were King* has the stage qualities which make popularity and the literary graces which please the few, and it contains some poems of unusual charm. In these worthier qualities it stands in pleasing contrast to the novel-made concoctions which furnish most of our contemporary stage romances.

Most of the unmistakably successful productions, however, commercially, of the season, have been of a very different quality, and more or less of a kind—David Warfield in *The Auctioneer,* the Russell Brothers and Weber and Fields in their characteristic medleys—which shows that this species of humour meets a national demand. It is crude, often inane, but sometimes racy and penetrating. David Warfield last year was only a member of the large stock company at Weber and Fields, and now he, acting his usual Jew with his usual thoroughness, is packing the theatre. Such comedy, and musical

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farce, like *Florodora,* seem to meet the largest demand. I have not seen, since the season, opened one drama of really great power in English. *Magda* was brilliantly played at the Irving Place, and it seemed again as successful an example of the species of recent drama to which it belongs as could be found. One play, on a far higher plane, a masterpiece by a genius, was acted by the poor and obscure Jews of the Bowery, and for three acts it was little better than a burlesque; but comparative fidelity to the text in the last two, and the powerful, tragic acting of Jacob Adler enabled this uneven performance of Tolstoy's *Dominion of Darkness* to arouse higher and worthier feelings than any of the better executed nothings of the day.

Norman Hapgood.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

I.

A Harvard graduate sends us the following from Salem, Massachusetts:

To the Letter-Box: I am heartily glad to see such a literary authority as yourself coming out in favour of pronouncing "none" as it is spelled. This is supported by the couplet from "Lochinvar's Ride" by Sir Walter Scott, in which he rhymes "none" with "alone."

II.

From Exeter, New Hampshire:

Editor of the Letter-Box: Two of your October correspondents (II. and VII.) question expressions that are in good use, but make the too common blunder of saying "I would like" to do something. Can nothing be done to correct this misuse of "would"?

J. A. T.

Several years ago we stirred up this whole question of "shall" and "will" and "should" and "would." Some of our older subscribers will no doubt recollect the lively time that followed. Finally, some one wrote a pamphlet on the subject and then we stopped. We are afraid that even the educated will never quite universally get these usages properly defined and understood.

III.

The following letter, written by a correspondent living in the city of Washington, deserves a place here; and we respectfully commend its criticisms to Miss Frances Weston Carruth:

Editor of the Letter-Box: Believing that you will be glad to have corrected errors that have been palmed off on you by an imaginative contributor, I take the liberty of calling your attention to mistakes in the article on Barbara Frietchie appearing in the July number of your valuable periodical.

It is entirely wrong to represent the Confederate soldiers as having jeered at and insulted Barbara Frietchie. So wholly unfounded is such a view that it must have been drawn entirely from the writer's fancy. On the other hand it is known that she was treated by them with great respect even when she drove them from her porch almost as she would have done common loafers. It must be remembered that she was some ninety-five years old, and only the most brutal men would have shown any discourtesy. Again, while the Union soldiers did crowd enthusiastically about her, there was no movement whatever to raise her aloft.

Also, as to there being no monument over her grave, that lament is perfectly ridiculous, as she chose herself the simple stone now over her grave. She was of a most retiring nature, and nothing would have been more abhorrent to her than to make her character or life a matter of public notoriety. She lived in a plain, simple sphere, and would be highly indignant if she knew how she had been drawn into literature. Hence it is a duty we owe to her memory that only the strict truth should be spoken.

From her advanced age it was impossible for her to rush out on any occasion, nor did she wave the flag all day.

I am all the more interested in the matter because of connection with her by marriage, and for this reason besides I have a good opportunity of learning what really happened. There are only two or three now alive who

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were in a position to know all the details. One of these, Mrs. Abbott, who is best acquainted with the facts, is mentioned in your pages. She has several times given an exact narrative of the incident, once last year in print, but still it appears distorted, even against the best intentions.

IV.

It is our general rule not to print the name of any correspondent without his or her leave. We are going to break the rule for once; because we think that when a person does something clever and amusing he ought to receive full credit for it.

St. Paul, Minn., September 17.

Dear Sir: In the article published in the September Bookman on "The Alien Newspapers of New York" why did the writer omit the *Evening Post?*

Very truly yours,

Henry Nicols.

V.

The Henry Altemus Company of Philadelphia send us a bit of verse clipped from a local paper published in Hazel Green, Kentucky. The Henry Altemus Company say:

Dear Sir: Kindly note the enclosed. Should it not have a wider circulation than the columns of the Hazel Green *Herald* are likely to afford it?

Not at all.

VI.

The following inquiry comes to us undated:

Dear Sir: Would you kindly publish in the November issue of The Bookman the titles of five good works of fiction which treat of the times of Frederick the Great?

(1) *Frederick the Great and His Family.* By Louisa Mühlbach (Clara Mundt).

(2) *Berlin and Sans Souci.* By Louisa Mühlbach (Clara Mundt).

(3) *Die Soldaten Friedrichs des Grossen.* By Julius von Wickede.

(4) *Friedrich der Grosse.* By E. H. Von Dedenroth.

(5) *Maria Theresia und Ihre Zeit.* By Edouard Duller.

We might add J. S. C. Abbot's *History of the Great,* which, though it purports to be history, is pretty good fiction.

VII.

Two ladies up in Alexandria Bay, New York, send us a letter which we don't feel called upon to answer because it was not elicited by anything that we wrote ourselves. We merely state casually that the author of the article criticised is a woman:

Editor of The Bookman's Letter-Box:

Dear Sir: We have read the article in the September Bookman on woman as "The Novelist's Deadliest Friend." We thought it very interesting. We freely admit, in agreement with it, that man probably has merits in which we women are lacking—we think it stands to reason. The converse, however, stands to reason as well, and we cannot but think that a mind, however brilliant, which sees but one side of a question, as in this, has a judgment to be a little distrusted. We are not, therefore, greatly troubled about our sex.

As for man as man, we make no complaint of him (indeed, we rather like him), but as to man as treated in the article mentioned, we venture one remark:

It is stated there as an instance of the higher self-sacrifice, that man, in contradistinction to woman, will "sacrifice his family to an idea;" but we find it evidently implied in what follows as regards his sufferance of the novel's supposed deterioration that he will *sacrifice an idea to his pocket*—unless, indeed, we fall back on the solution that he is lacking in stamina. It may be true that woman has dictated to him to the detriment of his art in fiction—we do not argue the point—but let us hope that in yielding to her supremacy he may sometimes have had nobler reasons for it than love of money or a lack of backbone.

Two of Us.

VIII.

Our esteemed correspondents are generally so unanimous in their assaults upon us that it gives us a comfortable little satisfied feeling to see them at rare intervals falling out among themselves.

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Therefore, when we received this letter from Kansas City, a bland smile stole over our countenance:

DEAR LETTER-BOX: In your August number "Modesty" from Pittsburg says, "an exception is taken to the rule (all rules have them; therefore, there are none technically speaking)" and so on. If "Modesty" had hidden himself a little longer he might have avoided showing that he had failed to grasp the meaning of the saying "the exception proves the rule." It means, as I understand it, not that all rules have exceptions, but that when a rule has an exception its accuracy is tested thus and found wanting. The exception *proves* or "tests" the accuracy of the rule.

IX.

A somewhat unsophisticated gentleman writes to us from Bergen, New York. His sentiments are friendly, but through them runs a note of pain. He tells us that he does not like the way in which we spell. He has his copies of THE BOOKMAN bound, but he says that whenever he consults them our spelling is to him "a constant annoyance." He stood this for a long time; but now he has found an article in the *Sunday School Times* which strongly favours his kind of spelling and opposes ours. He has therefore clipped out the article, and with a thrill of triumph has sent it to us for our careful study. He ends his letter with the following remark:

I hope this clipping from the *Sunday School Times* will cause a change in your spelling.

This gentleman evidently doesn't know us very well.

X.

The lady up in South Framingham, Massachusetts, with whom we have been holding little colloquies during the past three months, replies to our last communication as follows:

After reading your answer to me in the October number I quite understand your reason for replying to me in the way you did at first. As you have now really answered my original question while pretending not to, I have nothing to complain of, and, in fact, I thank you very much.

We like this lady.

XI.

Quite a long letter has come to us from a subscriber in Brookline, Massachusetts. Perhaps it will be sufficient if we simply publish the final paragraph:

Do you ever realise that the emanations of human thought are never isolated and abstracted so that they stand without the universal consciousness, but that instead they form one endless continuity whereby through all the phases of literature, whether primitive or whether typical of high æsthetic cultivation, they are united by what is perhaps a subconscious but nevertheless an inherent and persistent striving after the complete and perfect expression of what is best in the human heart and intellect? Do you ever think of this?

Yes, sometimes. By the way, in a couple of weeks it will be about time for buckwheat cakes.

LITERARY LONDON

There are practically but two new books before the public at the present moment—Mr. Hall Caine's novel *The Eternal City* and Lucas Malet's *History of Sir Richard Calmady*. Mr. Hall Caine's book has not been discussed as *The Christian* was. It has not been the theme of sermons, and the criticisms in the press have been less lively than they were in the case of Mr. Caine's last book. The general view is that the work, while manifestly the result of great and conscientious effort, lacks in living interest. Notwithstanding, the sale continues very good, and there is no doubt that the first English edition of one hundred thousand copies will be disposed of. In a letter before me Mr. Hall Caine endeavours to define the teaching of his novel. He declares that nearly all Rossi's theories will be found in the published

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writings of Joseph Mazzini. His view of life is not Communism, for it recognises the importance and necessity of individual effort and reward. It is not Socialism according to any system yet formulated for the world; neither is it Anarchism, for it denounces violence as a means of removing the evils of existence. Mr. Hall Caine sums up his practical message for the present hour and moment in the following propositions:

1. That we should try to bring the land back to the real (as well as the nominal) possession of the state.

2. That we should try to nationalise all capital in the industries (such as railways) which are the absolute necessities of the whole people.

3. That we should try to settle international differences as we settle individual ones, by an appeal to the arbitration of a court.

4. That we should never forget that the same morality which is binding upon us as men is binding upon us as nations, and, therefore, we should resist all attempts to establish conscription.

5. That whatever our view of the necessity of defensive warfare we should see that aggressive warfare is contrary to the precepts of Christ.

6. That the precepts of Christ are good as politics as well as good as religion, and that the worst anomalies of modern life come by the fact that while as individuals we try to be Christian men, as nations we are too often content to behave as barbarians.

Lucas Malet's new book has started much more quietly, but in the end it is sure to have an immense circulation, for it is one of the books that nobody will read without talking about it, and talking is the most efficient form of advertising. It is, besides, undeniably a work of great power, of profound and painful interest, a book to which the whole thought and study of years have been devoted by an artist who is very nearly a genius, if not quite. The critics, as a rule, have gone astray in describing the subject of the novel. It is not the story of a sickly or deformed person. Of such stories there are not a few examples. It is the history of a monster, for Sir Richard Calmady is a monster, whatever may be the qualities of his mind and head and trunk. It is obvious that the very gravest questions are immediately raised, questions which must be left to wise and instructed medical men. The great freedom of expression which the writer has allowed herself has raised many protests, but Lucas Malet has no doubt considered all such questions in advance, and has done her best to answer them conscientiously. There is no moral in the book that I can see except that even a man who is a monster may be able to win the love of a woman who is young, rich, clever, beautiful, good and sound. It may be so, doubtless it is so, but strange and terrible as some parts of the history of *Sir Richard Calmady* are, might not the second part be still more terrible if it were written with the same unshrinking firmness and wealth of detail as Lucas Malet has given to the first part? But I am trespassing on the province of your critics. The fact which stands out is that Lucas Malet, whose recent books created little impression, has now definitely impressed herself on the popular mind. Even *The Wages of Sin,* successful as it was, did not come near the achievement of *Sir Richard Calmady.* I shall rejoice to see Lucas Malet reaching an equal triumph with a subject less unique, less painful.

I have meant for some time to make note of the increasing tendency of English publishers to go in for reprints of standard non-copyright works. It is well recognised that no firm can hope to establish itself permanently on new fiction. There may be in some years a great profit, if a new author has what is called a boom; but this cannot be safely counted on, and the failures must be placed against the successes. Among six-shilling novels even by authors of good repute the number of failures is innumerable. Many novels well reviewed and written by experienced authors do not get beyond their five hundred copies. The publisher has no hope in the remainder trade. An ordinary novel six months old is almost quite unsalable. Then the demands made by authors' agents are more and more exacting. The agents probably cannot help themselves, for the authors are anxious to have as much money as possible, and there are always publishers who would take books by authors of repute even though they know they must lose by them. The aim is steadily to increase the price of a popular author, even

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although there may be no increase, but the reverse, in the sale of his works. In these circumstances it is not wonderful that other branches of publishing receive increased attention, and there is no doubt that reprinting, judiciously and tastefully done, generally brings a profit, not a large profit, but a steady profit. There is still much to do in the matter of reprinting. I hear of many new editions, but it will be some time before the ground is quite covered.

How many writers of serial stories increase the circulation of magazines? Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Kim of the Rishti* raised the circulation of *Cassell's Magazine* by thirty thousand. Dr. Conan Doyle's new Sherlock Holmes story in the *Strand* is having an immense popularity. On the other hand I hear of two other very popular novelists who received large prices for the serial rights of their stories, and without touching the sales of the periodicals in any way. This is an old story. One of the boldest things done in the way of serialising was George Smith's purchase of *Romola* for the *Cornhill Magazine*. *Romola* sent the sale down by 10,000 copies at once, but I believe before it was finished the decrease amounted to several thousands more. But speaking generally, I should say that much depends upon the magazine. The popular sixpenny magazines are so like each other that a famous novelist will determine the choice. On the other hand, no novelist, however famous, will send up the circulation of a high-priced and old-fashioned periodical.

I venture to think that the whole subject of serial writing and publication needs to be reconsidered. Nowadays the editor of an important magazine buys a couple of years ahead a novel which he has never seen, which is not even written. The author has no thought of the serial publication in his mind. His whole aim is to make the story as a whole as good as he can. When the editor gets the story he divides it into so many parts, and it naturally happens that as a rule he breaks off each month at the wrong point. A serial ought to close at each instalment with something to provoke the curiosity of the reader for the next number. The penny periodicals, which in this country circulate so largely, do not allow their serial writers to keep much ahead. All they ask for is a few instalments which the editor goes over, suggesting here and there, and taking great pains to secure an effective curtain for each issue. He watches the effect on the circulation. If the readers are captivated, he goes on with the story as long as possible. I know one lady who has had great success in this way. She was so successful with one of her serials that the editor made her continue it for nearly three years. As the competition between magazines increases it will be more and more apparent that a good exciting serial must do much for prosperity, and editors will not be content to go on as they have been doing. How far authors may be willing to meet them I do not know. So far the serial publication of Dr. Conan Doyle's new story has been most admirably and skilfully adjusted.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LITERARY PARIS

Literature occupies such an important place in French society that even such an absolutely political event as the last visit of the Russian Emperor could not pass off without its literary side. One of the most pleasant functions of the Russian Majesties' stay in the pretty provincial town of Compiègne was a gala performance in the theatre of the château made famous by the receptions of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie. The performance was ushered in by a kind of prologue, recited by a nymph, Mademoiselle Bartet, of the Théâtre Français. The lines spoken by her melodious voice had been written for the occasion by no less a person than the author of *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *L'Aiglon*. Edmond Rostand, moreover, was not the only Academician who attended the festivities. Paul Hervieu was there, and also, of course, Jules Claretie. The Théâtre Français could not go without its administrateur. Gabriel Hanotaux also was there in his character of former Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Paul Des-

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chanel as President of the Chamber of Deputies.

But all these honours do not prevent the Academy from being in trouble with the authorities. It has happened more than once before; time and again the Academy has been at loggerheads with the government. But it has never been in such a curious quandary as now, and over a very small affair. Its trouble is with the Committee on Appropriations of the Chamber of Deputies. An inquisitive member of that influential body discovered in the budget of the Academy an appropriation of 10,300 francs voted year after year for the commission in charge of the *Historical Dictionary of the French Language,* over which the Academy is supposed to be at work since the year 1778. The inquisitive member also discovered that work on the dictionary was given up about twenty years ago. The Academy has therefore been requested, as respectfully as is becoming in addressing the Old Lady—as the illustrious body is often called—to state what was done year after year with the 10,300 francs. The Academy thereupon looked sadly offended. Was it supposed that the funds voted by the Parliament were in any way misused? "Oh, no!" the Committee answers. "We have no such idea. We only want to know what you are using the money for, and its real use will be stated in the budget, instead of the supposititious use mentioned for a score of years." Why the Academy does not state the facts frankly nobody seems to know, and the public wonders what is done with the now famous 10,300 francs.

From the Academy to Paul de Kock is a long way. For certainly there never was in the whole line of French writers one man who was surer of never being an Academician than the facetious author of *La Laitière de Montfermeil* and *La Pucelle de Belleville.* Not only were the peculiar subjects he treated an obstacle to such an honour, but the style of Paul de Kock is certainly the most incongruous combination that ever was put together in printer's ink. He, however, claimed the attention of the public at the same time as the Academy's trouble with the French Deputies. He has just had his monument unveiled on the public square of the little town of Romainville, near Paris, which he was very fond of visiting and where the scene of some of his drollest stories is laid. An enterprising publisher, Jules Rouff, has taken advantage of this revival of interest in Paul de Kock to issue a new and cheap edition of his complete works, which had not been read very much of late.

Paulo maiora canamus! *La Revue de Paris* publishes a curious essay of Victor Hugo on taste, *Le Goût.* It will be part of the volume of his posthumous work which is soon to appear under the title of *Post-Scriptum.* It will consist entirely of prose, but will be followed by a last volume of poetry, *Dernière Gerbe,* which Paul Meurice solemnly declares will be the concluding volume of the great poet's complete works. Every effort will be made to have it appear on the booksellers' stalls on the one hundredth anniversary of Hugo's birth, February 26, 1902.

I shall, moreover, this time mention more books about to appear in a more or less distant future than books already published. The men of letters have been this summer more given to the use of the pen than to reading printers' proofs. A few interesting books have, however, appeared. I must mention first the very entertaining but perhaps not equally trustworthy volume of recollections about President Faure, put together, under an assumed name, by a writer in whom everybody agrees to recognise a journalist who enjoyed a good deal of notoriety at the time of the Boulangist propaganda, M. Mermeix. Recollections also, and about as reliable as Mermeix's book, the sixth volume of Émile Ollivier's *L'Empire Libéral,* which deals with the events of 1863 and 1864. Another book of souvenirs must be mentioned, too, dealing with a more recent period than either of the foregoing: it is H. Lecoy de la Marche's *Souvenirs de la Guerre du Transvaal.* The author was one of the French volunteers who fought with Villebois-Mareuil for the cause of the South African Republic.

With Senator Joseph Fabre we have to go somewhat further back, to the eleventh century. I have had occasion, about two years ago, to mention the admirable metrical translation of *La Chanson de Roland,* which he was then publishing in *La Revue Bleue.* The work, thoroughly

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revised by him, and enriched with introductions and appendixes, has just appeared in book form.

Another modernised mediæval work will be no less welcome than the grand Carolingian epic; it is the famous *Mystère de la Passion* of Arnoul Grében. The editors or translators are Messrs. Gailly de Taurines and L. de la Tourrasse.

Those who prefer classical antiquity to the Middle Ages will turn to a new book on Cicero, *Cicéron Orateur,* by Professor Victor Cucheval, and others who want to go even further back, to the times that preceded the dawn of history, will read the work of another professor, M. Louis Léger, *La Mythologie Slave.* An interesting volume, dealing with the eighteenth century, consists of letters exchanged between the dispossessed king of Poland, Stanislas Leczinsky, and his daughter Marie, wife of Louis XV. The editor is M. Pierre Boyé. I shall mention also the fifth volume of Sarcey's *Quarante Ans de Théâtre;* Madame Thérèse Bentzon's *Questions Amèricaines,* a collection of articles which has called the attention of the French public to Hamlin Garland; two amusing little collections of provincial sketches, *La Galerie d'un Sous préfet* by Paul Mimande, and *Le Pays de l'Instar,* by Franc-Nohain; and finally a beautiful volume of impressions of travel, Charles Diehl's *En Méditerranée.* I must not omit to state also that *La Grande Encyclopédie* is at last nearing completion. A new volume has just appeared, and the next one will be the last. The publication of the work will have lasted not far from twenty years.

A great many volumes of real interest will be out soon. I begin with the novels. Paul Adam, whose volume *La Force* gave such a vivid picture of French society during the period of the Directoire and the beginning of Napoleon's reign, prepares a new volume of the same kind, *L'Enfant d'Austerlitz.* If it should mark as great a progress on its predecessor as its predecessor did on Paul Adam's former works, it will place its author in the foremost rank of living French novelists. The Margueritte brothers are about to publish their third volume on the war of 1870. The title, *Les Braves Gens,* recalls the admiring exclamation of King William on seeing the magnificent cavalry charge led by General Margueritte on the battle field of Sedan, "Die brave Leute!" This volume will be followed by *La Commune,* which will conclude the series. Maurice Maindron will give a sequel to his very successful *Saint-Cendre, Monsieur de Clérambon.* Paul Bourget also is at work on a new novel for *La Revue des Deux Mondes;* but he attaches a much greater importance to another volume which he is preparing, *Balzac.* We are to have also a volume on Stendhal, a really authoritative biography. It will be due to the pen of the painstaking Arthur Chaquet.

The historians are still busy with Napoleon, with his beginnings and his end. Albert Vandal has nearly completed a work, of which chapters have appeared already in *Le Correspondant* and *La Revue des Deux Mondes, L'Avènement de Bonaparte,* while Henri Houssaye is hard at work on the third volume of his *1815,* which takes up the thread of the narrative after Waterloo.

Among the poets, Jacques Normand promises a volume of verse to appear shortly, *Visions Sincères.*

I end with the dramatic writers, leaving out Rostand, whose *Le Théâtre* may not be ready for quite a while yet. But at least four among the playwrights who have a right to be considered from a literary point of view have plays almost ready to go into rehearsals; they are Paul Hervieu, with *L'Enigme;* Maurice Donnay with *La Bascule;* Abel Hermant with *L'Archiduc Paul;* and Georges de Porto-Riche with *Un Homme Léger.* Theatrical managers are not in danger of having to close their doors for lack of new plays.

I mentioned in my last article the forthcoming visit to this country of Professor Léopold Mabilleau. He is expected to land about the middle of January and to lecture in New York some time in February. Hugues le Roux, the Hyde lecturer of 1902, will arrive when Mabilleau is about to sail back for Europe.

Adolphe Cohn.

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A CHRONICLE OF OUR OWN TIMES

SEPTEMBER 10 TO OCTOBER 10.

I.

THE CAMPAIGN IN NEW YORK.

By the end of the first week in October the political campaign for the control of Greater New York for the two years commencing January 1, 1902, had gathered into definite currents and channels. To obvious appearance, and lending the matter a spectacular, sentimental and humanitarian interest, the campaign was one to wrest the city from the compact and merciless organisation which had already, barring intermittent periods of defeat or of virtue, fêted itself on the city's finances for close on a hundred years. Inwardly and from the organisers' standpoint, the campaign represented one of the several but not numerous occasions on which the power of public sentiment had been sufficient to weld together as on an anvil the incongruous and discordant political elements agreeing only in hostility to Tammany Hall.

On *September 27*, after a long series of conferences, not altogether harmonious, the various Anti-Tammany bodies informed Mr. Seth Low, Independent Republican, President of Columbia University and twice Mayor of Brooklyn, that their constituents would unitedly support him for the mayoralty. This nomination Mr. Low formally accepted on *October 4*. Tammany, in the meantime, on *October 3*, nominated for mayor Mr. Edward M. Shepard, an Independent Democrat. Thereby a curious situation was brought about. For in the municipal campaign of 1897 the Citizens' Union and the Republican machine had failed to come to an agreement and had nominated separate tickets. Mr. Low, as candidate of the Citizens' Union, had received Mr. Shepard's cordial support, and both gentlemen had expressed their hostility to the methods alike of the Republican machine and of Tammany Hall. Now one of those gentlemen was the candidate of a fusion ticket in which the Republican machine was interested, and the other was the candidate of Tammany itself. And the situation was the odder because both candidates were admittedly of absolute integrity and of large ability, desirous only of giving the city an honest and efficient government. So far as Mr. Low was concerned, the facts appeared to be that, without Republican aid, it would be impossible to defeat Tammany, and that the Republicans had been given just as little place on the ticket as would secure their co-operation. Mr. Shepard's explanation was more laborious, for the other nominees on his ticket were Tammany men throughout, and it appeared impossible that he would be able, if opposed by all his official colleagues, to steer the administration in paths of righteousness. As mayor, Mr. Shepard might indeed appoint and remove the heads of nearly all the city departments, but the elective officials he could not affect. Under the new city charter, passed by the State Legislature in April, the governing power of New York is centralised in eight officials, of whom the Mayor is one. The other seven are the Presidents of the five Boroughs into which New York is divided, the Comptroller, and the President of the Board of Aldermen. Each of these has large and undisputed individual authority: the first five over the extensive improvements carried on in their Boroughs; the President of the Board of Aldermen over legislation and ordinances; and the Comptroller, over city finances. Together, the eight constitute the Board of Estimate and Apportionment—by far the most important body in the city—whose sanction is necessary to every bond issue and every appropriation of money. In this Board the Mayor, Comptroller, and President of the Board of Aldermen have three votes each, the Presidents of the Boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn two votes each, and the other three Borough Presidents one vote each. In this Board, therefore, controlling over $100,000,000 a year, Mr. Shepard, if elected, would have 3 votes out of 16, and the power of the other seven officials, whether in the Board or out of it, he could in no way fetter.

But from what might be termed the criminal side of city administration, Mr. Shepard's position was even more untenable than from the civil side. To that class, larger in New York than anywhere else in the Western world, who live by their wits or by the vices of their fellows, the District-Attorney represents the law and the whole law, and his complaisance or severity gauges the measure of their prosperity. Now, over the Tammany nominee for District-Attorney, Mr. Shepard would have not the slightest jurisdiction, and without that official's assistance and initiative, police corruption and other and worse evils, bitterly complained of by the press, could not be cured.

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So far as concerned their individual programmes for the city's welfare, it appeared probable that the main difference between the two candidates lay in their differing ability to carry out their programmes. For campaign purposes, however, each was able to find serious objection to the other, precisely as Republican papers in 1897 found Mr. Low an impossible candidate because Mr. Platt was at that time opposed to his election. For campaign purposes also there seems small reason to doubt that the unquestionable evils of Tammany rule were considerably magnified. Although "exposures" followed one after another during the entire summer and autumn, no fiscal corruption of any magnitude was proven in the city departments; while exorbitant salaries, useless officers, and contracts awarded by favouritism were the worst harms alleged. The Police Department, indeed, was found to be engaged in the most vicious sort of blackmailing business, and a limit upon its extent could not easily be placed. While practically the entire press of the city opposed the Tammany nominees, this in no especial way indicated a greater sentiment against Tammany than usual. For Tammany has never courted the press or cared for publicity, but has consistently maintained the efficiency of its organisation through silent and individual pressure.

II.

OTHER STATE AFFAIRS.

The American Ice Company.

An interesting example of the manner in which the processes of law may be used so as to nullify by delay the intent of the law, was given on *October 2*, when a writ of error to the Supreme Court of the United States was granted by the New York Court of Appeals to the American Ice Company. This company, organised in 1899 with a capitalisation of $36,945,100, aroused popular indignation everywhere in New York in April, 1900, by endeavouring to put up the price of ice to 60 cents per 100 pounds, an increase of 100 per cent. over the market rate. The increase was defended by the company on the ground that there had been a shortage in the ice crop of the Hudson in the previous winter. At the same time it was known that the company owned abundant ice in storage and that, in any event, artificial ice could be sold at a profit at 25 cents per 100 pounds. At the instance of the Attorney-General, proceedings were begun against the ice company under the Donnelly Anti-Trust law of 1897, and in May, 1900, the Supreme Court appointed a referee with power to examine into the affairs of the company. At a special term of the Supreme Court this appointment and order were confirmed, but on November 20, 1900, the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court reversed the decision and vacated the order. The Attorney-General then carried the case to the Court of Appeals. In the meantime popular indignation against the company had subsided; for the company had reduced the price of ice both as a concession to public opinion and because several opposition companies had been organised. Only the "abstract" question therefore remained as to whether and in what length of time the laws would permit the squelching or at least the examination of a concern formed to corner one of the common necessities of life. In a decision handed down on *October 1*, the Court of Appeals held that the Donnelly law, consisting largely of a codification of previously existing anti-trust laws, was valid, and that the proceedings prescribed by it were also valid. But the Court on the following day, upon application by the ice company, granted an appeal to the Supreme Court in order that it might be ascertained whether the company's rights and property were being "taken without due process of law." To the docket at Washington, therefore, the case was removed, there to rest pending a change in State and municipal administration and the substitution of other business in the public mind. Incidentally also the appeal acted as a stay against all further proceedings against the company.

The Reform Party in Pennsylvania.

The effort in Philadelphia and in Pennsylvania generally to nominate a reform ticket for the overthrow of the Quay machine, was attended by marked and somewhat unexpected success. In Philadelphia the so-called Donnelly-Ryan annex of the Quay party, a small but compact Democrat contingent, refused blankly to combine in any way with the Union or Reform Party. Thereupon ex-Governor Pattison on *September 26* resigned membership in the Donnelly-Ryan association and organised another Democratic Party, pledged to unite with the Reform Party. In the State at large the Democratic Committee had decided in its convention, held on August 15, not to co-operate with the Union Party, but to nominate a separate ticket. Since that time, however, so great a change had taken place in public sentiment that the Demo-

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crats concluded to reconsider their action. This was accomplished by a letter made public on *October 8*, in which Andrew J. Palm, the Democratic candidate for State Treasurer, withdrew in favour of Elisha A. Coray, the candidate for that office on the Unionist ticket. The platform of the parties thus combined dwelt solely on State issues, asserting that until a fair measure of honesty and efficiency was secured in the State government, ship subsidies, protection, and other national questions concerned the voters no more than the man in the moon. The machine, combating this point of view, insisted on the virtues of the national administration, asserted roundly that Mr. Quay and his friends had been traduced and maligned by yellow journals for political purposes, and in Philadelphia drew especial attention to the paper, business and temperament of Mr. John Wanamaker.

The Connecticut Constitution.

At a special election held in Connecticut on *October 7* it was voted by a large majority to call a convention on January 1, 1902, to revise the State Constitution adopted in 1818. This antiquated instrument provides, as stated in the August BOOKMAN, for representation in the House by towns instead of by population, and for this reason the small villages were strenuously averse to its alteration. In deference to the villagers, the Legislature which enacted that the question of constitutional revision should be submitted to the electors, provided also that the Constitutional Convention, if called, should consist of one delegate from each town in the State, and that the constitution adopted should in no way abridge the right of each town and village to be represented in the Legislature by at least one delegate apiece. Notwithstanding these concessions, the towns voted almost solidly against the Convention, and it was only through the equally solid affirmative vote of the cities that the proposal was carried.

It is stated that the Convention, when convened, will probably be called upon to make other reforms besides that in representation. One of the changes discussed is to require a two-thirds instead of, as at present, a majority vote of the Legislature to override the Governor's veto; another is to do away with the scandals attendant upon legislative nominations of minor judges by leaving the appointments to the Governor; and perhaps the most important is to enlarge the powers of counties and municipalities so that they will not be obliged to keep running to the capital for all kinds of special and class legislation.

The Virginia Convention.

When the Virginia Legislature of 1901 voted to call a Constitutional Convention, it voted also that if the revised constitution was completed by *October 5*, the Convention should submit the constitution to the voters for ratification on November 5; but if the constitution was not then completed the next Legislature should enact such measures as it deemed proper for submitting the constitution to a popular vote. The constitution was not completed on October 5, and the assertion was then made that the Convention had been purposely dilatory in order that the Legislature might have an opportunity to rescind its former action and simply proclaim the new constitution to be in force. The ground for this assertion lay in the general belief that the Convention intended, among other things, to destroy that provision of the existing constitution, drawn up under the military supervision of the reconstruction days, which prescribed that no amendment or revision should ever be made which in any way abridged the equal rights of suffrage of blacks and whites. Now, if the Convention did abridge these rights, the whole body of negroes would oppose the new constitution, and might very probably defeat it if it were submitted to vote. Although precedents for proclaiming a new constitution might be found in recent actions of Mississippi, South Carolina, and Louisiana, and though justification for this was perhaps given by the manner in which the previous constitutions had been impressed upon the people, Northern papers considered that any such action by Virginia would be "a violation of every written and unwritten law of justice," and strongly criticised and counselled the Convention in advance of any actions by that body.

III.

THE STEEL CORPORATION.

The End of the Strike.

The strike of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Plate Workers against the United States Steel Corporation, collapsed on *September 14*. By the terms of settlement granted to the Union on that day, the scale was to be signed for the mills of the American Steel Hoop Company that had been previously signed for, and for two less mills of the Sheet Steel Company and seven less of the Tin Plate Company than had before been union. All the demands of the

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association, made in July, when the trouble was initiated, for the unionisation of independent mills, were dropped out of consideration. The Union was content to save the skeleton of its organisation from the wreckage of the strike; agreed not to organise or grant charters to any non-union mills of the Tin Plate Company, and consented that the corporation might, in its discretion, terminate the scale in any of its mills or companies after October, 1902. In his official note to the lodges, on *September 24,* informing them of the results of his "negotiations," President Shaffer stated that the ill results of the strike had been brought about by the failure of the American Federation of Labour to give promised financial aid, to the hostile attitude of public sentiment and the press, and to the desertion from the cause of hundreds of Amalgamated men. And the president intimated what was already well known, that the union was split in pieces by disaffection and dissatisfaction with the conduct of the strike, and that its ultimate re-establishment and prosperity was a matter of great doubt.

The Finances of the Corporation.

From the beginning of the strike, conjecture had been rife as to how adversely the curtailment of the iron and steel output would affect the corporation's finances. In a statement issued on *October 1* the company showed that its earnings for the six months previous were $54,945,871, and that in August, when the strike was supposed to have been most effective, the earnings were $9,810,880, the largest for any single month of the company's existence. After making deductions for regular dividends, interest on bonds, sinking funds and maintenance, there would still remain to the corporation $12,326,742, applicable to surplus or new construction, as the Board of Directors might decide. In accounting for this unexpected statement, financial papers pointed out that the strike had reduced the normal production of the corporation by not more than one-seventh; that work had been largely transferred from the closed mills to other plants; that needed time had been given for repairs, alterations, and adjustments; that the surplus product on hand had been sold at regular or advanced prices, and that, what was more important, the wiping out of the surplus product would probably result in continued high prices for steel during the ensuing year. On the other hand it was said that the report should not be taken as a guarantee that the corporation would always be able to pay dividends on a capitalisation of at least double the actual value of its assets. For the steel business was of an essentially fluctuating nature, and had, within the last three years, swung to the extreme limit of prosperity. Even if the prosperity continued there was no proof that the steel corporation would be able both to pay regular dividends and to lay aside large sums to maintain its plants in the high state of efficiency necessary to insure the avoidance of severe competition. Contrariwise it was reported that various extensive improvements contemplated in the Carnegie works before the consolidation and estimated to cost some $15,000,000 to $20,000,000 had been abandoned.

IV.

TRADE MOVEMENTS.

Some Recent Industrial Combinations.

If the report of the Steel Corporation was not to be considered as a guarantee of dividends for all time to come, that report was at least highly satisfactory when compared with those made about the same time by a number of other recently formed industrial combinations. The organisation of these combinations had in the main been characterised by abundant over-capitalisation, and their management by extreme secrecy; nevertheless, it was hoped, if not believed, that they would pay regular dividends during times of prosperity, and the value of their stock rose accordingly. As a matter of fact, as remarked by a conservative financial journal, "it would be hard to imagine a condition of prosperity so remarkable as to permit the earnings of dividends" on issues of common stock which had been watered in such "a shameless and reckless manner." Of the companies whose statements were unfavourable may be mentioned the American Linseed Company, which reported a loss of nearly $2,500,000 in the three years of its existence and has $31,190,000 of stock outstanding; the Republic Iron and Steel Company, losing over $1,000,000 in the current year, and having $47,497,900 capital; the Rubber Goods Company, which passed dividends on its common stock, and has $21,615,200 outstanding; and the American Smelting and Refining Company, capitalised at $54,800,000. When the prices of such large masses of stock declined, the whole market was necessarily affected, especially as the banks were inclined to discriminate against all similar stocks as collateral.

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The Amalgamated Copper Company.

A more curious decline than any of these, however, was that in the stock of the Amalgamated Copper Company. This corporation was formed on April 27, 1899, with a directorate largely composed of Standard Oil interests for the apparent purpose of gaining control of the United States Copper trade. On the strength of the company's directorate and of the company's statement that it had already purchased a number of important copper mines, the authorised capital of $75,000,000 was subscribed to five times over. In November, 1900, the company stated that it had added to its holdings and was, among other things, a "large owner" in the Boston and Montana Copper Company, whose stock was then quoted in the neighbourhood of $400. On June 6, 1901, the Amalgamated issued $80,000,000 more of stock in order to acquire the Boston and Montana Company and the Butte and Boston Mining Company. Although the Amalgamated Copper Company was already a "large owner" in the Boston and Montana Company, the additional stock issued by it was just sufficient to buy every share of the Boston and Montana and the Butte and Boston companies, at rates of exchange very favourable to the shareholders bought out. On *September 20*, the directors of the Amalgamated, without vouchsafing any explanation, announced that the dividend on the stock would be cut from 8 to 6 per cent. In June the stock had touched 130; following the announcement of the directors it dropped to 85, an extreme fluctuation of 45 points, reducing the value of the outstanding stock by $67,750,000.

That there might have been excellent commercial reasons leading to the cut in dividends was not gainsaid. Two years previous there had been an enormous consumption of copper, and the price of the metal had risen to 16 or 17 cents a pound. In the first six months of 1900, Germany alone imported from the United States 90,747 gross tons. Since then the demand had slackened, especially from Europe, so that in the first half of 1901, Germany imported only 50,027 tons. In the meantime, production was steadily continued and prices artificially maintained only by storing up a large and unsalable surplus. In view of these facts and of the legal battle waging between the antagonistic copper interests in Montana, any reasonable explanation by the directors of the Amalgamated Copper Company would have been readily accepted. But the directors instead manipulated a blind pool, and, aside from the meagre statement given to the stock exchange, when the stocks were listed, kept the public in complete ignorance of the status of the property. The public therefore naturally concluded that the directors were averse, for reasons of their own, to an advance in copper stocks, and that the prestige of the Standard Oil directorate afforded small guarantee that investors in securities under their control would be fairly dealt with.

Beet Sugar and the Sugar Trust.

Toward the first of October the smouldering differences between the American Sugar Refining Company and the American Beet-Sugar Association broke out in open strife. The Beet-Sugar Association, according to the Sugar Trust, had invaded the Missouri sugar market "with a proposition so uncommercial, so unfair and so unjust to other refiners as to practically drive them out of that territory." The essence of this proposition appeared to consist in a cut rate on refined beet sugar, and the Sugar Trust was so impressed by its injustice that in retaliation refined cane sugar was promptly reduced to 3.5 cents per pound, a price less than the cost to the Trust of raw sugar. The beet-sugar men asserted that this action was only the first of a series planned by the Trust to force the beet men to confine themselves to growing beet sugar and to give over the refining of it to the Trust. If, they said, the Trust succeeds in the Missouri Valley it will then turn its attention to the beet factories in Michigan and other sections, and by the power of concentrated capital crush out successively and individually the beet-sugar producers (refiners). How large an incentive the Trust could find for such an attempt might be seen from the increase of beet-sugar production in the United States. For the year 1898-99 the production was 32,471 tons, for the year 1900-01 it was 72,944 tons, and for the year 1901-02 it was estimated by the Secretary of Agriculture on *October 5* to be 198,500 tons.

It was significant of the attitude of the Trust in this matter, that when the question raised by Secretary Gage on February 13, as to whether or not Russia should pay a countervailing duty on sugar imports came before the United States Circuit Court on *October 9* the Trust, through its counsel, promptly argued in the negative. This was a square reversal of the Trust's position in April, when the case was heard by the General Appraisers. Since that time, however, the Trust had declared for free sugar from Cuba in order to equalise the advantages of the beet-sugar growers, and had added to its capitalisation so as to invest in West Indian sugar properties. Circumstances,

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in other words, had dictated a policy of as much and as cheap raw sugar as possible.

V.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The Ameer of Afghanistan.

Abdur Rahman, Ameer of Afghanistan, died on *October 3*, having held in his hands for twenty years the issues of peace and war between England and Russia in southwest Asia. Afghanistan is a bleak, infertile country hardly 200,000 square miles in extent; but through the passes on its borders and over bad roads access may be had from Northern India to Russian Turkestan; from the Power pushing north to the Power pushing south. Both Powers covet the intervening territory, and before 1880 the frequent tribal wars, dividing the land into hostile camps, was an incentive to aggression from without. But this was largely changed with the accession of Abdur Rahman. That able and arrogant character consolidated and united the country, dispensed rough-and-ready justice with entire assurance, introduced a system of irrigation and commerce, established a national mint, organised an efficient standing army of 40,000 men, started up cartridge and ordnance works at Kabul to make himself independent of foreign supplies, and in general gave notice to those concerned that though he was, in his own phrase, "a poor goat" standing between the hungry Bear and the growling Lion, he was equipped with both horns and heels, and withal loved life. Russia described the Ameer's course as one of "perfidious ingratitude." For Abdur had lived on Russian soil, a recipient of Russian bounty, from his banishment from Afghanistan in 1868 until he proclaimed himself dictator twelve years later. But if Abdur was not friendly to the Russians, he was hardly more so to England, desiring above all things his own independence. He did, indeed, conclude a desultory sort of treaty with the English, whereby they paid him £160,000 annually in return for his promise not to enter into foreign relations with any other Power. But this promise was quite as much to the Ameer's advantage as to England's. When Abdur Rahman died Habib Ullah Khan, the son previously designated by Abdur, and who was England's rather than Russia's choice for Ameer, was duly proclaimed. Whether or not, however, the son would be able to hold together his factious countrymen remained to be seen. The *Svet*, one of the important Russian papers, advocated that, pending the determination of this point, and until Afghanistan was shown to be "completely tranquillised," the Russian soldiery should occupy Herat and perhaps other places in the country. Of Russia's ability to do this there could be no doubt, for the railroad from the Caspian Sea eastward through Russian Turkestan skirts the northern boundary of Afghanistan and approaches Herat within sixty miles. London papers, however, considered that, under present conditions, Russia would probably be too diplomatic to intervene to restore order until she was able to show clearly that disorder had been incited. But, outside of the possibilities of disorder, the new Ameer might be useful to Russia if he would permit her to place a little railroad line in the country. This would fill a long-felt want which the old Ameer's studied objection to through communication had hitherto prevented.

The Long-Lived African War.

On *September 15* the time expired within which, according to Lord Kitchener's proclamation of August 7, the Boers were to be entitled to the rights of belligerents. Thereafter, since the English were in possession of the seats of government and all the fortified places of the late South African Republics, the Boer leaders who still resisted English authority were to be considered solely as disaffected individuals, and were to be banished forever from the country. The proclamation, it was believed, would induce many Boers to give up their arms, and would in addition serve general notice that England considered the war to be virtually at an end. As events transpired, however, the Boer leaders took not the slightest note of the proclamation; and the Boer privates who were also to be punished if they did not surrender by having the cost of maintaining their families charged up to their estates were already so poor that threats of further poverty were without effect. In Europe, England was severely criticised for denying belligerent rights, it being stated that the rules of war clearly allowed them under existing circumstances. This opinion was strengthened when, within a few days from the time the proclamation went into effect, Lord Kitchener was obliged to report a number of "regrettable incidents" in which British detachments had been ambushed and captured. How disastrous the whole war had been to Great Britain, proportionately to the number of men engaged, was shown in an article contributed to the London *Times* on *September 17*. In that article

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the Boer War was compared, as a matter of course, with the Franco-Prussian and with the American Civil War, and the conclusion was reached that the death rate of English soldiers in the Boer War from wounds was *only* slightly larger than deaths from the same cause in the Civil War, while deaths from both diseases and wounds had been at a considerably lower rate in the Boer War than in either the Franco-Prussian or the Civil War. "The general results," the writer added paradoxically, "can hardly be described as other than highly satisfactory."

The British War Office.

The renewed dissatisfaction felt in England over the course of the war as a result of the interminable "regrettable instances" reported by Lord Kitchener, was further emphasised by the appointments made by Mr. Brodrick, Secretary of State for War, under the new scheme for army reform passed at the last session of Parliament. According to this scheme, the army at home was to consist of six army corps, of which three were to be made up of regulars, fully officered and equipped and ready at any time for immediate foreign service. In these three corps was to reside the main aggressive military power of the Empire in case of war, and nothing was to be left undone to bring each corps, as a unit complete in itself, up to the highest state of efficiency. So much being promised, it was with keen chagrin that the press received the announcement that there had been appointed as commanders of the three army corps, in the order of their importance, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Evelyn Wood, and the Duke of Connaught. The Duke of Connaught, for obvious reasons, would not go to the front in case of war. Sir Evelyn Wood was physically incapacitated from doing so; and no reasonable person, according to the English papers, supposed that, in view of his war record, Sir Redvers Buller would again be given a command. Notwithstanding, then, the distinct assertion of the War Office that "no general should henceforth be appointed on the peace establishment who would not be fit and capable to undertake his command in war time," and notwithstanding the fact that it was exceedingly important that the only three effective corps in the army should be commanded by actual generals, the whole principle at stake in the long-discussed Army Reform Bill had been thrown away in the first appointments made under it, at a time when the South African war was still dragging on with no end in sight, and when the English army was the butt of European wit. Against the appointment of Sir Redvers Buller, the press was especially clamorous, both because the first army corps was the most important of all the commands, and because it appeared from the official despatches of Lord Roberts that Sir Redvers Buller had, among other things, doubted the advisability of relieving Ladysmith early in the Boer War. In a speech on *October 10*, Lord Buller, by practically admitting the truth of the Ladysmith charges, and at the same time alleging that they were of small account, increased tenfold the strength of the protest against himself.

The Courtesy of Kings.

On *September 18*, Nicholas II., the Czar of all the Russias, landed at Dunkirk in payment of his promise to visit President Loubet and the French Republic. During his stay in the country, which lasted until *September 22*, he witnessed a naval display and a spectacular parade of 150,000 troops, both gotten up for his pleasure, and exchanged with President Loubet the assurances of his highest regard. On *September 23*, Emperor William of Germany, having donned a Russian uniform, rode across the Russian frontier from East Prussia and announced that his "beloved friend," the Russian Emperor, had made him the bearer of 5000 roubles to be distributed to the inhabitants of the village of Wysztyten, lately devastated by fire. Possibly, as stated by the press, the action of William II. had in it as much intent to twit the French Republic as to please Nicholas II.; possibly the delight of France in the visit of Nicholas II. was largely natural pride in again showing to the world that she had regained prestige among the nations since the disastrous Franco-Prussian War; possibly even Nicholas II. was not entirely disinterested, but had been advised by M. De Witte, Russian Minister of Finance, that, owing to the Siberian expenditures, the widespread famine in several provinces, and the necessity of supporting great industrial schemes by government aid, a large foreign loan would come handily to the exchequer.

Mansfield Allan.

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WARWICK OF THE KNOBS

A Story of Stringtown County

BY JOHN URI LLOYD

CHAPTER XXI.—*Continued.*

"Warwick, from the day you stood beside the girl, who left you as a legacy a sacred charge, the care of that wronged child, your daughter Mary, from the day when you promised before Almighty God to watch over and cherish her who then gave you that love, you have steeled your heart to do inhuman things, and these things, alas! you charge to the God who made you. By a course of reasoning, little short of what I call damnable, you take the Book of Books, and by abstracting isolated sentences, that may or may not have been corrupted since the pen dropped from their author's hand, you evolve, practise and preach a salvation scheme which makes a demon of the Creator. You do even worse than this. You teach that the millions of helpless human beings, who do not see what you imagine, this God you uplift, casts into everlasting hell, a place of torment created, as you believe, for the eternal misery of most of the human race. No voice or act of friend or self can save such helpless unfortunates, while you and a few others like you, by virtue of no self act, were elected in the beginning of time to an eternity of pleasure, a heaven of delight. But this that I have said would in itself be of small concern, for belief in a dogma does not make it fact, did you confine your cruel methods to yourself."

Suddenly Warwick interjected: "'Whatsoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for His seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.'"

"Be quiet, Warwick. Not content with upbuilding such a conception of an all-wise and just God, you turn His wrath upon your own flesh and blood. You even sing praises to the monstrous conception that has, you believe, saved your own soul and damned your children. Instead of a loving father, you become a dogmatic tyrant in your own home, and while the sacred name of God is yet on your lips, you pervert nature by crushing your young daughter's spirit. You attempt to turn her youth into old age; you damn her soul, and next you desert her by a course of neglect which lets the abandoned child drift to ruin. Simeon Warwick, this is the truth as I see it, and if it be the truth, the responsibility for this great wrong that has come to the name of Warwick lies at your own door. You, who gave that dear child no father's love, no human affection, no touch of what a young life craves, are the one who must, before thoughtful men, stand responsible for the disgrace that at last has wrecked your home and placed a crown of thorns upon your daughter's brow." Again Warwick attempted to interrupt the speaker.

"Sit still, I say, Warwick. But for this fanatical creed that you call religion your daughter might now be a ray of sunshine in your home. Had you made your God lovable, your theology enjoyable, your daughter's happiness a part of your thought, had you permitted her to frolic and laugh and sing with young people; to dance, to wear a bright dress or a gay ribbon; had you joined in her little pleasures and taken part in her girlish sorrows, this night, Simeon Warwick, you need not have been in Stringtown with disgrace on your name and ruin in your home. The dream of singing girls and dancing young folks that came to the maiden one year ago was as natural to her as breath; it was a craving born of the impulse God gave her. Had you listened to that voice, the arm of some young man in Stringtown County would have protected her honour; his love would have saved her from what your Bible and your conception of a relentless God's will failed to do. You, Simeon, you who claim to be of the Lord's elect, and yet do other things than I have named, which others with no less right to act as judge consider little short of the devil's work, I consider responsible for this distressing sorrow."

The judge ceased, and Warwick, stunned by the sudden outburst, the unexpected flow of criticism, in which both his Lord and himself were so ruthlessly assailed, sat for a time in silence. Would he rise and by violence crush the judge? Would the giant man of God lay hands upon the feeble man of law? At length he spoke. "Judge Elford." Then there came a pause, which the judge patiently awaited,

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amid which it could be seen that the preacher was struggling with his emotions.

"Judge Elford, the dream of my daughter Mary, the vision, if you will, has more than come true. My cup of tribulation is full to the brim. Never did I expect to hear such words as these—never. And yet to you I shall answer nothing back. 'Our God is a consuming fire,' and I, who could do vengeance in my own name as easily as crush that frail glass, shall throw myself upon the mercy of the brethren of the Church and await the Lord's judgment on you. In the words of Elder Gilbert Beebe, I would say: 'It is not our province to display the divine attributes of the Deity to the understanding of those who have never been made experimentally acquainted with them through the quickening operation of the Holy Ghost.'

"This fearful charge against religion, sir, in your lost condition, for you are, I believe, lost to God, is as the mind wanderings of one irresponsible. They carry nothing more than the errors of one frail man, who presumes to speak of what he cannot comprehend. But one thing I must ask. What do I, that others, who claim to be less religious, consider the devil's work? I must know this."

Pointing to the empty glasses, the judge replied. "Men there are who believe even the purest, the most inspiring alcoholic liquor to be an emissary of the devil."

"Fanatics, sir. No harm is there in the temperate use of this good friend to man. Unless it be abused, as friendship may be, or misused, as God's gifts sometimes are, there is no harm in liquor. Fanatics, weak men only, argue thus, and weaker men still are they who make such a charge as this. I would add in the very words of one of my distinguished brethren, 'When men set themselves up to be wise above what is written, and take upon themselves to call that a curse which God has called a blessing; and that a sin which the Scriptures sanction, and to implicate the Lord Jesus Christ for nonconformity to their rules, we enter our unreserved protest. The Temperance Society, as it is now commonly called, has become so beastly drunk with the wine of the mother of abominations as to attempt to effect a change in the most sacred ordinance of the Church of God!' Judge Elford, the term temperance has been corrupted by these sons of Babel into Prohibition, which word means intolerance, dogmatic persecution, sir, and this you know as well as I do.

"And now, good-night. As for me, 'I will call upon God, and the Lord shall save me,' saith the Word. I came for counsel to a friend I loved. I go in sorrow to seek counsel where at first I should have turned."

"Be patient, Warwick, I am not through. That which I have said concerns you. Let me now speak of Mary. Warwick, to-morrow morning I shall start for the North, and if I can discover this young man, shall plead for justice toward you and yours. Have faith in me, Simeon."

"It is too late."

"And why too late?"

"Before you can reach the man, Joshua, my son, will have found him."

The judge turned suddenly upon Warwick.

"Do you mean to say that Joshua has already gone North on this errand?"

"Yes."

"I was told to-night that this morning he passed through Stringtown and purchased some cartridges of grocer Cumback. He has murder in his heart, Simeon."

"He seeks for justice as he understands it. No drop of cowardly blood runs in the veins of any Warwick."

"I call it murder, Warwick. Justice such as this boy seeks comes in the flash of the pistol, in the spurt of blood, in death, Simeon. Joshua seeks for *vengeance,* not justice. He needs but find this man to take the law into his own hands. Judge and jury will he be. No chance is there now for Mary."

For a time the two men sat again in silence. Then Judge Elford said: "Yes, Warwick, I fear it is indeed too late, providing Joshua knows where to find the man he seeks."

"He has the young man's address, judge." The speaker took out his note-book. "This address."

The jurist made a note of the address, then with trembling hand filled again the glasses and handed one to Warwick, who raised it between his thumb and finger tips, holding the amber liquid between himself and the lamp. Thus, soliloquising, he muttered: "Such a beverage as this, which God has given to warm the blood and strengthen the nerves, needs be touched tenderly, lovingly, a gift it is from God." The edges of the glasses tingled again, and next the empty glasses rested upon the table beside the empty bottle. Then in a very low tone the judge spoke.

"Warwick, you, a follower of the great ethical teacher of mankind, of Him who spoke the words, Peace on earth, goodwill to men, did a mighty wrong when you did not prevent Joshua from starting on this errand. Too late you seek my counsel; one child is ruined and

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deserted, and the other, bent on murder, is out of reach. What a travesty both on the teachings of the gentle Nazarene and on justice! This must be my final advice, Simeon, to you who came to ask it. Go home and brush from your heart all touch of human pride. Humble yourself before your daughter; fold her in your arms, as you should have done these years ago; beg her forgiveness, for she has much to forgive in the wrong you have done her by indifference and neglect. Is it not written that 'a bruised reed He shall not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench?' Warwick, take your Bible and read the sweet words it extends to erring humanity; seek the passages which tell of God's love; mark well the passages which offer consolation to the aching heart, to the soul racked in anguish. Think less upon 'the consuming fire.' I am not ordained by man to preach God's Word, but yet, Mr. Warwick, I have a common right to teach from out of that Word, the great lessons of human love found in this Book, which is my companion as well as yours. Have you never read the beautiful story of Jesus and the fallen woman, as recorded in the eighth chapter of John?" The judge stepped around the table, he stood close before the minister and looked him intently in the eye.

"Mr. Warwick, the cause I plead is not that of Mary only. It is that of every sacrificed girl and woman. I plead for every girl who sins, and next feels the cold touch of the world, from whom even the professed followers of Christ turn away; who finds the hearts of men and women in the Church to be, alas! as cold as stone to such as they. Warwick, you and such as you who claim to voice Him to whom you raise your eyes in supplication in your own behalf, if you be consistent, must as I, a jurist, interpret the Word, cease casting stones at poor, unfortunate womankind. Who was it said, 'Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more?'"

The minister arose and turned to the door, but made no reply. As the gloom closed upon him, holding yet his hand, the judge spoke again.

"Have pity on your unhappy daughter, Warwick. Help bear her sorrow and let her help bear yours. Speak gently, Simeon." He held the hand a moment and then added:

"Simeon, forgive me if I have been passionate to-night. Possibly, too, the oily liquor fired my brain a trifle. Forgive me, Warwick, if my words have made your heart ache, which needs must be but a trifling matter, however, in consideration of the heartaches that have come to old and young under the merciless sermons you have hurled at one and all. When you told me of that dark blot on your home, I saw not your own sufferings, but a vision of the noble woman who stood beside you in the years that have passed, and whom you promised to watch over and protect. I saw next her child dishonoured, an outcast. Warwick, your daughter is yet that mother's child. Frail is she as the cut glass you held in your fingers a moment ago; her soul is as pure as any spirit that every sparkled beneath your eye. I would turn your words back, the words you spoke in behalf of the drink that has warmed our blood to-night. Warwick, Mary is a gift from God, and needs to be watched over tenderly, lovingly."

The door closed, and Warwick unhitched and mounted his horse, turning back toward the way he came. As he passed the junction of the pike, where nestled the church of the Disciples, a horseman came from beneath the shadows of the beech-clad road. To any but an expert woodsman the man would have been unrecognised, but to Warwick both the indistinct figure of the man and the clatter of his horse's feet were familiar. Halting, the minister awaited the traveller, who reined his horse when neck came to neck. Leaning over, speaking in a monotone, as if afraid the silent church might catch the words, Warwick said:

"John, Dr. John, before many days have passed old black Jupiter will ride from the Knob to call you to my home. Make no delay, John; whether it be night or day, come quickly." He touched his horse with his whip, and as Dr. John turned toward Stringtown Warwick passed into the shadows of the beech-wood.

CHAPTER XXII.

WARWICK'S SERMON IN HIS HOUR OF DARKEST TRIAL.

But when the morning of the Sabbath came Preacher Warwick rode alone toward the church on the island. No need was there for Joshua, on account of his sister, to have implored his father to preach a sermon telling of kindness and love of God, and as his text to take "Blessed are the pure of heart," instead of "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Alone the minister passed down the drive that morning from the home on the Knob; alone he traversed the creek road, scarcely raising his eyes from his horse's ears; dejected and gloomy was he to the very door of the church. News travels fast in the country;

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spoken word seems scarcely necessary from man to man to tell of passing events. Excepting the interview between the judge and the minister, all that is known to whomsoever has followed this written record was familiar to every person who sat before the preacher that Sabbath morning, and this fact Warwick appreciated as well as though it had been proclaimed aloud.

Behind the pulpit, cold, stern and invincible, he sat, typical of one who accepted without a murmur the decrees of his ever just God. Never a tremor came to his voice as he began that memorable sermon, evidently designed to refute the arguments of Judge Elford, whose scathing words had cut him to the quick, but to whom Warwick felt it out of place to reply; no reason had any man holding Warwick's doctrine to plead God's cause to the unbeliever. Not a sign of mental emotion did he exhibit, not a change of facial muscle, nor yet a quiver of the eyelash or a falter in the tongue. His text for the first section was taken from Romans 8: 28, 29, 30:

"For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that he might be the first-born among his brethren. Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called."

For forty minutes a flow of words, in support of the doctrine of predestination, came as water from a fountain, and with refreshing gladness fell upon the ears of that devoted and trusting congregation. From a low tone his voice rose higher and higher, and in the argumentative discourse his ready tongue quoted verse after verse of Scripture, each supporting a phase of theological doctrine so dear to his people, each designed to meet the arguments of the scoffer at the Word, as Warwick interpreted it. But at last the flow of eloquence subsided, and Warwick, with left hand on the rude pulpit, leaned over; with face uplifted and right arm raised toward heaven, he whispered, but so distinctly that each touch of sound went to the farthest corner of the sanctuary:

"If these things are not true, my brethren, this Book is a book of lies. This sacred work, more precious than all else man holds dear, speaks in language a child can comprehend, and it is written therein, 'Before thou camest out of the womb, I sanctified thee;' and, 'As many as were ordained to eternal life, believed,' and, my brethren, does not the Book of Books offer further consolation in that we are saved, 'Not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace?' My brethren, so sure as the great Lord lives, if the Bible be true, foreordination is a God-given fact; if foreordination be not the word of God, this sacred volume is false. The man who cuts these texts and these verses out of this book licenses other men to cut other verses and other texts, and thus the Word is lost. The devil asks no greater friend than him who 'adds to or takes from' these pages."

Then, turning the pages of the book, Warwick pronounced aloud the simple word, "Secondly," and read from Revelations 20: 15, the text: "And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life, was cast into the lake of fire." For half an hour he held attention with this phase of the subject, so important a feature of his doctrine. As before, text after text was quoted, to prove the doctrine of eternal punishment, of a real fire of brimstone, which is the allotted part of those the Lord had predestined to be damned. A terrible picture that, one which made the flesh quiver and the heart sink, but it demonstrated how, had the speaker cared to do so, he could have silenced Judge Elford. If sinful man was ever held up to the wrath of God, Warwick's "Secondly" that day did the deed to perfection. If ever an inspired speaker drew a picture of lost man, tormented in hell by an All-wise God, this picture was shown that day to the little congregation on the island. Never before had Warwick illustrated so vividly that terrible hell, never before had he portrayed so realistic a view of man condemned by God and suffering the torments of eternal damnation. And when at last his voice sank to a low tone, and ended with, "Dear brethren, be patient under all your tribulations. 'Resignation sweeteneth the cup, but impatience dasheth it with vinegar,'" those before him felt that the sermon came from the very depths of his soul and that such a hell as Warwick described was not too heroic a punishment for a father to inflict upon the man who brought that hour of shame to innocent Mary Warwick, for that man's name, in connection with the sermon, was in the minds of many. And then at last came "Thirdly," the text being from that bulwark of strength to his people, the eighth chapter of Romans: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?"

If the word eloquent portrayed the sermon to this point, there is no term by which to lead to the comprehension of that which followed. The gigantic mind of that earnest man threw itself with all its sorrow-bred force into the

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picture he drew of the person racked by all the text carried, and who yet stood steadfast in his faith in God. Quotation after quotation from the Scriptures dropped from his tongue, each fitting into a place that no other could occupy, each being just what should come into that very point in this, the sermon that was typical of the unswerving course of the eventful life of this man, to whom in all his trials God stood first and ever supreme. But at last his voice again sank low and ended with the words of the Apostle James:

"Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy."

Then came the final hymn and the closing prayer, after which, in accordance with the precepts of his people, the "elect" remained to partake of the communion service, while others departed. After the sacred offering was over Warwick spoke.

"I would ask of you, my brethren, the indulgence of a moment's time. Your pastor wishes to unburden his mind of a weight that presses over much, a weight he can no longer bear alone." And then continued: "To you, to whom I should have gone when tribulation and distress came to my soul, I now turn. I have sinned, but the Lord who guided my fathers, and to whom I look for strength, will enable me to meet the great affliction that has brought shame to my name and distress to my old age; affliction such, my brethren, as the Lord spared Job. Yet do I not complain of this, my lot, nor yet at the sorrow that preceded, nor do I murmur at the future, which may bereave me of my only boy, who somewhere in the North seeks now to avenge his sister's wrong." The speaker ceased and awaited the answer. It came from a white-haired man, who arose before opening his remarks.

"Brother Warwick, these things you speak need not be mentioned, for we, your brethren, know full well that you will meet as becomes a faithful servant whatever trial the all-wise and merciful Lord sends to you; but now that you have given us the chance to say it, I can tell you that not only the brethren of this church, but men and women of this community, one and all, grieve with you, whose sorrow is also our own. It matters not whether we are for the North or for the South, the death of your two sons brought grief to us all, and the distress that comes now into your household touches us to the quick. Brother, our hearts go out in sympathy to you and yours. Let, then, the part, concerning which we, too, know over-much, rest. Tell us of Joshua."

"The boy seeks the man who wronged his sister. If the Lord guides him aright, and his arm be strong, he will undo the wrong as far as human retribution can undo it. If not, I shall go to the North."

"Brother"—and now the white-haired man spoke very slowly and distinctly—"brother, is this according to the Word?" He pointed to the Bible.

"It is."

"Is it not written, 'Thou shalt not kill?'"

"Yes; and in Ecclesiastes it is also written that there is a 'a time to kill.' But it is not of this I would speak. That which is to be, will be. It is of a dark sin that weighs down upon my soul."

"Let that come next," replied the white-haired speaker. "What we say now concerns us now. Brother, there comes a time in the affairs of men when one who wishes to do a deed must forego the act——"

Abruptly Warwick interjected. "I shall not forego the act. If the Lord wills that Joshua die, I pray the Lord to will me strength to follow him North."

"It must not be, brother."

Tears sprang to the eyes of the pastor of that island church, the first tears that had come since his afflictions began.

"It is a Warwick's duty, William, a Warwick's privilege, for I shall then be the only Warwick of the Knob. In case I do not return, have pity on my daughter Mary. Take her to your hearts; care for her tenderly; be to the unfortunate girl all that father and mother should be."

At this point a young man clad in a new blue uniform arose and left the room. All eyes turned upon him; then Warwick continued:

"But to the sin of which I have been guilty, the wrong I have done. Last week, my brethren, in an hour of weakness, I turned to Cæsar for those things that did not concern Cæsar. I consulted a man of law, when I should have kneeled to God above, and in return my Lord did chasten me most sorely. I cannot alone bear the burden of my sin, and I ask help of you, my brethren."

Then he told how, in that recent interview, Judge Elford had charged him with being the direct cause of his daughter's sorrow, and how the judge had also arraigned him for preaching "things most damnable."

"If that which I have taught be not according to the Word, I have sinned most deeply.

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If it be the truth, I have, none the less, sinned by reason of my momentary lack of faith. To you, my brethren, in this, the day of my distress, do I appeal for sympathy and for encouragement, help me to bear the burden the Lord in His far-seeing wisdom, has elected as my part."

And that he got the needed consolation and encouragement was evidenced by the fact that, shortly afterward, in a more cheerful mood, he could have been seen riding toward his home. Back he went along the accustomed path made familiar to us on that memorable Sunday morning that witnessed the arrest of Warwick; back to where Joshua had stopped and, pointing to the thicket at the side of the path, had advised Lionel to slip off his horse and take the trail to the cave under the rock.

At this point now sat a solitary horseman, the man who, dressed in a new suit of blue, had abruptly left the church during the course of Warwick's pathetic remarks. At the approach of the minister he drew his horse partly from the path, but yet not enough to permit the preacher to pass.

"Mr. Warwick," he hesitatingly said, "I would speak a word to you before I go to join my command; if——" He did not finish the sentence, but cast down his eyes.

"If what, Henry?"

"If you will take it kindly, if you will permit it."

"Why should I not take kindly what a young friend, a boy I have loved from childhood, has to say? Henry, I have taken great pride in your course. You have reflected great credit on yourself and us."

"For those words I thank you, Mr. Warwick, but I do not wish to speak of such matters, although what I have to say is for the most part personal. Mr. Warwick, you must not think of following Joshua, should he not return."

"But the honour of my house is at stake."

"Your friends will care for that. Even now arrangements are made by which, should Joshua fail, another young man will start North, and should he, too, fail, another and yet another. Trust to us, Mr. Warwick."

The minister reached out his hand and in silence shook that of his friend. Then he said:

"Henry, before friends step in no Warwick should be alive."

"It must not be, Mr. Warwick. You are a teacher of the Word. I am delegated to say to you that we, your friends, have taken on ourselves the punishment of this man. He cannot escape. And now, if you will permit me to say a personal word, I would make a statement which concerns myself only. Mr. Warwick, I may not return from the war."

"That is true, Henry. By war I have lost two boys."

"When I graduated from the University, as you know, I went next to teaching school. Ambition possessed me, hope for the future, but abruptly both were swept out and then I enlisted."

"I do not understand you."

"Mr. Warwick, before I leave for the front I must tell you that which to this moment has been locked in my bosom. I love your daughter Mary. From the time I first saw her in church until it was too late I loved her."

"You were a faithful attendant to services. I saw nothing of this love."

"Love of Mary drew me to church, Mr. Warwick, and while I had never ventured to speak of this love, I lived to hope. Love of Mary led me to strive for higher attainments than otherwise I might have gained. Her patient face was ever before me. I studied night and day, I taught school, I saved my money, and finally was enabled to attend the University, where I graduated. Love of Mary led me to do this, and when the blow came, this same love—for now there is no hope—led me to enlist in the cause I think just."

"The Lord willed it all."

"I am not through, Mr. Warwick. One year ago a party of our neighbourhood young people rode past your home on their way for a day's frolic at Big Bone Springs. Mary, by the path near the foot of the hill, stood in a flood of sunlight, radiant, beautiful. I could not resist the temptation to ask her to accompany us. Riding to her side, I asked her if she could not join our party, promising to see her safely home."

"And she?"

"Replied that you, her father, did not approve of pleasure parties. And then I rode away, but, Mr. Warwick, tear drops sprang to her eyes and as we passed from sight I saw her stand with handkerchief pressed close to her face. It is all over now, but I believe that had she gone with us no evil thought could have come to her heart, and had she even sung aloud and romped and danced with us, the God you serve would not have taken vengeance on her for one day of pleasure, that one lightsome touch of gayety."

"Henry, the tale you tell me is twice, yes, thrice told already. These vanities of youth are but follies of the unthinking.

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"How vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair;
Each pleasure hath its poison, too;
And every sweet a snare."

"My object, Mr. Warwick, is to say not only this I have told, but that while Mary is lost to me forever, I still love with all my heart the memory of the girl who, Sabbath after Sabbath, a martyr, sat in church because her father willed it and who with tears in her eyes stood in the path alone that bright day because her father willed it. Had I been permitted, Mr. Warwick, I should have cared for her and protected her as one possessed of such love as I hold could and would have shown. And had I suspected the fate that was in store for Mary, who trusted unwisely the one who should have protected her with his life, so sure as God lives, Mr. Warwick, that which *is* would not have been.

"But let that pass. My object in telling that which I have told is to say that we, your neighbours, all believe Mary guiltless. We do not blame her for loving her father and sacrificing herself to her father's will."

He extended his hand, and then, as they separated, Warwick, who ignored the last remark, said:

"Henry, the government you serve will give you an old plug of a horse, that can neither credit you nor us, your friends. Come to the Knob to-morrow morning. Stonewall Jackson, the finest bit of flesh in Stringtown County, is yours, a present from me. I was holding him for son Samuel to ride in Morgan's command, but that hope is dead. It matters not to Stonewall whether he be ridden by the blue or the grey, nor yet to me now so that he carries a soldier worthy of the cause he fights for. Henry, the time is not as yet, but it will come, when men whose faces now confront each other because of principle will turn and together face the future, passing arm in arm, holding in kindly remembrance the faith that nerves them now to fight for the right, as to each seems the right. Then will they who cannot now perceive the justice of God's decrees know that His will is best. And, Henry, in case you fall, as fall you may, for Southern boys can shoot, rest assured that as long as Warwick is possessed of a crust, your mother and your young sister shall not want. Be brave. Serve your country well, and remember, Henry, the father of two sons sacrificed in behalf of the Confederacy says with pride that Kentucky sends two armies to this war and glories alike in both. Each must be to her an honour."

"Farewell, Mr. Warwick."

(*To be concluded.*)

BOOKMAN BREVITIES

Mr. William Le Queux has chosen an excellent title, *The Unnamed,* for his new romance. The book deals with Italian secret societies.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Kim* was published simultaneously, in separate editions, in England, the Colonies, the United States, Canada, Germany, France, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

Miss Beatrice Harraden has returned to England, having spent several months in Norway and Denmark. She went straight to Tromsö, where she stayed some time, and where she met the members of the Baldwin Expedition and Mr. Baldwin himself, and had the pleasure of seeing the *America,* and wishing the good ship God-speed to the North Pole. She afterward passed down to the Gudbrandsdal, to a Norwegian farm, where she has been working at her new book, which is likely to contain a few Norwegian scenes. She returned to England *viâ* Denmark, and stayed some time in Elsinore.

We omitted to give the names of the publishers in connection with the reviews of *The Eternal City* and *The Private Life of the Sultan* in the October Bookman. Both books come from the press of the Messrs. Appleton.

The next novel of Mrs. Henry Dudeney, the author of *The Maternity of Harriott Wicken, Folly Corner* and *Men at Marlowe's* is to be called *Spindle and Plough.*

The *Liverpool Daily Post* says that the life and death of little Joseph in Hall Caine's *Eternal City* will take a permanent place in literature, side by side with Eva in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and Paul in *Dombey and Son.* But it won't.

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The author of *David Harum* wrote only one other story, and this is soon to be published by D. Appleton and Company. The title is *The Teller.* It is said that this story will be accompanied by a collection of Mr. Westcott's letters which describe the manner in which *David Harum* was written and the adventures of the manuscript. We have no comment to make.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company are about to publish a novel by Barbara Yechton, entitled *Young Mrs. Teddy.*

When *That Mainwaring Affair* appeared some months ago it was generally supposed that the author, A. Maynard Barbour, was a man. It turns out, however, that a woman wrote the book. Mrs. Barbour was born near Watertown, New York, among the people who are portrayed in Mr. Westcott's *David Harum.*

Mr. Hall Caine, in a speech the other day in the Isle of Man, referring to *The Eternal City,* said "the Protestants complain that it is not Protestant; the Catholics that it is not Catholic." The complaint of the London *Academy* is that it is not interesting.

Mr. Rider Haggard's gossip about his recent journey through Palestine, Italy and Cyprus is coming out soon under the title of *A Winter Pilgrimage.*

Mr. Charles W. Chestnutt's forthcoming novel, *The Marrow of Tradition,* deals with the fortunes of two Southern American families, a white one and a black one. A leading character is an educated coloured man who seeks by wise methods to elevate his race.

The proposed monument to Verlaine, says the London *Athenæum,* which was to have been erected in Paris this month, is indefinitely postponed, for many of those who promised to subscribe have failed to do so. The expenses in connection with the conferences in countries other than France appear to have swallowed up all the receipts. There are already the busts of three poets in the Luxembourg Garden, and the sénators are understood to be against the number being added to. After all, Verlaine's best monument is his work.

Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's new book, *A Widow and Her Friends,* has just been issued by the publisher, Mr. R. H. Russell. It is an entertaining volume, depicting the story of the life of a fascinating young widow in Mr. Gibson's most skilful style, and consisting of ninety drawings. This is the sixth of the series of the now famous Gibson books.

A second edition is now being printed of R. H. Russell's edition-de-luxe of Anthony Hope's *Dolly Dialogues,* the first edition having been exhausted by the advance sales. It is illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy and contains a number of new Dialogues, written especially for this book. These additional numbers are written with the sparkle and wit that characterise all of Mr. Hope's writings and abound with the salient humour that will doubtless make them as popular as the first Dialogues.

Mr. William Le Queux, who for some years has resided in Italy, has now decided to live in future in England, and has taken a picturesque old house near Peterborough. Mr. Le Queux is at present busy writing a new novel.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney's new novel is to be called *Spindle and Plough.*

Miss Myrtle Reed is the author of *The Spinster Book* which Messrs. Putnam's Sons have recently published. There are chapters on "The Philosophy of Women," "The Physiology of Vanity," "The Consolations of Spinsterhood," and other kindred subjects. Miss Reed has said nothing especially new, but she has a light and entertaining but rather cheap way of writing of the old, old story. Her "Notes on Men" show more discernment than her chapter "Concerning Women." Here are two quotations from these "notes":

> Theoretically, men admire "reasonable women," with the uncommon quality which is called "common sense," but it is the woman of caprice, the sweet, illogical despot of a thousand moods, who is most often and most tenderly loved. Man is by nature a discoverer. It is not beauty which holds him, but rather mystery and charm. To see the one woman through all the changing moods—to discern Portia through Carmen's witchery—is the thing above all others which captivates a man.
>
> A woman wants a man to love her in the way she loves him; man wants a woman to love him in the way he loves her, and because the thing is impossible, neither is satisfied.

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NOVEL NOTES

UNDERSTUDIES. By Mary E. Wilkins. Illustrated. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

Miss Wilkins has so many times unconventionally invited us, and we have so willingly visited with her the funereal best parlours and spotless kitchens of New England, where the wholesome odor of the "greens" and potato dinners have been so temptingly wafted to our nostrils as to leave no taste for quail and caviare, that we hail with delight another invitation in the form of *Understudies*. Discreetly, almost falteringly, have we peeped with her into the prim and rigid New England consciences so lovingly held open for our inspection, and we step back, abashed at the fund of pathos and tragedy in those simple, uneventful lives, yet for our own good we are always ready for any further glimpses that her tenderness may disclose.

The new book is composed of twelve stories, or rather sketches. In the first six the author shows the similitude or relation which certain animals bear to man, and in the last six, with a daintier fancy than she has heretofore shown, she skilfully evolves the characteristics of men and women into semblance of flowers which are obviously emblematic. With her always sympathetic touch she reveals to us in the animals little flashes of human intelligence and more than human trust and faithfulness; then quite as clearly she reveals the great dividing line which the soul makes between even the most degraded outcast among men and the most superior of beasts. The old Bird-Fancier in "The Monkey" reverses the Darwinian order of things and leaves us undecided as to which is the more uncomfortable belief. He soliloquises:

> Souls that don't go straight to heaven or hell have got to go again into bodies; there ain't any keeping of them apart; might as well try to keep the three things that go to make up air apart. Into bodies those little souls have to go, but they've got so much smaller through living no-account lives that they won't fit human bodies, so into the cats and the birds and the monkeys and all the rest they go. They are folks run out. They are the end, or they will be when they finally die out, and all the animal races do. Take that monkey. Just look at him! He's thousands of years old. He is just as likely as not one of the Bible Pharaohs run out.

Whether the squirrel who hoarded for his winter supply all the farmer's nuts or the farmer who stole the hoard, replacing it with inferior shagbarks, is right, is left an open question. The gayly waving prince's feather which leads "the floral riot of midsummer with a harmless and worthless but unrivalled show and daring" is reproduced in the gay, careless young man who risks his small capital in a daring venture, spends his last penny in extravagant living, then as cheerfully goes down each step of the ladder of life as though he were ascending the topmost pinnacle. The gentle, timid maiden who shrinks from being wooed, preferring to stay with the mother who has sheltered and protected her all her life, seems to be the very soul of the drooping, tremulous, delicate arethusa she so dearly loved and sought, fearing lest rough hands should tear it from its leafy seclusion. Best of all and more in Miss Wilkins's own familiar vein is "Peony." Arabella Lambert, a "great, overblown, rosy, easy, sensuous creature, who never cared whether she spent or saved," loved to sit on her doorstep and doze, loved to eat and, most of all, loved to give things away. She was as "prodigal with her belongings as the peony out in the yard of its bloom . . . a woman whose whole scheme of existence was on lines so simple that they were fairly coarse, like those of the peony beside the gate, in which the mystery of the rose was lost in the grossness of utter revelation. She only knew enough to bloom like the flower, whether to her own grace or glory it mattered not, so long as it was to her farthest compass, and to yield unstintingly all her largess of life to whomsoever crossed her path with a heart or a hand of need for it."

In all the sketches the author points with unerring hand to each being, animal and flower, as fulfilling to the utmost the one law of obedience to its first condition of life, which is, we suppose, only another way of expressing a belief in the religion of temperament in all things.

V. R.

MARNA'S MUTINY. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50

Whatever else one might say about Mrs. Fraser, the most exacting could not charge her with dulness. There is some padding in this book, certainly; but it is lively padding, and so may be forgiven. The scene is laid in Japan, but the only aggressively Japanese elements of the story are a cyclone and an earthquake, the former of which serves the useful purpose of bringing the principal characters together under Marna's roof. Marna is the

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wilful daughter of a Scandinavian consul in Japan, and mutinies against her father's second marriage to a scheming widow; and, when she has abandoned hope, triumphs through a discovery, which, in some of its details, taxes the reader's credulity to the verge of bankruptcy, but is vastly entertaining, nevertheless. Incidentally, of course, Marna has a love affair of her own, which commences with a ludicrous mishap, and is conducted with a tantalising capriciousness that is natural to her. In the background, but scarcely less pleasing, are the love adventures of the unconventional Betty, sordid in their progress, but rising to an idyllic tenderness at the close. It is a bright, brisk, wholesome novel, that will disappoint none of Mrs. Fraser's many admirers, and should win her many more.

MY LADY PEGGY GOES TO TOWN. By Frances Aymar Mathews. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. $1.50.

If the tired mind wants relaxation for an hour or so, Miss Mathews's sprightly little tale will meet such a need. It is a book which should not be taken seriously by the reader or the reviewer. In fact, we have an idea that the author herself enjoyed the joke of writing a sort of parody on the historical romance. At any rate, there is plenty of swordplay and adventure, to all of which is added dialogue that never fails to amuse. Lady Peggy, masquerading as a boy, goes to town.

When gay postillions cracked their whips,
And gallants gemmed their chat with quips;
When patches nestled o'er sweet lips
At choc'late times; and, 'twixt the sips,
Fair ladies gave their gossips tips;
Then, in Levantine gown and brooch,
My Lady Peggy took the coach,
For London Town!

It is the London of Beau Brummel's day, and he figures conspicuously in the tale. There is a typical incident told of the meeting of Beau Brummel and Lady Peggy. He orders his coach to knock her down that he may rescue the lad and see how his cravat is tied. The book would make a good play. The dialogue is there and the travesty is there, and it probably won't be long before it is announced by some enterprising manager. Mr. Harrison Fisher's illustrations are very charming.

THE CURIOUS CAREER OF RODERICK CAMPBELL. By Jean N. McIlwraith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. $1.50.

What a loss it would have been to the reading world if James II. had proved a satisfactory monarch and the succession had never been changed! And of the many stories that have gathered about the romantic figure of the young Pretender, Roderick Campbell's merits a place among the best. Roderick himself, a quaint, whimsical character-study, comes into the opening chapter, a sergeant of the Edinburgh Town Guard, peaceable, easy-going, shrewd, obese and already middle-aged. Though his sympathies are not with the Jacobites, he drifts into fighting for them; but, being captured, passes as a non-combatant and enlists with the enemy; later, in good-naturedly engineering the escape of a Jacobite prisoner, his former colonel, he changes sides again. After the rebellion is crushed and his shrewish wife casts him off, he sets sail on no very hopeful quest with his young crony and nephew, Gib, an Edinburgh street "cadie." In Canada, after divers misadventures, Roderick is captured by Indians, and, getting adopted with their tribe, readily makes himself one of them, until he has occasion to return to civilised life; rejoins the tribe again voluntarily, only to relapse into civilisation again at last, fighting and working impartially, in the meanwhile, for whichever side he chances to be with. His character is developed with admirable reticence and humour. It grows upon the reader that the nonchalant old rogue is fond of animals and birds and, childless himself, of children, all of whom are naturally drawn to him; then, too, notwithstanding his loose loyalty, the sight of a Highland regiment goes to his heart, and makes him ashamed of his paint and feathers. Of fighting and perilous enterprise, there is enough, both for Roderick and Gib, but the wooing is for Gib only; and the story of his long, and apparently hopeless, devotion, and what came of it in the end, makes some of the pleasantest reading in an uncommonly clever book.

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THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1901.

September proved to be an exceptional month for the number of new publications in all departments of literature. *The Eternal City,* by Hall Caine, and *Blennerhassett,* by C. F. Pidgin, were perhaps the most noticeable of the month's fiction, commencing with a large advance sale and continuing in an increasing popularity. These, however, were closely followed by *Cardigan,* by Robert W. Chambers; *The Making of a Marchioness,* by Frances Hodgson Burnett; *Tristram of Blent,* by Anthony Hope, and *The Tory Lover,* by Sarah Orne Jewett, while by less well-known writers were *Lazarre,* by Mary Hartwell Catherwood; *Floodtide,* by Sarah Pratt McLean Greene, and *Raffles; Further Adventures of the Amateur Cracksman,* by E. W. H. Hornung, all selling readily, and but the leaders of an unusually large list of novels.

In anticipation of the coming holiday season there was a great number of juveniles, *Chatterbox* (1901) making its annual appearance, and most of the popular authors for the young were represented. Of these may be mentioned G. A. Henty, James Otis, Noah Brooks and E. S. Ellis.

Miscellaneous works were also included liberally in the month's output, and the range of subjects was very varied. Essays, biography, travel, history and religion were all represented. Poetry was noticeable by the *Farm Rhymes* of James Whitcomb Riley, *Johnnie Courteau and Other Poems,* by William Henry Drummond, and *The Voyage of Ithobal,* by Sir Edwin Arnold.

Business in general for the month was heavy for those handling text books, and all grades in this field were represented, from the supplies for primary schools to the colleges and universities. Library business also showed a decided improvement over recent months and bids fair to be very heavy for some time to come.

General trade had not entirely recovered from the dulness of the summer, and sales were mostly of the popular fiction of the day, which, however, was in much demand. The publishers were busy in bringing out their new books and taking advance orders for the holiday trade, so that September, on the whole, has proved to be a very active month. Announcements of forthcoming books, including *Kim,* by Rudyard Kipling; *The Man from Glengarry,* by Ralph Connor; *Circumstance,* by S. Weir Mitchell, and *Warwick of the Knobs,* by John Uri Lloyd, indicate a further large addition to fall publications, and altogether the outlook continues good for an exceedingly busy season.

Much interest continues to be shown in the efforts of the publishers to secure for the dealer a fair rate of profit by the publication of net books. So far, with but two exceptions, the trade has maintained the advertised prices and are disposed to give the present arrangements a fair trial. The limited discount to libraries is, however, much criticised, and seems likely to occasion some difficulty in the near future.

The best-selling books for the month past were as follows:

The Crisis. Winston Churchill. $1.50.
The Eternal City. Hall Caine. $1.50.
The Right of Way. Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
D'ri and I. Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
Graustark. G. B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
The Helmet of Navarre. Bertha Runkle. $1.50.
Blennerhassett. C. F. Pidgin. $1.50.
Truth Dexter. Sidney McCall. $1.50.
Tristram of Blent. Anthony Hope. $1.50.
Lazarre. Mary Hartwell Catherwood. $1.50.
Cardigan. R. W. Chambers. $1.50.
Tarry Thou Till I Come. George Croly. Net, $1.40.
The Puppet Crown. Harold MacGrath. $1.50.
The Potter and the Clay. M. H. Peterson. $1.50.
Captain Ravenshaw. R. N. Stephens. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, October 1, 1901.

The early weeks of the autumn season appear to have yielded results satisfactory to the trade generally, for the consensus of opinion is that the opening of business, as evidenced during the period mentioned, was most auspicious.

Country trade naturally takes a good deal of attention now and is quite lively. In this direction nearly all lines of books are going fairly well, although the leading and almost the only feature in the demand is the call for the leading favourites in copyright fiction. Practically every dealer, inclusive even of the smaller class of booksellers, is in the mood to order liberally of the "best selling books." This shows how widespread the interest in the popular novel is, and how the fame of it has penetrated to all corners of the land.

In actual numbers sold, *D'ri and I* led the demand last month, followed closely by *The Crisis.* Of the new novels published during the month (and there were many) *The Eternal City* had the largest sale. Relatively, however, the best record was made by *The Right of Way,* the reception of this work and *Lazarre* having been especially favourable. George Horton's new story, *The Tempting of Father Anthony,* also sold well. *Graustark* went better than it has ever done before, and *Captain Ravenshaw* and *Blennerhassett* met with a satisfactory sale. Aside from this, the sale of other popular books was not especially remarkable and does not call for comment.

The first instalment of the annual crop of fall publications were put upon the market last month, the receipts toward the end of that period being especially heavy. A large proportion of these were fiction, a strenuous effort having apparently been made by publishers generally to place the novels that are

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expected to sell largely this fall before the public early. This effort is certainly commendable, for it undoubtedly militates to some extent against the sale of a book to publish it late in the season.

Two or three books of poetry were received last month that should sell well during the coming months—namely, *Riley Farm Rhymes, Johnnie Courteau, and Other Poems,* by the author of the *Habitant,* and the *Voyage of Ithobal,* by Sir Edwin Arnold.

A cursory glance over the autumn announcements, a full list of which is now at hand, reveals the fact that the season will certainly not be a failure on account of lack of new books, for there appears to be more than ever. As a rule, nearly all of the books appear to have been selected with care, and most of them are worth while, the list as it stands being certainly a good one.

That business cannot be nursed and fostered in certain directions without allied interests suffering to some extent is evidenced by the fact that the authors that we are accustomed to call standard are not being read as much relatively to-day as they were ten years ago. A great deal might be written upon this subject did space permit; the bald fact, however, is significant.

The best selling books during September were:

D'ri and I. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
Graustark. By G. B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
The Tempting of Father Anthony. By George Horton. $1.25.
Blennerhassett. By C. Felton Pidgin. $1.50.
Captain Ravenshaw. By R. N. Stephens. $1.50.
The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle. $1.50.
Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. $1.50.
Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
Truth Dexter. By Sidney McCall. $1.50.
The Puppet Crown. By Harold MacGrath. $1.50.
Lazarre. By Mary H. Catherwood. $1.50.
Tarry Thou Till I Come. By George Croly. Net $1.40.
Tristram of Blent. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

AUGUST 20 TO SEPTEMBER 20, 1901.

Although depression has not been unduly marked, the prevalent tone of business throughout the whole of the month has been extremely quiet. It is usually, however, a period of marking time and of looking forward in anticipation of the on-coming season. The demand for fiction has kept up to a good average, although so much cannot be said for the more serious classes of literature, for which there has been little or no demand. The issue of *The Eternal City,* by Hall Caine, followed almost immediately upon the close of our last report, and a large portion of the orders having been booked considerably in advance of publication, it really formed part of last month's trade, but the demand has been well sustained, repeated orders have been frequent, and the book has figured as the most prominent item of the month. The *History of Sir Richard Calmady,* by Lucas Malet, and *Herb of Grace,* by Rosa N. Carey, have sold the most freely of the recent issues. *Tristram of Blent* still continues to be in constant request.

Scholastic literature has moved somewhat briskly, but so many schools now receive their supplies direct from the publisher that consequently the reopening of the schools does not affect the trade to the extent it formerly did. One of the best selling books of the month has been *A Yeoman's Letters,* by Percy T. Ross. Its success is doubtless attributable to the humorous way in which it depicts the incidents of campaigning. The millenary celebrations in connection with King Alfred have still continued to create a demand, though a somewhat limited one, for various editions of his life. A noticeable feature of recent months is the large number of medical publications by American authors which have been placed upon the English market, several of them having become very popular.

Appended is the usual list of the best selling books during the past month:

The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Tristram of Blent. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (J. Murray.)
History of Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)
Herb of Grace. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Four-Leaved Clover. By Maxwell Gray. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Sister Teresa. By George Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)
Penelope's Irish Experiences. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay and Bird.)
Cinderella. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (J. Clarke.)
The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By Harland. 6s. (Lane.)
The Luck of the Vails. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Edna Lyall's Novels. Each 3s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)
A Yeoman's Letters. By P. T. Ross. 5s. (Simpkin.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SEPTEMRER 10 TO OCTOBER 10.

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press:

Pitted Against Anarchists. W. F. Kemble.
Doctor Carrington. I. C. De Vane.
Coals of Fire. Frances M. Delancy.
Footsteps of Truth. I. M. Morris.
By Their Fruits. Edith M. Nicholl (Mrs. Bowyer).
Serious Complications. Frances Manford Delancy.

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A Country Store Window. Herbert Holmes.
Defeated, but Victor Still. William V. Lawrence.
Intellectual People. W. A. Clark.
The Old Graham Place. Etta M. Gardner.
The Widow Robinson and Other Sketches. Benj. W. Williams.
A Race with a Hurricane. Alice Miriam Roundy.
Did She Fail? *Anna Fielding.*
The Lady of Mark. Sidney C. Kendall.
The Story of Jesus. Louise Castle Walbridge.
Afloat with Old Glory. By a Blue Jacket of the Old Navy.
Miss Penelope's Elopement. Kate H. Sawyer.
Verana, a Tale of Border Life. Carl Jaeger.
As 'Ithers See Us. Percy Vere.
Daughters of the Revolution. Stephen Henry Thayer.
That Wager of Dot's. *Penelope Dalrymple.*
Quo Warranto. Henry Goodacre.
Letters of Two. James Hampton Lee.
The Peacock and Other Poems. James Hampton Lee.
The Man with the Rake. Marion Beveridge Lee.
The Secret of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. S. G. Preston.
One Christmas Eve at Roxbury Crossing. Kathryn Wallace.
Key-words and Phrases of the New Testament. Rev. S. G. Preston.
Uno Who. E. S. Gale-White.
Culture from Reading. A. R. Alexander.
Iturbide. John L. McLeish.
Old Glory. Lulu K. Eubank.
The Arickaree Treasure. Albert G. Clarke, Jr.
Everyday Children. May C. Emmel.
The New Swiss Family Robinson. Helen Pomeroy.
Monsieur Paul De Fere. Anthony E. Wills.
Jonas Brand. Jane Valentine.
Experience. Barnetta Brown.
The Heart's Desire. B. Brown.
Men, Women, and Loving. B. Brown.
Worry and Cheer. B. Brown.
A Dip in the Pool. (Bethesda.) B. Brown.
Soul Growth. B. Brown.

American Book Company:

New Education Readers. A. J. Demarest and William M. Van Sickle.

Appleton:

When Love Flies Out o' the Window. Leonard Merrick.
The Story of Books. Gertrude B. Rawlings.
A Nest of Linnets. F. F. Moore.
The Private Life of the Sultan. George Dorys.
Lincoln in Story. Silas G. Pratt.
Shacklett. Walter Barr.
The Devastators. Ada Cambridge.
The Teller. Edward Noyes Westcott.
The Quiberon Touch. C. T. Brady.

Baker and Taylor Company:

The Modern Mission Century. Arthur T. Pierson.

Brentano's:

Annie Deane. A. F. Slade.
The Red Chancellor. Sir William Magnay.

Croscup and Sterling Company:

Samuel Richardson: His Writings and His Friends.

Crowell and Company:

Heather's Mistress. Amy Le Feuvre.
Prose Quotations. George W. Powers.
Poetical Quotations. George W. Powers.
Who's the Author? *Louis Harman Peet.*

Century Company:

English as She is Taught. Collected by C. B. Le Row, with an Introduction by Mark Twain.
God Save the King. Ronald MacDonald.
Woman and the Law. George J. Bayles.
The Century Book for Mothers. Gustav Pollak and L. M. Yale.
Circumstance. S. W. Mitchell.
Tom Beauling. G. Morris.
The Junior Cup. Allen French.
A Frigate's Namesake. Alice B. Abbot.
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. A. C. Hegan.

Dillingham Company:

The Voyage of Ithobal. Sir Edwin Arnold.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The History of Sir Richard Calmady. Lucas Malet.
South Africa a Century Ago. Lady Anne Barnard.
Love Idylls. S. R. Crockett.
Chatterton. Masson.
Unconscious Comedians. Caroline Duer.
The Lion's Whelp. Amelia E. Barr.
Warwick of the Knobs. John Uri Lloyd.
The World and Winstow. Edith H. Fowler.
Love the Harvester. Max Pemberton.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Kim. Rudyard Kipling.
A Short History of the Revolution. Everett Tomlinson.
How to Make Baskets. Mary White.
Harriman Alaska Expedition. Vols. I. and II.
Poems and Essays. Vols. XI. and XII. George Eliot.
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Griffith and Rouland Press:
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Jewish Publication Society of America:
The American Jewish Year Book. 5662. Cyrus Adler.

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Rogers:
Grimple's Mind. Morrison I. Swift.

WASHINGTON.

Neale Publishing Company:
Amata. From the German of Richard Voss. Roger S. G. Boutell.

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2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
5. Foods for the Fat. Davies. (Brentano's.) 75c. net.
6. Voyage of Ithobal. Arnold. (Dillingham.) $1.50.

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2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
4. Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

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3. The Making a Marchioness. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.10.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
6. Tristram of Blent. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Lily of France. Mason. (Griffith & Rowland Press.) $1.25.
2. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. The Making of a Marchioness. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.10 net.
3. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.20.
4. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.20.
5. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.20.

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1. Katherine Day. Fuller. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
3. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
4. Aristocrats. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Jack Raymond. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Life and Letters of Thomas Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton.) $5.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Blennerhassett. Pidgin. (Clark Pub. Co.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Tory Lover. Jewett. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Tristram of Blent. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

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3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
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4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
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2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Fomá Gordyéeff. Gorky. (Scribner.) $1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
4. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Dead Calypso. Robertson. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.

TOLEDO, O.

5. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Blennerhassett. Pidgin. (Clark Pub. Co.) $1.50.
5. The Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.25.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Net, $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Jack Raymond. Voynich. $1.50.
6. The Sign of the Prophet. Naylor. (Saalfield & Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
3. Blennerhasset. Pidgin. (Clark Pub. Co.) $1.50.
4. The Supreme Surrender. Low. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

						POINTS
A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	270
2. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50	243
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $150	184
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50	151
5. Blennerhassett. Pidgin. (Clark Pub. Co.) $1.50	76
6. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50	57

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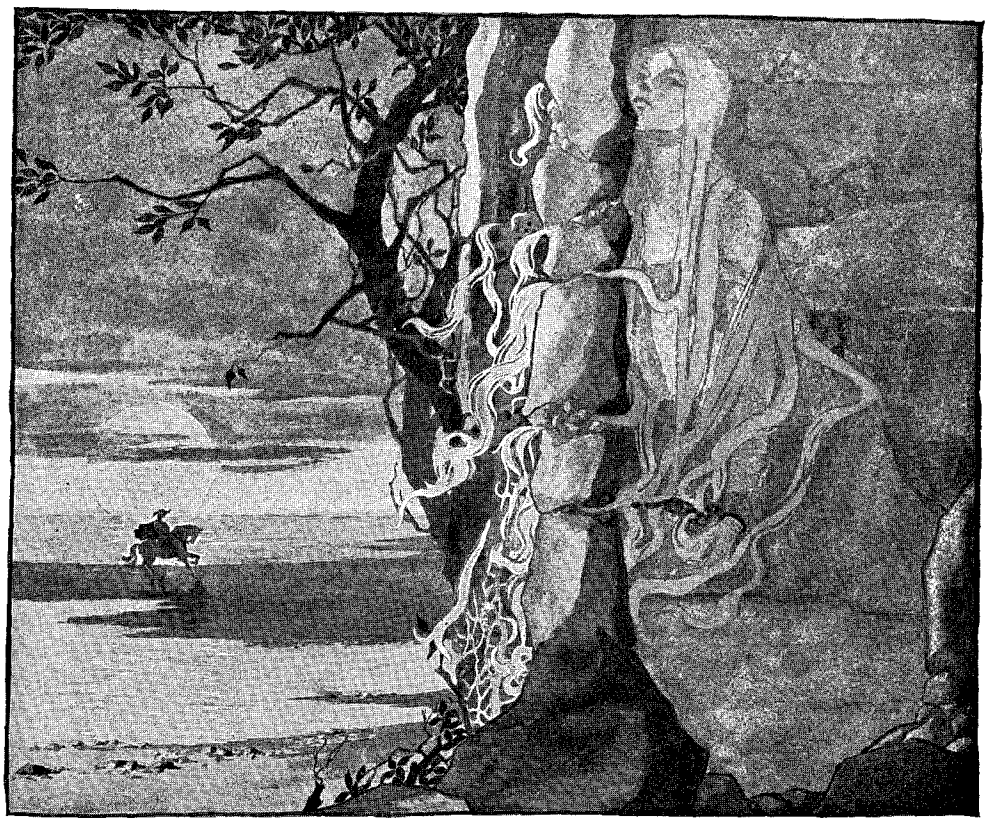
She fettered her in a cavern dour,
She set a mark upon the door,
The maid forgot the light of day
And the key fell into the sea.

She waited all the summer days,
She waited seven years or more,
Each year a passer passed the door.

BY
MAURICE MAETERLINCK

She waited all the winter days,
And as she waited her gold hair
Remembered how the light was fair.



It sought it out, it found it out,
It glided out between the stones
And lighted all the rocks about.

TRANSLATED BY
RICHARD HOVEY

A passer passed again one night,
He did not understand the light
And dared not draw near where it shone.

He thought it was a symbol fey,
He thought it was a golden rain,
He thought it was an angel's play,
He turned away and passed again.

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